

TO  
**SOUTHERN HARMONY, AND MUSICAL COMPANION:**

CONTAINING A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

**TUNES, HYMNS, PSALMS, ODES, AND ANTHEMS;**

SELECTED FROM THE MOST EMINENT AUTHORS IN THE UNITED STATES:

TOGETHER WITH

**NEARLY ONE HUNDRED NEW TUNES, WHICH HAVE NEVER BEFORE BEEN PUBLISHED;**

SUITED TO MOST OF THE METRES CONTAINED IN WATT'S HYMNS AND PSALMS, MERCER'S CLUSTER, DOSSEY'S CHOICE, DOVER SELECTION, METHODIST HYMN BOOK, AND BAPTIST HARMONY;

AND WELL ADAPTED TO

**CHRISTIAN CHURCHES OF EVERY DENOMINATION, SUNDAY SCHOOLS, AND PRIVATE SOCIETIES:**

ALSO, AN EASY INTRODUCTION TO THE GROUNDS OF MUSIC, THE rudiments OF MUSIC, AND PLAIN RULES FOR BEGINNERS

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**BY WILLIAM WALKER.**

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Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth: O sing praises unto the Lord.—DAVID.

Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord.—PAUL.

**NEW EDITION, THOROUGHLY REVISED AND MUCH ENLARGED.**

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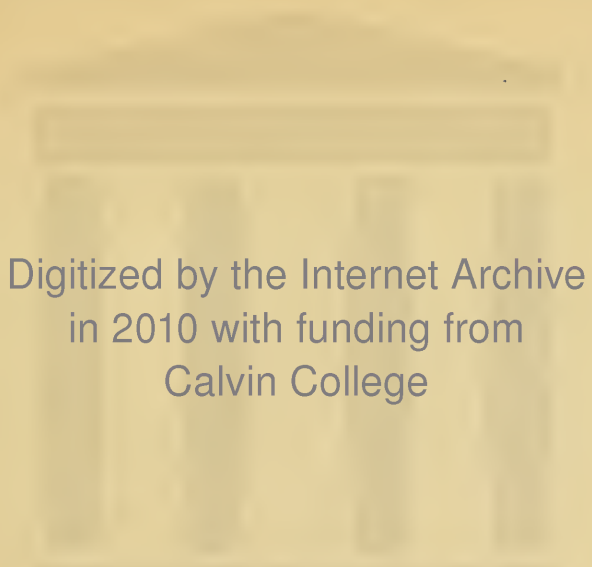
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## PREFACE TO NEW EDITION.

THE Author, feeling grateful to a generous public for the very liberal patronage which they have given the former editions of the SOUTHERN HARMONY, has endeavoured to remedy the only deficiency which he has heard mentioned, by adding a large number of good tunes for church use, together with several excellent new pieces never before published, which has enlarged the work about forty pages, and makes it one of the largest Music Books ever offered at the same price. Therefore he hopes to secure that continued and increased patronage which it may merit from those who love the Songs of Zion.

WILLIAM WALKER.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., January, 1847.

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## PREFACE TO REVISED EDITION.

SINCE the SOUTHERN HARMONY was first published, many of the tunes having gone out of use, the *Author* determined to revise the work, and leave out those pieces, and supply their places with *good new tunes*, which have been selected for their intrinsic worth, and great popularity, and highly devotional character. He has also enlarged the work with thirty-two pages of excellent music, many of the tunes being suitable for revival occasions. All of which he hopes will be found entirely satisfactory to the many friends and patrons of the *Southern Harmony*.

The Author now tenders his grateful thanks to a generous and enlightened public for the very flattering manner in which the former editions of this work have been received, and hopes that this revised edition may be duly appreciated, and the demand for it increase as its merits may deserve.

WILLIAM WALKER.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., July, 1854.

## PREFACE TO FORMER EDITION.

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THE compiler of this work, having been solicited for several years by his brother teachers, pupils, and other friends, to publish a work of this kind, has consented to yield to their solicitations.

In treating upon the rudiments of Music, I have endeavoured to lead the pupil on step by step, from A, B, C, in the gamut, to the more abstruse parts of this delightful science, having inserted the gamut as it should be learned, in a pleasing conversation between the pupil and his teacher.

In selecting the Tunes, Hymns, and Anthems, I have endeavoured to gratify the taste of all, and supply the churches with a number of good, plain tunes, suited to the various metres contained in their different Hymn Books.

While those that are fond of fugal tunes have not been neglected, I have endeavoured to make this book a complete Musical Companion for the aged as well as the youth. Those that are partial to ancient music, will here find some good old acquaintances which will cause them to remember with pleasure the scenes of life that are past and gone; while my youthful companions, who are more fond of modern music, I hope will find a sufficient number of new tunes to satisfy them, as I have spared no pains in trying to select such tunes as would meet the wishes of the public.

I have also selected a number of excellent new Songs, and printed them under the tunes, which I hope will be found satisfactory.

Some object to new publications of music, because the compilers alter the tunes. I have endeavoured to select the tunes from original authors. Where this could not be done, and the tune having six or seven basses and trebles, I have selected those I thought most consistent with the rules of composition.

I have composed the parts to a great many good airs, (which I could not find in any publication, nor in manuscript,) and assigned my name as the author. I have also composed several tunes wholly, and inserted them in this work, which also bear my name.

The compiler now commends this work to the public, praying God that it may be a means of advancing this important and delightful science, and of cheering the weary pilgrim on his way to the celestial city above.

WILLIAM WALKER

*Sparranburg. S. C., September 1835*

# THE GAMUT, OR RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

## PART FIRST.

### OF MUSIC.

**PUPIL.** What is Music?

**TEACHER.** Music is a succession of pleasing sounds.


**P.** On what is music written?

**T.** On five parallel lines including the spaces between them, which is called a staff; and these lines and spaces are represented by the first seven letters in the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, and G. These letters also represent the seven sounds that belong to each key-note in music: when eight letters are used, the first is repeated.


**P.** How many parts are there used in vocal music?

**T.** Commonly only four; viz. Bass, Tenor, Counter, and Treble; and the letters are placed on the staves for the several parts in the following order, commencing at the space below the first line in each staff.


#### BASS STAVE NATURAL.

F Clef 		B	me	◇	Space above.
		A	law	□	Fifth line.
		G	sol	○	Fourth space.
		F	faw	△	Fourth line.
		E	law	□	Third space.
		D	sol	○	Third line.
		C	faw	△	Second space.
		B	me	◇	Second line.
	A	law	□	First space.	
	G	sol	○	First line.	
	F	faw	△	Space below.	

#### TENOR OR TREBLE STAVE NATURAL.

G Clef 		G	sol	○	Space above.
		F	faw	△	Fifth line.
		E	law	□	Fourth space.
		D	sol	○	Fourth line.
		C	faw	△	Third space.
		B	me	◇	Third line.
		A	law	□	Second space.
		G	sol	○	Second line.
	F	faw	△	First space.	
	E	law	□	First line.	
	D	sol	○	Space below.	

#### COUNTER STAVE NATURAL.

C Clef 		A	law	□	Space above.
		G	sol	○	Fifth line.
		F	faw	△	Fourth space.
		E	law	□	Fourth line.
		D	sol	○	Third space.
		C	faw	△	Third line.
		B	me	◇	Second space.
		A	law	□	Second line.
	G	sol	○	First space.	
	F	faw	△	First line.	
	E	law	□	Space below.	

You may observe that the letters are named or called by the names of the four notes used in music. You see in the above staves that F is named faw, C sol, A law, B me, C faw, D sol, E law, and F faw again; every eighth letter being the first repeated, which is an octave; for every eighth is an octave.

**P.** How many notes are there used in music, what are their names, and how are they made?

**T** All notes of music which represent sounds are called by four names, and each note is known by its shape, viz.; the *me* is a diamond, *faw* is triangle, *sol* is round, and *law* is square. See the example.

EXAMPLE.

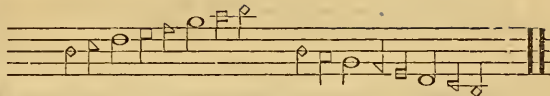


*P.* But in some music books the tunes are written in round notes entirely. How do we know by what names to call the notes in these books? \*

*T.* By first finding the me for me is the governing and leading note; and when that is found, the notes on the lines and spaces in regular succession are called, faw, sol, law, faw, sol, law, (twice,) and those below the mc, law, sol, faw, law, sol, faw, (twice); after which me will come again. Either way, see the following—

\* For singing Doe, Rae, See, seven syllables and numerals, see p. xxxi.


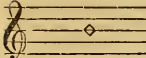
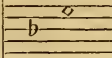
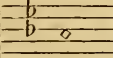
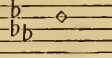
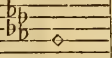
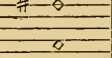
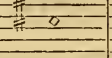
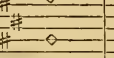

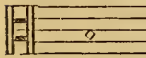
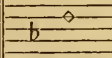
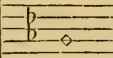
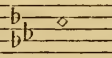
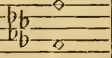
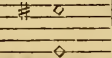
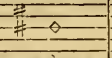
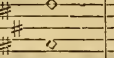

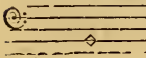
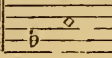
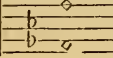
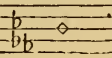
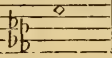
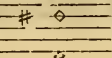
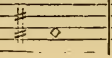
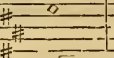
EXAMPLE.



This is the rule for singing round notes. You must therefore observe that the natural place for the me in parts of music is on that line or space represented by B.

But if	B be flat, <i>b</i> <i>me</i> is on.....	E
	B <i>b</i> and E <i>b</i> it is on.....	A
	B <i>b</i> E <i>b</i> and A <i>b</i> it is on.....	D
	B <i>b</i> E <i>b</i> A <i>b</i> and D <i>b</i> it is on.....	G
If	F be sharp, <i>#</i> <i>me</i> is on.....	F
	F <i>#</i> and C <i>#</i> it is on.....	C
	F <i>#</i> C <i>#</i> and G <i>#</i> it is on.....	G
	F <i>#</i> C <i>#</i> G <i>#</i> and D <i>#</i> it is on.....	D

As in the following example, viz.:

Me in its NATURAL $\sharp$ place. Tenor or treble ME.		Me, transposed by flats.				Me, transposed by sharps.			
	B flat, <i>me</i> is in E.	B and E flat <i>me</i> is in A.	B, E, and A flat, <i>me</i> is in D.	B, E, A, and D flat, <i>me</i> is in G.	F sharp, <i>me</i> is in F.	F and C sharp, <i>me</i> is in C.	F, C, G, sharp, <i>me</i> is in G.	F, C, G, D, sharp, <i>me</i> is in D.	
									
Counter ME.	ME.	ME.	ME.	ME.	ME.	ME.	ME.	ME.	
									
Bass ME.	ME.	ME.	ME.	ME.	ME.	ME.	ME.	ME.	
									

P. How many marks of sound or kinds of notes are there used in music?

T. There are six kinds of notes used in music, which differ in time. They are the semibreve, minim, crotchet, quaver, semiquaver, and demisemiquaver.

#### SCALE OF NOTES.

The following scale will show, at one view, the *proportion* one note bears to another.

One Semibreve		is equal in time to	
Two		Minims,	
Four		Crotchets,	
Eight		Quavers,	
Sixteen		Semiquavers,	
Thirty two		Demi-semi-quavers.	

Explain the above scale.

T. The semibreve is now the longest note used, it is white, without a stem, and is the measure note, and guideth all the others

The minim is but half the length of a semibreve, and has a stem to it.

The crotchet is but half the length of the minim, and has a black head and straight stem.

The quaver is but half the length of the crotchet, has a black head, and one turn to the stem, sometimes one way, and sometimes another.

The semiquaver is but half the length of the quaver, has also a black head and two turns to the stem, which are likewise various.

The demisemiquaver is half the length of a semiquaver, has a black head, and three turns to its stem, also variously turned.

P. What are rests?

T. All rests are marks of silence, which signify that you must keep silent so long a time as takes to sound the notes they represent, except the semibreve rest, which is called the bar rest, always filling the bar, let the mood of time be what it may.

#### THE RESTS.

Semibreve.	Minim.	Crotchet.	Quaver.	Semiquaver.	Demisemiquaver.
Two Bars.		Four Bars.		Eight Bars.	



*P.* Explain the rests.

*T.* The semibreve, or bar res, is a black square underneath the third line. The minim rest is the same mark above the third line. The crotchet rest is something like an inverted figure seven. The quaver rest resembles a right figure of seven. The semiquaver rest resembles the figure seven with an additional mark to the left. The demisemiquaver rest is like the last described, with a third mark to the left. The two bar rest is a strong bar reaching only across the third space. The four bar rest is a strong bar crossing the second and third space and third line. The eight bar rest is two strong bars like the last described.

*NOTE.*—These notes are sounded sometimes quicker, and sometimes slower, according to the several moods of time. The notes of themselves always bear the same proportion to each other, whatever the mood of time may be.

## OF THE SEVERAL MOODS OF TIME.

*P.* Please tell me how many moods of time there are in music.

*T.* There are nine moods of time used; four of common, three of triple, and two of compound.

*P.* Why are the first four moods called common time moods?

*T.* Because they are measured by even numbers, as 2, 4, 8, &c.

*P.* Why are the next three called triple moods?

*T.* Because they are measured by odd numbers, having either three minims, three crotchets, or three quavers, in each bar.

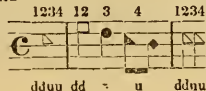
*P.* Why are the last two called compound time moods?

*T.* Because they are compounded of common and triple; of common, as the bar is divided equal, the fall being equal to the rise in keeping time; and of triple, as each half of the bar is three fold; having either three crotchets, three quavers, or notes to that amount, to each beat.

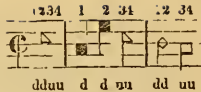
*P.* Please explain the several moods of time in their order.

### MOODS OF COMMON TIME

The first mood is known by a plain C, and has a semibreve or its quantity in a measure, sung in the time of four seconds—four beats in a bar, two down and two up.



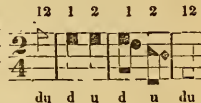
The second mood is known by a C with a bar through it, has the same measure, sung in the time of three seconds—four beats in a bar, two down and two up.



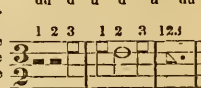
The third mood is known by a C inverted, sometimes with a bar through it, has the same measure as the first two, sung in the time of two seconds—two beats in a bar. This mood is sometimes



marked with the figure 4 above 4, thus,

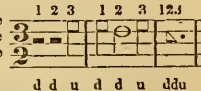


The fourth mood is known by a figure 2 over a figure 4, has a minim for a measure note, sung in the time of one second—two beats in a bar, one down and the other up.

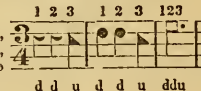


### MOODS OF TRIPLE TIME.

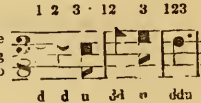
The first mood of triple time is known by a figure 3 over a figure 2, has a pointed semibreve, or three minims in a measure, sung in the time of three seconds—three beats, two down and one up.



The second mood is known by a figure 3 over a 4, has a pointed minim or three crotchets in a measure, and sung in 2 seconds—three beats in a bar, two down and one up.



The third mood is known by the figure 3 above figure 8, has three quavers in a measure, and sung in the time of one second—three beats in a bar, two down and one up.



## MOODS OF COMPOUND TIME

The first mood of compound time is known by the figure 6 above figure 4, has six crotchets in a measure, sung in the time of two seconds—two beats in a bar, one down and one up.



The second mode of compound time is known by the figure 6 above an 8, has six quavers in a measure, sung in the time of one second and a half—two beats in a bar, one down and one up.



*P.* What do the figures over the bar, and the letters *d* and *u* under it, in the above examples of time, mean?

*T.* The figures show how many beats there are in each bar and the letter *a* shows when the hand must go down, and the *u* when up.

*P.* What *general* rule is there for beating time?

*T.* That the hand fall at the beginning, and rise at the end of each bar, in all moods of time.

*P.* Do you suppose those moods, when expressed by figures, have any particular signification, more than being mere arbitrary characters?

*T.* I think they have this *significant* meaning, that the lower figure shows how many parts or kinds of notes the semibreve is divided into, and the upper figure signifies how many of such notes or parts will fill a bar—for example, the first mood of compound time, (6 above 4,) shows the semibreve is divided into four parts—*i. e.* into crotchets, (for four crotchets are equal to one semibreve;) and the upper figure 6 shows that six of these parts, *viz.* crotchets, fill a bar. So of any other time expressed by figures.

*P.* How shall we with sufficient exactness ascertain the proper time of each beat in the different moods?

*T.* By making use of a pendulum, the cord of which, from the centre of the ball to the pin from which it is suspended, to be, for the several moods, of the following lengths—

For the first and third moods of common time, the first of triple and first of compound, [all requiring second beats.]	39 2-10 inches
For the second mood of common, second of triple, and first of compound,	22 1 10
For the fourth of common	12 4 10
For the third of triple time,	5 1-21

Then for every swing or vibration of the ball, count one beat, accompanying the motion with the hand, till something of a habit is formed, for the several moods of time, according to the different lengths of the cord, as expressed above.

*NOTE.*—If teachers would fall upon this or some other method, for ascertaining and keeping the true time, there would not be so much difficulty among singers, taught at different schools, about timing music together; for it matters not how well individual singers may perform, if, when several of them perform together, they do not keep time well, they disgust, instead of pleasing their hearers.

## OF ACCENT

*P.* What is meant by accent?

*T.* Accent is a particular emphasis or swell of voice on a certain part of the measure which is according to the subdivision of it, and is essential to a skilful performance of music, as the chief intention of accent is to mark emphatical words more sensibly, and express the passions more feelingly. If the poetry be good, and the music skilfully adapted, the important words will fall upon the accented parts of the bar. Should emphatical words happen on the unaccented part, the music should always bend to the words.

*P.* What part of the measure is accented in the several moods of time?

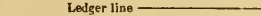

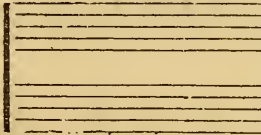

*T.* The first three moods of common time are accented on the first and third notes in the measure when the bar is divided into four equal parts; and the fourth mood is accented on the first part of the measure when only two notes are in a bar; if four, accent as in the first three. In triple time, when the measure is divided into three equal parts, the accent is on the first and third; if only two notes are in a bar, the accent is always on the longest note. In compound time the accent is on the first and fourth notes in the measure, when the bar is divided into six equal parts. Couplet accent is when two notes are accented together, as two quavers in the first three moods in common time, or two crotchets in the first mood of triple time. &c. In keeping time the accent is always strongest with the down beats.

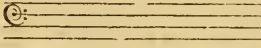
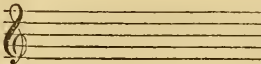
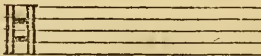
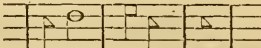
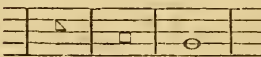
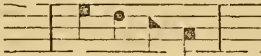
## DIRECTIONS FOR BEATING TIME

*P.* How must I beat time?

*T.* In the first two moods of common time, for the first beat, lightly strike the end of your finger on whatever you beat upon; second, bring down the heel of your hand; third, raise your hand a little and shut it partly up; fourth beat, raise it up even with your shoulder, and throw it open at the same time, which completes the bar. The third and fourth moods, for the first beat let the hand fall; second, raise it up. The first two beats in triple time are the same as in the first of common time; third beat, raise the hand up. Compound time is beat in the same manner as in the third of common. Be careful that the motion of the hand should be always gentle, graceful, and regular, and never raise it much above a level with your shoulder.

## CHARACTERS USED IN MUSIC.

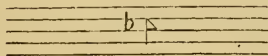
Names.	Examples.	Explanation.
A Stave Ledger line		Is five parallel lines with their spaces, on which notes and other musical characters are written, and the ledger line is added when notes ascend or descend beyond the stave.
		
A Brace		Is drawn across the first end of the staves, and shows how many parts are sung together. If it include four parts, the order of them are as follows. The lowest and first part is the bass, the second is tenor, the third counter, and the fourth and upper part is treble; if only three parts, the third is treble.
		

Names.	Examples.	Explanation.
The F Clef		Is placed on the fourth line of the stave, and belongs to the bass or lower part in music; it is sometimes used in counter.
The G Clef		Stands on G, second line of the tenor or treble stave, and crosses that line four times. It is always used in tenor and treble, and sometimes in counter.
The C Clef		Stands on C, middle line; is used only in counter.
A single bar		Is a plain line or mark across the stave, and divides the time into equal parts according to the mood of time and measure note.
A measure note		Is a note that fills a measure; i. e. from one bar to another, without any other note or rest.
Bars,		Any quantity of music written between two of these marks or bars, is called a bar of music.

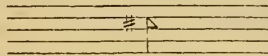
A Dot, or point  
of addition,



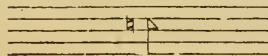
A Flat,\*



A Sharp,



A Natural



A Slur



To raise

Set at the right hand of any note, adds to it half its length, or causes it to be sounded half as long again as it would be without the dot; thus, a pointed semibreve is sung as long as three minims, &c.

Set immediately preceding or before a note, sinks it half a tone; i. e. causes it to be sung half a tone lower than it would be without the flat.

Set before a note, raises it half a tone; i. e. causes it to be sung half a tone higher than it would be without the sharp.

Restores a note from flat or sharp to its natural sound.

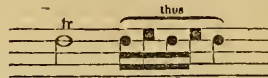
Over or under any number of notes, shows that they must be sung to one syllable, gliding softly from one sound to the other. The tails of the notes are often joined together, which answers the same purpose as a slur.

Figure 3,



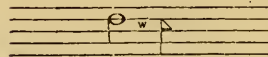
Over or under three notes, is a mark of diminution, and shows that they must be sung in the time of two of the same kind without a figure.

A Trill



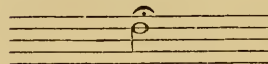
Shows that the note over which it is placed should be warbled with a soft roll.

A Direct



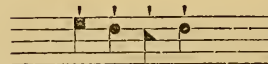
Shows the place of the succeeding note on the stave.

A Hold :



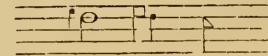
Notes thus marked are sounded one fourth longer than their usual time.

A Staccato



Is seldom used in vocal music. The notes over which it is placed should be sounded distinct and emphatical.

Appoggiatura, or  
grace notes,



Are small extra notes, added and set before or after regular notes, to guide the voice more gracefully into the sound of the succeeding note.

\* We recommend singers to omit accidental flats and sharps, unless they understand them properly.

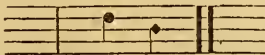
Mark of accent  
and half accent



Shows the place which  
is accented in each  
measure.

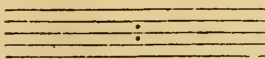
! Shows the half accent.

Double Bar



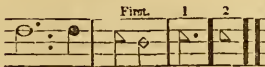
Shows the end of a  
strain; it also shows  
when to repeat.

Repeat

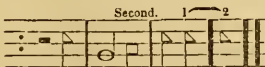


Shows that the tune is  
to be sung twice from it  
to the next double bar or  
close.

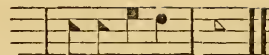
Figure 1, 2, or  
double ending.



At the end of a strain, or  
at the end of a tune,  
shows that the note or  
notes under 1 are to be  
sung before you repeat,  
and those under 2 after  
omitting those under 1;  
but if the notes are tied  
together with a slur,  
both are sung the sec-  
ond time, as in the se-  
cond example.



A Close



Shows the end of a tune  
or anthem.

A Prisma



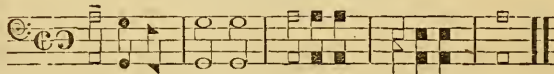
Denotes a repetition of  
preceding words

## OF CHOOSING NOTES.

*P.* What are choosing notes, and how must I sing them?

*T.* They are notes set immediately over each other on the same staff; either of which may be sung, but not by the same voice; (in bass the lower notes are termed ground bass.) If two persons are singing the same part, one may sing the upper notes, and the other the lower notes. See the example on the bass staff.

### EXAMPLE OF CHOOSING NOTES.

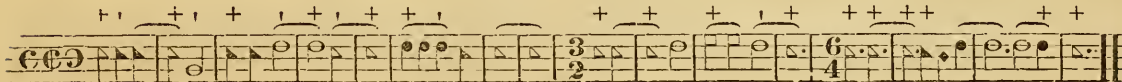


## OF SYNCOPATION.

*P.* What is meant by syncopation, or syncopated notes?

*T.* Syncopation is any number of notes set on the same time or space included by a slur; sometimes driven across or through the bar, and sometimes in the middle; one of such notes only are to be named, but sound the time of all the notes, whether driven across the bar or not, swelling the voice a little at the usual place of the accent.

### EXAMPLES OF SYNCOPATION.



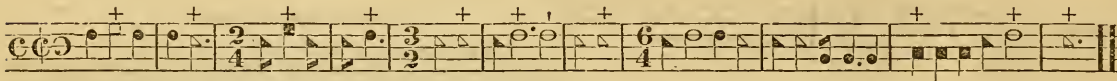
## OF SYSCOPE OR SYSCOPEED NOTES.

*P.* What is meant by syncope, or syncopeed notes?

*T.* It is when a note is set out of its usual order, requiring the accent to be

upon it, as though it were in the usual place of the accent, as in common time having half the time of the measure in the middle; as a minim between two crotchets, or a crotchet preceding a pointed minim, or a crotchet between two quavers, &c.

## EXAMPLES OF SYSCOPEED NOTES.



## OF THE KEYS OR KEY NOTES.

*P.* What is meant by the keys in music, how many are there, and how are they known?

*T.* The key note of every correct piece of music is the leading note of the tune, by which all the other sounds throughout the tune are compared, and is always the last note in the bass, and generally in the tenor. If the last note in the bass be faw immediately above me, the tune is on a sharp or major key; but if law immediately below me, it is a flat or minor key.

There are but two natural places for the keys, A and C. A is the natural place of the flat key, and C the natural place of the sharp key. Without the aid of the flats and sharps at the beginning of the stave, no tune can rightly be set to any other than these two natural keys; but by the help of these, me, the centre, leading and governing note, and of course the keys, are removed at pleasure, and form what are called artificial keys, producing the same effect as the two natural keys; i. e. by fixing the two semi or half tones equally distant from the key notes. The difference between the major and minor keys is as follows; the major key note has its 3d, 6th, and 7th intervals, ascending half a tone higher than the same intervals ascending from the minor key note; and this is the reason some tunes are on a sharp key, and others on a flat key. This also is the reason why music set to the major or sharp key is generally sprightly and cheerful; whereas music set to the minor or flat key is pensive and melancholy. Sharp key tunes suit to sing hymns and psalms of praise and thanksgiving, and flat key tunes those of prayer and supplication.

## OF TONES AND SEMITONES.

*P.* What is meant by tones and semi or half tones?

*T.* There are said to be but seven sounds belonging to every key note in music, every eighth being the same, and is called an octave. Therefore these sounds are represented by only seven letters. These sounds in music are called tones; five of them are called whole tones, and two of them semitones or half tones. The natural places for the semitones are between B and C, and between E and F, and they are always between me and faw, and law and faw, find them where you may.

*P.* Are the semitones always between the same letters in every tune?

*T.* No; although the natural situation of semitones are between B C and E F yet their situations, as well as the two keys, are very often altered by flats and sharps set at the beginning of the tune. You therefore remember that the natural place for the me is on B, but if B be flat, me is on E, &c.; and if F be sharp, me is on F, &c. Of course, if the me is removed, the semitones are as the semitones are always, between me and faw, and law and faw.

*P.* Well, my good teacher, I am very much obliged to you for this explanation for I have studied a great deal about them, but it is now plain to me.

*T.* Well, my studious pupil, as you understand these rules pretty well, you now proceed to singing



## OF SOUNDING THE EIGHT NOTES.

*P.* Please tell me how to sound the eight notes, and where I must commence?

*T.* Commence first on *fa*, the major or sharp key note on the tenor and treble stave; then ascend softly from one sound to another till you sing the eighth note on

the fifth line, which is an octave; then descend, falling softly from one sound to another till you end at the close. Then commence on *la*, the minor or flat key note. ascend and descend in the same manner till you come to the close. By this you learn the difference between the major and minor moods or keys.

After having sounded the eight notes several times, you may go on to sing the other lessons for tuning the voice, and then some plain tunes.

## LESSONS FOR TUNING THE VOICE.

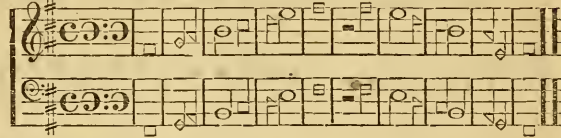
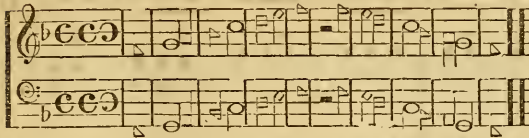
Eight notes.

MAJOR KEY.

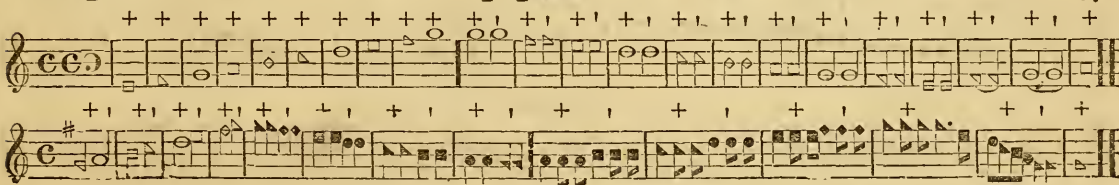
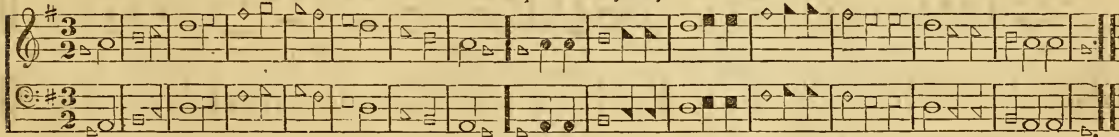
Common Time.

Eight Notes.

MINOR KEY.



Triple Time, Major Key.



# THE GAMUT OR RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC

The Gamut section consists of five staves of musical notation. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a series of notes with various accidentals and rests, with a '+' symbol above each measure. The second staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a series of notes with various accidentals and rests, with a '+' symbol above each measure. The third staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a series of notes with various accidentals and rests, with a '+' symbol above each measure. The fourth staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a series of notes with various accidentals and rests, with a '+' symbol above each measure. The fifth staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a series of notes with various accidentals and rests, with a '+' symbol above each measure.

## INTERVALS

The Intervals section consists of a single staff of musical notation in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a series of notes with various accidentals and rests, illustrating different intervals.

NOTE— + stands over the usual place of the accent, and ! over the half accent.



INTRODUCTION TO THE GENERAL SCALE, AND RULES FOR  
PITCHING OR KEYING MUSIC.

transposed, will either be on the 2d and 4th degrees as above stated, yet with the same propriety we may suppose them on the 9th, 11th, &c. degrees; for when we refer to a pitchpipe for the sound of either of the foregoing keys, if it be properly constructed, it will exactly correspond to the 9th, 11th, &c. sounds of the general scale. Then by descending the octave, we get the sound of the natural key; then by ascending a 3d, 4th, or 5th, as the tune may require, we readily discover whether the piece be properly keyed. If we find, after descending the octave, we can ascend to the highest note in the tenor or treble, and can pronounce them with ease and freedom, the piece may be said to be properly keyed; but if, on the contrary, after descending, we find it difficult to ascend as above, the piece is improperly keyed, and should be set lower.

NOTE.—This method of proving the keys is infallible to individuals, and will hold good in choirs, when we suppose the teacher or leader capable of judging for the commonality of voices.

Diagram illustrating the positions of notes on the staves for the *Natural key of the Major mode* and the *Natural key of the Minor mode*.


**Major Mode (Natural key):**


- Treble Stave:**
  - First line: C
  - Second line: D
  - Second space: E
  - Third line: F
  - Third space: G
  - Fourth line: A
  - Fourth space: B
  - Fifth line: C
- Tenor Stave:**
  - First line: C
  - Second line: D
  - Second space: E
  - Third line: F
  - Third space: G
  - Fourth line: A
  - Fourth space: B
  - Fifth line: C
- Bass Stave:**
  - First line: G
  - Second line: F
  - Second space: E
  - Third line: D
  - Third space: C
  - Fourth line: B
  - Fourth space: A
  - Fifth line: G


**Minor Mode (Natural key):**

- Treble Stave:**
  - First line: B
  - Second line: C
  - Second space: D
  - Third line: E
  - Third space: F
  - Fourth line: G
  - Fourth space: A
  - Fifth line: B
- Tenor Stave:**
  - First line: B
  - Second line: C
  - Second space: D
  - Third line: E
  - Third space: F
  - Fourth line: G
  - Fourth space: A
  - Fifth line: B
- Bass Stave:**
  - First line: F
  - Second line: E
  - Second space: D
  - Third line: C
  - Third space: B
  - Fourth line: A
  - Fourth space: G
  - Fifth line: F


The foregoing scale comprises three octaves, or twenty-two sounds.


The F clef,  used on the fourth line in the bass, shows that that line is the 7th sound in the general scale.

The G clef,  used on the second line in the tenor and treble, shows that that line, in the tenor, is the eighth sound in the general scale, and in the treble, (when performed by a female voice,) the fifteenth sound; for if the treble, as well as the tenor, were performed entirely by men, the general scale would comprise only fifteen sounds: hence, the treble stave is only raised an octave above that of tenor, in consequence that female voices are naturally an octave above men's, and to females the treble is usually assigned. The stars (\*) show the natural places of the semitones.

When the C clef  is used, (though it has now become very common to write counter on either the G or F clefs,) the middle line in the counter is in unison with the third space in tenor, (C,) and a seventh above the middle line in the bass, &c.

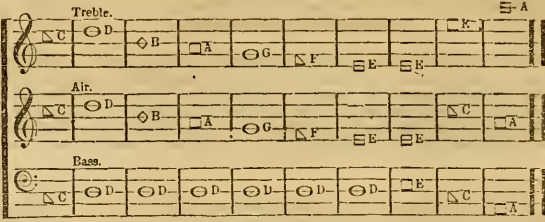
Three octaves being more than any common voice can perform, the bass is assigned to the gravest of men's voices, the tenor to the highest of men's, and the treble to the female voices: the counter (when used) to boys, and the gravest of the female voices.

Two sounds equally high, or equally low, however unequal in their force, are said to be in unison, one with the other. Consequently, E on the lower line in the treble stave, is in unison with E on the fourth space in the tenor; and E on the third space in bass, is in unison with E on the first line of the tenor, and an octave below E, the lower line in the treble.  See the General Scale. From any one letter in the general scale, to another of the same name, the interval is an octave—as from B to B, D to D, &c.

Agreeably to the F and G clefs used in the general scale, a note on any line or space in the bass, is a sixth below a note on a corresponding line or space in the tenor, and a thirteenth below a note in the treble occupying the same line or space, (when the treble is performed by females.)  See the General Scale. Suppose we

place a note on D, middle line of the bass, another on B, the middle line of the tenor or treble, the interval will appear as just stated: and to find any other interval, count either ascending or descending, as the case may be.

## EXAMPLE.

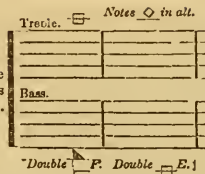


Octave. Dillo. 6th. 5th. 4th. 3d. 2d. Unison. Octave. Double Oct

In counting intervals, remember to include both notes or letters—thus, in counting a sixth in the above example, D is one, E is two, F is three, G is four, A five, and B six.

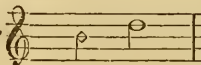
In the above example, the notes in the treble and air are placed in unison with each other. But assigning the treble to female voices, and the air to men's voices, (as is customary,) an octave must be added to the notes in the treble, (as previously observed of a woman's voice being an octave more acute than a man's,) the interval then being the bass and treble—in the first bar, would be a fifteenth or double octave. in the third bar, the note on B in the treble, a thirteenth above D in the bass, &c. Observe that an octave and a second make a ninth; an octave and a third make a tenth; an octave and a fourth make an eleventh; an octave and a fifth make a twelfth; an octave and a sixth, a thirteenth; an octave and a seventh, a fourteenth; two octaves, a fifteenth, &c. always including both the first and last note.

When a ledger line is added to a treble staff, a note occupying it is said to be in *alt*; and when the notes descend below the bass staff, they are termed *doubles*.

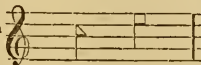


## TERMS BY WHICH THE DIFFERENT INTERVALS IN THE GAMUT ARE DENOMINATED.

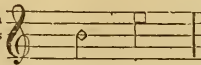
1. An interval composed of a tone and a semitone, as from B to D, is called a minor third.



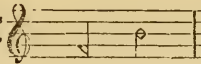
2. An interval composed of two full tones, as from *law* to *law*, is called a third major.



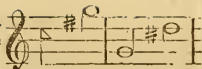
3. An interval composed of two full tones and a semitone, as from *me* to *law*; i. e. from B to E, is called a fourth.



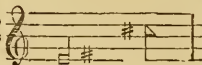
4. An interval composed of three full tones, as from *law* to *me*, i. e. from F to B, is called a triton, or fourth redundant.



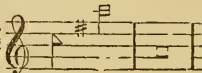
5. An interval composed of three tones and a semitone, as from *law* to *sol*, i. e. from C to G, or from G to D, is called a fifth.



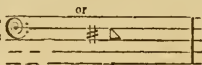
6. An interval composed of three tones and two semitones, as from *law* to *faw*, i. e. from E to C, is called a sixth minor.



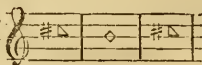
7. An interval composed of four tones and a semitone, as from *law* to *aw*, i. e. from C to A, is called a sixth major.



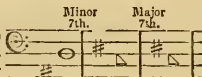
8. An interval composed of four tones and two semitones, as from *sol* to *faw*, i. e. from D to C, is called a 7th minor. [See next example.]



9. An interval composed of five tones and a semitone, as from *law* to *me*, i. e. from C to B, is called a seventh major.



10. An interval composed of five tones and two semitones, is called an octave, (as has already been observed.) See examples of the three last mentioned intervals.



The preceding intervals are counted ascending, or upwards, and the sharps (#) indicate the places and number of the semitones in each.

NOTE.—The semitones always lie between *me* and *law* and *law* and *faw*.

## OF HARMONY AND COMPOSITION

Having given an explanation of the different intervals contained in the octave, and the manner in which the parts of music are connected, I proceed to show how they may be used in composition to produce harmony.

Harmony consists in the proportion of the distance of two, three, or four sounds, performed at the same time, and mingling in a most pleasing manner to the ear.

The notes which produce harmony, when sounded together, are called *concord*s, and their intervals, *consonant intervals*. The notes which, when sounded together, produce a disagreeable sound to the ear, are called *discord*s, and their intervals, *dissonant intervals*. There are but four concords in music—viz.: *unison*, *third*, *fifth*, and *sixth*; (their eighths or octaves are also meant.) The unison is called a perfect chord, and commonly the fifth is so called; if the composer please, however, he may make the fifth imperfect, when composing more than two parts. The third and sixth are called imperfect, their chords being not so full, nor so agreeable to the ear, as the perfect: but in four parts the sixth is often used instead of the fifth so in effect there are but three concords, employed together, in composition.

N B. The meaning of imperfect, signifies that it wants a semitone of its perfection, to what it does when it is perfect: for as the lesser or imperfect third includes but three half tones, the greater or major third includes four, &c. The discords are a *second*, a *fourth*, a *seventh*, and their octaves; though the greater fourth sometimes comes very near to the sound of an imperfect chord, it being the same in ratio as the minor fifth. Indeed some composers (the writer of these extracts is one of them) seem very partial to the greater fourth, and frequently admit it in composition. The following is an example of the several concords and discords, and their octaves under them:

		CONCORDS.				DISCORDS.		
Single Chords.		1	3	5	6	2	4	7
Their Octaves.	{	8	10	12	13	9	11	14
		15	17	19	20	16	18	21
		22	24	25	27	23	25	28

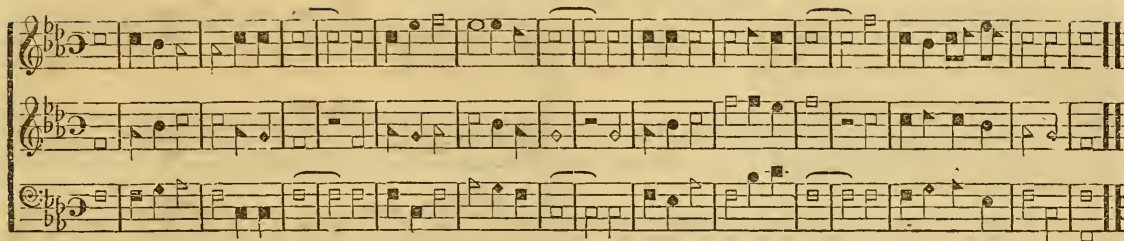
Notwithstanding the 2d, 4th, 7th, &c., are properly discords, yet a skilful composer may use them to some advantage, provided a full chord of all the parts immediately follow: they will then answer a similar purpose to acid, which being tasted immediately previous to sweet gives the latter a more pleasing flavour. Although the 4th is really a discord, yet it is very often used in composition. The rough sound of the 4th may be so mollified by the sweetness of the 5th and 8th as to harmonize almost as well as any three sounds in nature; and it would be reasonable to suppose that where we have two perfect chords, a discord may be introduced with very little violation to the laws of harmony; but as it is the most difficult part of composition to use a discord in such a manner and place as to show more fully the power and beauty of music, we think composers should only use them sparingly, (as it is much better to have all sweet than to have too much sour or bitter,) and always let them be followed by a perfect chord.

## ON THE TRANSPOSITION OF KEYS.

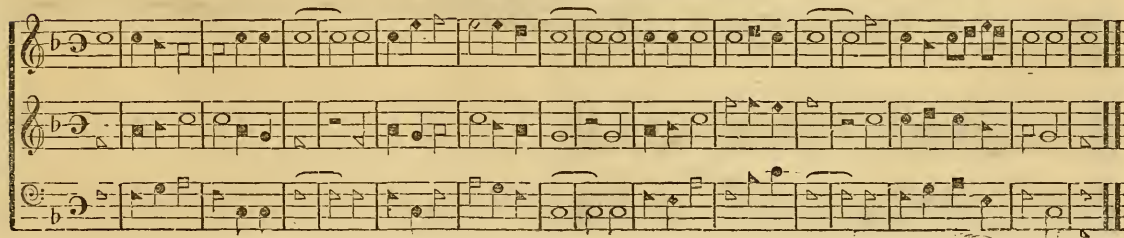
The reason why the two natural keys are transposed by flats and sharps at the beginning of the stave, is to bring them within the stave, and to bring the music within the compass of the voice. The key notes or places of the keys are always found in the last note of the bass of a correct tune, and is either *faw* immediately above me the sharp key—or *law* immediately below me the flat key. The reason why one tune is on a sharp, lively key, and another on a flat, melancholy key, is, that every third, sixth and seventh, ascending from the sharp key, are half a tone higher than the same intervals ascending from the flat key note. For instance, a third ascending from the sharp key note *faw*, (being a major third,) is very different from a third ascending from *law* the flat key note, (a minor third,) and so of other intervals. Any person may be convinced of this by hearing a tune sung first in a flat and afterwards in a sharp key; when if the parts are correctly carried on, the chords will be entirely changed, and the tune as first sung, will scarcely be recognised or thought to be the same; we will give one example. Let *Windham* tune be sung on its proper flat key, and then on a sharp key, and the intervals will be entirely changed, and so with any other tune. (See the example.)

## EXAMPLE .

WINDHAM—on the flat key law, its proper key.



WINDHAM—on the sharp key law.

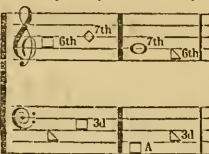


## EXAMPLES OF THE KEYS.

In the Major key, from law to faw, its third, the interval is two tones, [a Major third]—from faw to law, its sixth, the interval is four tones and a semitone, [a Major sixth]—and from faw to me, its seventh, the interval is five tones and a semitone, [a Major seventh.]

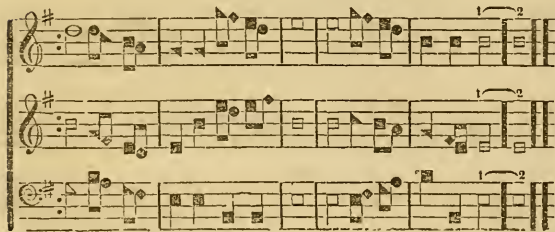
In the Minor key, from law to faw, its third, the interval is one tone and a semitone, [Minor third]—from law to faw, its sixth, the interval is three tones and two semitones, [a Minor sixth] and from law to sol, its seventh, the interval is four tones and two semitones, [a Minor seventh.]

## Major Key. Minor Key.

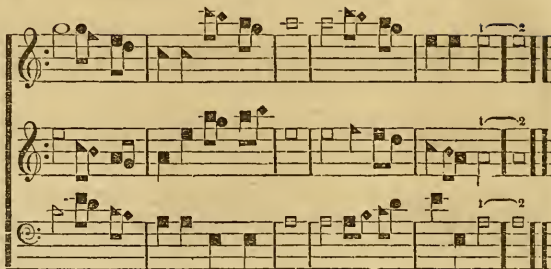


To prove the utility of removing the key, I will produce two examples. First, Let the tune "*Suffield*" be written on key note A, (natural flat key,) instead of E, its proper key—and, besides the inconvenience of multiplying ledger lines, few voices would be able to perform it—the treble in particular.

## SUFFIELD—on E, its proper key, from the repeat.



## The same on A, the assumed, or naturat key A.



Second, Let "*Complainner*" be written on key note C, (natural sharp key,) instead of G, its proper key, and there are but few that could perform it,—tho the tenor in particular.



# THE GAMUT, OR RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

XX

COMPLAINER—on G, its proper key, from the repeat.

A musical score for three staves in G major (one sharp, F#). The time signature is 3/4. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff also begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music consists of a series of notes and rests, with some notes marked with a '4' above them, possibly indicating a fourth or a specific fingering. The score is written in a historical style with various note values and rests.

The same on the assumed, or natural key C.

A musical score for three staves in C major (no sharps or flats). The time signature is 3/4. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of no sharps or flats. The second staff also begins with a treble clef and a key signature of no sharps or flats. The third staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of no sharps or flats. The music is the same as the previous score but transposed to C major. The score is written in a historical style with various note values and rests.

The *me*, and consequently the *keys*, is removed either by sharpening its fifth or flattening its fourth thus:

BY SHARPS.	1. A fifth from B <i>me</i> , its natural place, will bring us to.....	F
	2. A fifth from F <i>me</i> , will bring us to.....	C
	3. A fifth from C <i>me</i> , will bring us to.....	G
	4. A fifth from G <i>me</i> , will bring us to.....	D
	5. A fifth from D <i>me</i> , will bring us to.....	A
	6. A fifth from A <i>me</i> , will bring us to.....	E
	7. A fifth from E <i>me</i> , will bring us back to.....	B

BY FLATS.	1. A fourth from B <i>me</i> , will bring us to.....	E
	2. A fourth from E <i>me</i> , will bring us to.....	A
	3. A fourth from A <i>me</i> , will bring us to.....	D
	4. A fourth from D <i>me</i> , will bring us to.....	G
	5. A fourth from G <i>me</i> , will bring us to.....	C
	6. A fourth from C <i>me</i> , will bring us to.....	F
	7. A fourth from F <i>me</i> , will bring us home to.....	B

This accounts for the customary rules of transposition, *viz.*

The natural place for <i>me</i> is.....	B
If B is <i>b</i> , <i>me</i> is on.....	E
If B and E is <i>b</i> , <i>me</i> is on.....	A
If B, E, and A is <i>b</i> , <i>me</i> is on.....	D
If B, E, A, and D is <i>b</i> , <i>me</i> is on.....	G
If B, E, A, D, and G is <i>b</i> , <i>me</i> is on.....	C
If B, E, A, D, G, and C is <i>b</i> , <i>me</i> is on.....	F
If F be $\sharp$ , <i>me</i> is on.....	F
If F and C be $\sharp$ , <i>me</i> is on.....	C
If F, C, and G be $\sharp$ , <i>me</i> is on.....	G
If F, C, G, and D be $\sharp$ , <i>me</i> is on.....	D
If F, C, G, D, and A is $\sharp$ , <i>me</i> is on.....	A
If F, C, G, D, A, and E is $\sharp$ , <i>me</i> is on.....	E

"By flats the *me* is driven round,  
Till forced on B to stand its ground;  
By sharps the *me*'s led through the keys,  
Till brought to B its native place."

### A SCALE, SHOWING THE SITUATION OF BOTH KEYS IN EVERY TRANSPOSITION OF THE ME BY SHARPS AND FLATS.

Key note. MAJOR KEYS BY SHARPS. Natural place.

G      D      A      E      B      F      C

Key note. MAJOR KEYS BY FLATS.

F      B      E      A      D      G

Key note. MINOR KEYS BY SHARPS. Natural place.

E      B      F      C      G      D      A

Key note. MINOR KEYS BY FLATS.

D      G      C      F      B      E



## A SCALE, SHOWING THE SITUATION OF THE SEMITONES IN EVERY TRANSPOSITION OF THE ME BY FLATS AND SHARPS

BY FLATS

Natural place of the Semitones.

BY SHARPS.

Natural place of the Semitones.

Observe that, by six flats or six sharps, (including the natural place,) both of the keys are placed on every letter in the stave, and by the same number of either character, (including the natural place,) the whole octave is divided into semitones; and it is impossible to use another flat or sharp in transposition, for seven flats or sharps would only put them in their natural places. You may also observe, that one flat, or six sharps, places the keys and semitones precisely in the same situation; and that one sharp, or six flats, has the same effect, and two flats or five sharps, and two sharps or five flats, &c.; and with six flats, or one sharp, one of the semitones is in its natural place; i. e. between B and C. Also with six sharps, or one flat, one of the semitones is in its natural place, i. e. between E and F, as the natural places of the semitones are between B and C, and E and F; and we suppose the reason why both of these characters are used in transposing music, is to save the trouble and time of making so many of either character; for a person can make one flat much quicker than six sharps, or one sharp quicker than six flats, &c.

Thus I think I have showed satisfactorily how the keys are removed, and how the octave is divided into semitones by flats and sharps, and why both characters are used in transposition.

## SCALE OF KEYS

The figures at the left hand of the column of notes shows the degrees of the sharp key, those at the right hand show the degrees of the flat key. This scale shows that the  $\diamond$  is between the two keys, and that the first degree of the sharp key is the first note above the  $\diamond$ , and that the first degree of the flat key is the first note below the  $\diamond$ .

Every sharp key has its relative flat key a third below; and every flat key has its relative sharp key a third above.

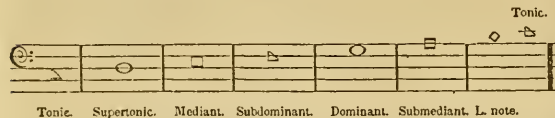
These admit of an easy and natural transition from one to the other.

Every sharp at the beginning of a tune takes the place of *me*, the fourth degree from the sharp key, and raises that note half a tone, and removes the *me* and the key to the fifth above or to the fourth below.

C	8th or 1st	$\triangle$ 3d
B	7th	$\diamond$ 2d
A	6th	$\square$ 8th or 1st
G	5th	$\circ$ 7th
F	4th	$\triangle$ 6th
E	3d	$\square$ 5th
D	2d	$\circ$ 4th
C	1st	$\triangle$ 3d
B	$\diamond$ 2d	
A	$\square$ 1st	

Every flat at the beginning of a tune takes the place of the *me*, sinks that note half a tone, and removes the *me* and the key to the fourth above, or to the fifth below.

The seven sounds have also distinct names from their situation and effect in the scale. The key note is called the *tonic*; the next above, or its second, the *supertonic*—its third, the *mediant*—its fourth, the *subdominant*—its fifth, the *dominant*—its sixth, the *submediant*—its seventh, the *leading note*.



The *tonic* is so called from its being the principal or pitch of the tune.

The *supertonic* is so called from its being the note above the tonic.

The *mediant* is so called from its being in the middle way between the tonic and dominant.

The *subdominant* is so called from its being the fifth below the tonic, as the dominant is the fifth above.

The *dominant* is so called from its being a principal note, and requires the tonic generally to be heard after it, especially at a close, and is therefore said to govern it.

The *submediant* is so called from its being in the middle way between the tonic and its fifth below.

The *leading note* is so called from its leading to the tonic, and is the sharp seventh of the scale, and therefore in the minor mode is necessarily sharpened in ascending.

There are also fourteen intervals in the scale bearing distinct names, viz.; Unison, Minor second, Major second, Minor third, Major third, Perfect fifth, Minor sixth, Major sixth, Minor seventh, Major seventh, Octave.



As the scale admits of only twelve semitones, so an octave although by counting the first and last note, which are octaves to each other, and really one and the same sound in effect; it contains thirteen sounds, yet it has but twelve intervals, because the unison cannot properly be called an interval; and the sharp fourth and flat fifth, although necessarily distinguished in harmony, are performed on keyed instruments with the same keys, and make but one interval.

## ON THE MODULATION OF KEY.

The modulation or changing of the key note from one letter or given tone to another, being so frequent in every regular composition, particularly Anthems, that the performers will be very often embarrassed, unless they endeavour to acquire a knowledge or habit of discerning those changes.

The transition from one letter or key is sometimes effected by gradual preparation, as by accidental flats, sharps, or naturals. When the change is gradual, the new key is announced by flats, sharps, or naturals. When the change is sudden, the usual signs or signature at the beginning of the stave are either altered or removed, as in the tune called the Christian's Song, or the Judgment Anthem.

EXAMPLE.

TRANSITION IN THE MAJOR MODE FROM ONE KEY OR LETTER TO ANOTHER.

*Key of C, into G, by a sharp on F.*

*Key of G, into D, by an additional sharp on C.*

Or faw me faw Or faw me faw

Or faw Or faw

*Key of C, into F, by a flat on B.*

*Key of F, into C, by a natural on B.*

Or sol faw law faw Or law faw me faw

Or faw sol faw Or me faw sol faw

TRANSITION IN THE MINOR MODE, FROM ONE KEY OR LETTER TO ANOTHER.

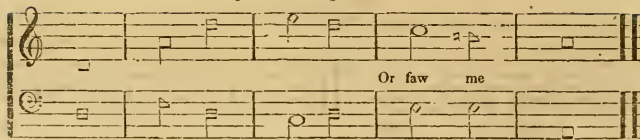
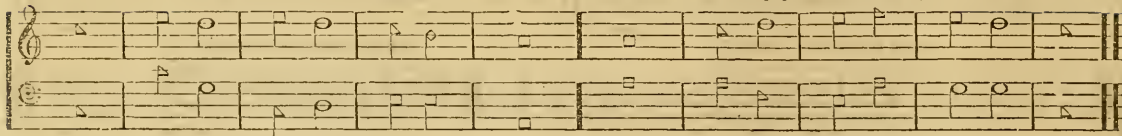
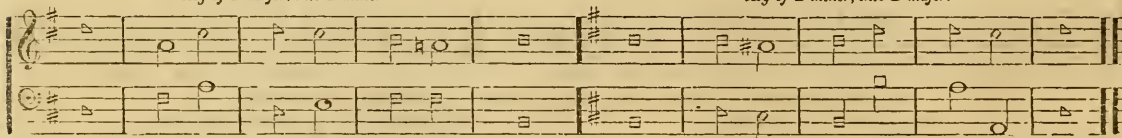
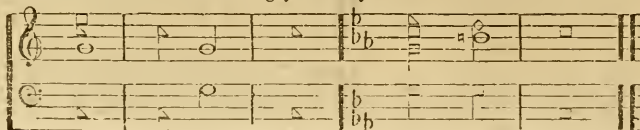
*Key of A, into E, by one sharp.*

*Key of E, into B, by an additional sharp on C.*

Or faw me Or faw me

Or law law Or law law

## THE GAMUT. OR RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC

*Key of D, into A, by a natural on B*Or *faw* meOr *law* law*Major Key of C, into the minor of A**Minor Key of A, into the major of C.**Key of D major, into B minor**Key of B minor, into D major.**Sudden change from C major, to C minor.*

To aid those who wish further information with respect to the best method of modulation by retaining the sol-fa system, the following observations are added.

In order to do this, the syllables must follow into the new key and take the same place there which they held in the original key; i. e. *fa* must be the new key note, *sol* its dominant or fifth, and *me* its leading note, if changing from the minor to the major mode or key. If changing from major to minor, *la* must be the new key, and *la* mediant to the major key its dominant, and *re* also its leading note.

There are four different pitches which the composer may consistently change to form any given pitch; viz. the fifth of the given pitch may be changed to the key note by adding such flats, sharps, or naturals, as will place the semitones in their regular degrees in the diatonic scale, (the scale in common use,) to the fourth, observing the same order of semitones, or to the sixth, its relative minor key, or change itself into a minor key if previously major, (see the example,) from *C* major to *C* minor. In order to modulate into the fourth of the key, the major 7th is made flat. For example, in the key of *C* major, by flattening *B*, *F* becomes the key note. To apply the syllables in this case, let *C* immediately preceding the flat be called *sol*, preserving the tone of *fa*, its former name, then by falling a whole tone to *B*, calling it *fa*, you come into the key of *F*. In modulating into the fifth of the key, the fourth is made sharp, and becomes the leading note or sharp seventh of the new key. Example:—In the key of *C* major by sharpening *F* you make *G* the key note. In order to apply the syllables in this case, let *G* immediately preceding the sharp be called *fa*, preserving the tone which it held as *sol*, then by falling half a tone, and calling *F* *me*, you arrive at the key of *G*.

This is the method most common to be used in psalmody in modulating from one key to another.

Having gone thus far with our subject, we feel willing to close by making a few observations on the ornamental part of singing, or what are generally termed graces. This is the name generally given to those occasional embellishments which a performer or composer introduces to heighten the effect of a composition. It consists not only in giving due place to the *apogiatura* turn, shake, or trill, and other decorative additions, but in that easy, smooth, and natural expression of the passages which best conveys the native beauties and elegancies of the composition, and forms one of the first attributes of a cultivated and refined performer.

A person or persons may be well acquainted with all the various characters in psalmody, (or music;) they may also be able to sing their part in true time, and yet their performance be far from pleasing; if it is devoid of necessary embellishments, their manner and bad expression may conspire to render it disagreeable. A few plain hints, and also a few general and friendly observations, we have will tend to correct these errors in practicing of vocal music.

## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

1. CARE should be taken that all the parts (when singing together) begin upon their proper pitch. If they are too high, difficulty and perhaps discords will be the consequence; if too low, dulness and languor. If the parts are not united by their corresponding degrees, the whole piece may be run into confusion and jargon before it ends; and perhaps the whole occasioned by an error in the pitch of one or more of the parts of only one semitone.

2. It is by no means necessary to constitute good singers that they should sing very loud. Each one should sing so soft as not to drown the teacher's voice, and each part so soft as will admit the other parts to be distinctly heard. If the teacher's voice cannot be heard it cannot be imitated, (as that is the best way to modulate the voice and make it harmonious,) and if the singers of any one are so loud that they cannot hear the other parts because of their own noise, the parts are surely not rightly proportioned, and ought to be altered.

3. When singing in concert the bass should be sounded full, bold, and majestic, but not harsh; the tenor regular, firm, and distinct; the counter clear and plain, and the treble soft and mild, but not faint. The tenor and treble may consider the German flute; the sound of which they may endeavour to imitate, if they wish to improve the voice.

4. Flat keyed tunes should be sung softer than sharp keyed ones, and may be proportioned with a lighter bass; but for sharp keyed tunes let the bass be full and strong, but never harsh.

5. The high notes, quick notes, and slurred notes, of each part, should be sung softer than the low notes, long notes, and single notes, of the same parts. All the notes included by one slur should be sung at one breath if possible.

6. Learners should sing all parts of music somewhat softer than their leaders do, as it tends to cultivate the voice and give them an opportunity of following in a piece with which they are not well acquainted; but a good voice may be soon much injured by singing too loud.

7. When notes of the tenor fall below those of the bass, the tenor should be sounded strong, and the bass soft.

8. While first learning a tune it may be sung somewhat slower than the true time or mood of time requires, until the notes can be named and truly sounded without looking on the book.

9. Learners are apt to give the first note where a fuge begins nearly double the time it ought to have, sounding a crotchet almost as long as a minim in any other part of the tune, which puts the parts in confusion by losing time; whereas the fuges ought to be moved off lively, the time decreasing (or the notes sung quicker) and the sound



of the engaged part or parts increasing in sound as the others fall in. All solos or fuses should be sung somewhat faster than when all the parts are moving together.

10. There are but few long notes in any tune but what might be swelled with propriety. The swell is one of the greatest ornaments to vocal music if rightly performed. All long notes of the bass should be swelled if the other parts are singing short or quick notes at the same time. The swell should be struck plain upon the first part of the note, increase to the middle, and then decrease softly like an echo, or die away like the sound of a bell.

11. All notes (except some in syncopation) should be called plain by their proper names, and fairly articulated; and in applying the words great care should be taken that they be properly pronounced and not torn to pieces between the teeth, nor forced through the nose. Let the mouth be freely opened, but not too wide, the teeth a little asunder, and let the sound come from the lungs and be entirely formed where they should be only distinguished, viz. on the end of the tongue. The superiority of vocal to instrumental music, is that while one only pleases the ear, the other informs the understanding.

12. When notes occur one directly above another, (called choosing notes,) and there are several singers on the part where they are, let two sing the lower note while one does the upper note, and in the same proportion to any other number.

13. Your singers should not join in concert until each class can sing their own part correctly.

14. Learners should beat time by a pendulum, or with their teacher, until they can beat regular time, before they attempt to beat and sing both at once, because it perplexes them to beat, name time, and sound the notes at the same time, until they have acquired a knowledge of each by itself.

15. Too long singing at a time injures the lungs.\*

16. Some teachers are in the habit of singing too long at a time with their pupils. It is better to sing but only eight or ten tunes at a lesson, or at one time, and inform the learners the nature of the pieces and the manner in which they should be performed, and continue at them until they are understood, than to shun over forty or fifty in one evening, and at the end of a quarter of schooling perhaps few beside the

teacher know a flat keyed tune from a sharp keyed one, what part of the anthem, &c. requires emphasis, or how to give the pitch of any tune which they have been learning unless some one inform them. It is easy to name the notes of a tune, but it requires attention and practice to sing them correctly.

17. Learners should not be confined too long to the parts that suit their voices best, but should try occasionally the different parts, as it tends greatly to improve the voice and give them a knowledge of the connexion of the parts and of harmony as well as melody.\* The gentlemen can change from bass to tenor, or from tenor to bass, and the ladies from treble to tenor, &c.

18. Learners should understand the tunes well by note before they attempt to sing them to verses of poetry.

19. If different verses are applied to a piece of music while learning, it will give the learners a more complete knowledge of the tune than they can have by confining it always to the same words. Likewise applying different tunes to the same words will have a great tendency to remove the embarrassment created by considering every short tune as a set piece to certain words or hymns.

20. When the key is transposed, there are flats or sharps placed on the staff, and when the mood of time is changed, the requisite characters are placed upon the staff.

21. There should not be any noise indulged while singing, (except the music,) as it destroys entirely the beauty of harmony, and renders the performance very difficult, (especially to new beginners;) and if it is designedly promoted is nothing less than a proof of disrespect in the singers to the exercise, to themselves who occasion it, and to the Author of our existence.

22. The apogiatra is placed in some tunes which may be used with propriety by a good voice; also the trill over some notes; but neither should be attempted by any one until he can perform the tune well by plain notes, (as they add nothing to the time.) Indeed no one can add much to the beauty of a piece by using what are generally termed graces, unless they are in a manner natural to their voice.

23. When learning to sing, we should endeavour to cultivate the voice so as to make it soft, smooth, and round, so that when numbers are performing in concert, there may on each part (as near as possible) appear to be but one uniform voice. Then, instead of confused jargon, it will be more like the smooth vibrations of the violin, or the soft breathings of the German flute. Yet how hard it is to make some be-

\* A cold or cough, all kind of spirituous liquors, violent exercise, too much bile on the stomach, long fasting, the veins overcharged with impure blood, &c. &c. are destructive to the voice of one who is much in the habit of singing. An excessive use of ardent spirits will speedily ruin the best voice. A frequent use of some acid drink, such as purified cider, vinegar, and water mixed and sweetened a little with honey, or sugar with a little black or cayenne pepper, wine, and loaf sugar, &c. if used sparingly, are very strengthening to the lungs.

\* Melody is the agreeable effect which arises from the performance of a single part of music only. Harmony is the pleasing union of several sounds, or the performance of several parts of music together.

have soft singing is the most melodious, when at the same time loud singing is more like the hootings of the midnight bird than refined music.

24. The most important ornament in singing is strict decorum, with a heart deeply impressed with the great truth we utter while singing the lines, aiming at the glory of God and the edification of one another.

25. All affectation should be banished, for it is disgusting in the performance of sacred music, and contrary to that solemnity which should accompany an exercise so near akin to that which will through all eternity engage the attention of those who walk in elms of bliss.

26. The nearest perfection in singing we arrive at, is to pronounce the words\* and

\* In singing there are a few words which should vary a little from common pronunciation, such as end in i and y; and these should vary two ways. The following method has been generally recommended: In singing it is right to pronounce majesty, mighty, lofty, &c. something like majestee, mightee, loftee, &c.; but the sense of some other words will

make the sounds as feeling as if the sentiments and sounds were our own. If singers when performing a piece of music could be as much captivated with the words and sounds as the author of the music is when composing it, the foregoing directions would be almost useless; they would pronounce, accent, swell, sing loud and soft where the words require it, make suitable gestures, and add every other necessary grace.

27. The great Jehovah, who implanted in our nature the noble faculty of vocal performance, is jealous of the use to which we apply our talents in that particular, lest we use them in a way which does not tend to glorify his name. We should therefore endeavour to improve the talent given us, and try to sing with the spirit and with the understanding, making melody in our hearts to the Lord.

be destroyed by this mode of expressing them; such as sanctify, justify, glorify, &c. These should partake of the vowel O, rather than EE, and be sounded somewhat like sanctifay, justifay, glorifay, &c. It would indeed be difficult to describe this exactly; however, the extreme should be avoided on both sides.

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS,

FROM THE COLUMBIAN HARMONY.

There is a charm, a power, that sways the breast,  
Bids every passion revel or be still;  
Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves;  
Can soothe distraction, and almost despair:  
That power is music.

*Armstrong.*

So great is the empire of music over all the faculties of human nature, and so loud have been the ingenious in celebrating its power and praises, that they have left nothing in heaven, not at all in the air, sea, or on the earth, but what in excess of fancy or merit they have subjected to its dominion for the better. Its harmony ravishes the soul and carries it beyond itself; helps, elevates, and extends it. It exterminates fear and fury, abates cruelty, alleviates sorrow and heaviness, and utterly destroys spleen and hatred. In short, music cures disease, sweetens the labourer's toil, and adds new courage to the soldier.

Divine music must be allowed by all who practise it to be an emanation from the

Deity; it is admirably calculated to raise the mind above the sublunary enjoyments of this life, in gratitude to our beneficent Benefactor and Creator. When I consider upon the divine nature and power of music on the affections, I am wrapped up in admiration, love, and praise, and cannot but adore the Almighty Giver of so good and glorious a gift; and that it has pleased him to bestow upon me and my fellow beings faculties to sing his praise. It is in the performance of sacred music that we assimilate ourselves to the angelic choirs of glory, more nearly than in any other employment upon earth besides. Most of the arts and employments of this life will accompany us no farther than the grave; but this will continue an employment with the redeemed of God while eternal ages roll. It had its origin in God, and from God it was communicated to angels and men. Long before this world's foundations were laid, angels and archangels sang their grateful praises to the eternal Jehovah, encircling his throne and infinitely exulting. When God had created this lower world and all its appendages, the angelic hosts and seraphim above, like bright morning stars shining with the most serene brilliancy, sang together; and the archangels, the chief cherubim,

heaven, and sons of God, shouted for joy, to behold the new creation so well accomplished.

Since then the cherubim and seraphim of heaven sing their ceaseless lays to the Creator, and consider music as one of the most noble and grand vehicles for conveying their love to him, shall man, mortal man, presume to look with haughty scorn, derision, and contempt upon that science which dignifies those exalted beings above? Ungrateful to God, and unmindful of his transcendent privilege, must he be that is possessed of the voice of melody, who delights not to celebrate the praises of the Most High, by singing hymns and anthems to his name. When amazing pity had seized the compassionate breast of our Redeemer; when it had prevailed upon him to resign his royal diadem of glory and robes of light into the hands of his eternal Father, with filial submission and humility; when he condescended to leave the throngs of adoring angels who cluster around the throne of God; and when he voluntarily left the realms of bliss that he might veil his divinity in humble clay, and become the sufferer for all sin against an incensed God, to appease his flaming wrath for a wretched world of men; I say well might shining legions of angels descend through the portals of the skies at his nativity, at so amazing condescension, and proclaim the joyful news to man, that a God on earth was born, and sing while hovering over the Redeemer's humble manger, and around the vigilant shepherd, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will towards men." Before his unparalleled sufferings, while in humble state, he rode upon the foal of an ass towards Jerusalem, well might his followers strew the way with their clothes and branches of palm trees, and shout, "Hosanna! blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!" After he had administered his memorable supper to his disciples he sang with them a hymn, as the last consolation to them till he should have passed through the gloomy vale of death and all its horrors.

Soon after his agonizing passion, while the infernal powers roared their loud acclamations through the gloom of hell, and black despair triumphing at the bloody horrid deed, he breaks the bands of death asunder, and rose triumphant, and was escorted by myriads of hymning angels to the bosom of his Father God, from whose paternal hands he again received his diadem of glory and robes of eternal effulgence.

there to be our Advocate, Mediator, and Redeemer, until he shall come the second time from heaven, not as before in humility, but with all the grandeur of heaven, with the shout of the archangel and with the trump of God, to judge the world; and till then, and eternally after, the choirs of glory will ever worship him with songs of endless praises, and sing, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and he shall reign for ever and ever, King of kings and Lord of lords! Hallelujah!" "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," shall the saints of glory for ever sing, "and nath redeemed us to God by his blood, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. Blessing, and honour, glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever! Amen." No art in nature is better calculated to interest the feelings and command the passions of the soul than sacred music when well performed. It raises within the soul a kind of seraphic pathos, and almost transports the soul to the paradise of God, far, far beyond the contaminations of this gross sphere of nature, to a sphere of elevated glory. Were the soul to expand her wings, and take her flight to the realms of bliss, what would she behold among those celestial choirs less than ten thousand times ten thousand saints and angels, clad in robes of purest white, and interstreaked with shining gold, and exulting in the all-glorious praises of God. What would be her raptures to hear the chief cherubim of heaven sweeping the cerulean strings of their golden lyres symphoniously, and then the whole chorus of heaven, both vocal and instrumental, to fall in with them in one full burst of heavenly harmony! she would not behold a single being in so august a throng as millions, indifferent in the praises of God, nor hear one languid tone from the meanest seraph's tongue; if such be the harmony of heaven, let it raise the flame of emulation in every bosom to imitate the blest above. Let each singer perform in church properly, enchoired, and in the manner that it ought to be done, and grand effects will be the unavoidable result, if the music itself be good. By hearing good music well performed, we are ready to say, "O! ye enchanting, ecstatic, and delightful sons and daughters of harmony! O! that I could take the wings of the morning, and soar aloft with your sublime strains to the mansions of glory."

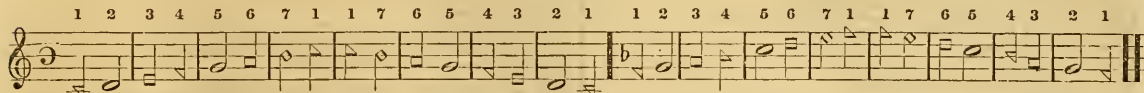


# ON THE DIFFERENT PLANS OF NOTATION.

There are seven plans of notation used now in various parts of the world, which are to some extent national. The *English*, faw, sole, law, faw, sole, law, me. *Italian*, doe, rae, me, faw, sole, law, see. *French*, ut, rae, me, faw, sole, law, see. *Sveeds and Danes*, Dac, rae, nae, faw, solc, law, tee. In Germany, (among the peasantry,) and in some parts of the United States, the numerical 1, 2, 3, 4,

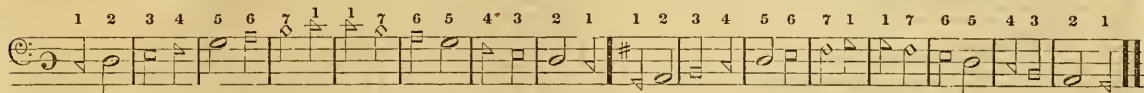
5, 6, 7. *Spanish*, perhaps, faw, sole, law, bae, doe, naw, me.—All repeating the first name, to make the eighth or octave sound. A very respectable number of my patrons being rather partial to the *Italian*, and also to the *numerical* system of seven syllables, I introduce a few examples, to make them plain to those who may wish to use them in learning to sing.

## EXAMPLES.



Doe, rae, me, faw, sole, law, see, doe, doe, see, law, sole, faw, me, rae, doe. Doe, rae, me, faw, sole, law, see, doe.

C D E F G A B C C B A G F E D C F G A B C D E F



Doe, rae, me, faw, sole, law, see, doe, doe, see, law, sole, faw, me, rae, doe. Doe, rae, me, faw, sole, law, see, doe.

C D E F G A B C C B A G F E D C G A B C D E F G G F E D C B A G

I suppose the above will be sufficient, always observing the same order in other transpositions, remembering that the major or sharp key-note faw, is called doe; sing the scale thus, doe, rae, me, &c., ascending; and doe, see, law, &c. descending: *numerical* sing 1, 2, 3, &c. ascending; and 1, 7, 6, &c. descending. For singing seven syllables *Italian* and the *numerical*, the transposition tables are generally written thus:

The natural place for doe or 1 is on.....C  
But if B be flat, the place for doe or 1 is on.....F  
If B and E be flat, the place for doe or 1 is on.....B  
If B, E, and A be flat, the place for doe or 1 is on.....E  
If B, E, A, and D be flat, the place for doe or 1 is on.....A  
If F be sharp, the place for doe or 1 is on.....G  
If F and C be sharp, the place for doe or 1 is on.....D

If F, C, and G be sharp, the place for doe or 1 is on.....A  
If F, C, G, and D be sharp, the place for doe or 1 is on.....E

In singing the seven syllables in our patent-note books, no regard is had to the shape of the notes, but name them as laid down in the rule and examples; and in singing numerals, call the major key doe, or faw, 1, and the other notes by the numerical distance they are from the major key; and if you wish to use the other plans, sing as herein directed.

Some contend that no one can learn to sing correctly without using the seven syllables. Although I have no objections to the seven syllable plan, I differ a little with such in opinion, for I have taught the four syllables patent notes, the Italian seven syllables, and the numerals also, and in twenty-five years' experience, have always found my patent note pupils to learn as fast, and sing as correct as any. Consequently I think that the main thing is to get good teachers, who understand the science of music well, and teach it faithfully, and who always keep good order in their schools; and that the various plans of notation or solmization may be considered more a matter of taste than necessity.

THE AUTHOR.

July. 1854.

# DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS.

*Adagio*, very slow, the first mood in common time C.  
*Allegro*, lively, quick, the third mood in common time C.  
*Accent*, a stress of the voice on a particular note or syllable.  
*Acrostic*, a poem, the first letters of the lines of which form a name.  
*Air*, the tenor part, the inclination of a piece of music.  
*All*, high above the stave.  
*Alto*, or *Altus*, high counter.  
*Appetone*, between a tone and semitone.  
*Affettuoso*, tender, affecting, mournful, plaintive  
*Andante*, moderate.  
*Bass*, the lowest part of music, grave, solemn.  
*Bassoon*, a kind of wind instrument for bass.  
*Bass Viol*, a large or bass fiddle.  
*Breve*, an ancient note II, equal to two semibreves.  
*Blank verse*, a poem without rhyme.  
*Canticles*, divine or pious poems, songs.  
*Chant*, to sing praises.  
*Conorous*, loud and harmonious.  
*Chord*, a sound, a concord, proportional vibrations.  
*Chorus*, all the parts together.  
*Clefs*, characters representing particular sounds or degrees.  
*Coinana*, a small part, as 1 4, 1-5th, &c. of a tone.  
*Crescendo*, increasing in sounds, &c.  
*Compose*, to make tunes or set notes for music.  
*Concert*, many singers or instruments together.  
*Counter*, is high treble performed in a female voice.  
*Diagram*, the gamut or rudiments of music.  
*Disapason* an octave, an eighth degree.  
*Dissona .ce*, discord, disagreement.  
*Drama*, a tragical piece for the stage to be acted.  
*Duet*, two parts only moving together.  
*Diminuendo*, diminishing in sound, becoming louder.  
*Forle*, or *Fur*, full, loud, or strong.  
*Fuge*, or *Fugha*, the parts of music following each other in succession.  
*Gamut*, the scale or rudiments of music.  
*Grand*, full, great, complete, pleasing.  
*Grave*, slow, solemn, mournful, most slow.  
*Guido*, a direct.  
*Harmony*, a pleasing union of sounds.  
*Harmonist*, a writer of harmony, a musician.  
*Hexameter*, having six Feet to a verse.  
*Hautboy* or *Hoboy*, a kind of wind instrument.

*Inno*, a hymn or song.  
*Intonation*, giving the pitch or key of a tune.  
*Interval*, the distance between two degrees or sounds.  
*Ionic*, light and soft.  
*Keys*, pieces of silver, ivory, &c. for the fingers, on an instrument.  
*Key note*, the principal or leading note of each octave.  
*Largo*, one degree quicker than the second mood in common time.  
*Lima*, the difference between major and minor.  
*Libro*, slow.  
*Major mood*, the sharp key, the great third, high, cheerful.  
*Major chord*, an interval having more semitones than a minor chord of the same degrees.  
*Medius*, is low treble performed in a man's voice.  
*Moods*, certain proportions of time, &c.  
*Modulate*, to regulate sounds, to sing in a pleasing manner.  
*Musica*, the art of music, the study or science of music.  
*Musie*, a succession of pleasing sounds, one of the liberal sciences.  
*Necessario*, continuing like thorough-bass.  
*Notes*, seven characters representing the degrees or sounds of music  
 The syllables applied by the Italians are as follows, viz.  
 Ut Ré Mi Faw Sol La Si } But this plan has not been finally adopted for the  
 C D E F G A B } English music.  
*Octave*, an eighth degree, six tones and two semitones.  
*Ode*, a poem.  
*Organ*, the largest of all musical instruments.  
*Pastoral*, rural, a shepherd's song, something pertaining to a shepherd.  
*Piano*, or *Pia*, directs the performer to sing soft, a kind of instrument.  
*Pentameter*, five lines to each verse.  
*Pitchpipe*, a small instrument for proving sounds.  
*Satire*, a poem written to expose vice and folly.  
*Selah*, a note often used in the Psalms of David, the true import of which is unknown perhaps it may be a musical character requiring attention, or signifying *amen*.  
*Serenade*, a night song, music played in the evening to entertain a friend or lover  
*Solo*, one part alone.  
*Symphony*, a piece of music without words, which the instrument plays while the voices rest.  
*Syncope*, cut off, disappointed, out of the usual order  
*Synopation*, notes joined in the same degree in one position.  
*Trill*, or *Tr.*, a tune like a shake or roll.  
*Transposition*, the changing the place of the key note.  
*Trio*, a tune in three parts.  
*Violoncello*, a tenor viol, 1-8th above a bass viol.

# PART I.

CONTAINING

MOST OF THE PLAIN AND EASY TUNES COMMONLY USED IN TIME OF  
DIVINE WORSHIP.

LIVERPOOL. C. M.

M. C. H. Davis. Mercer's Cluster, page 146

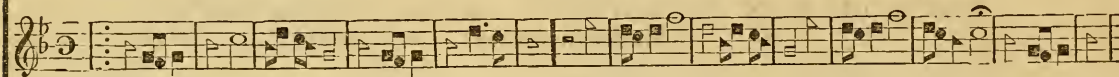
Young people all, at - ten - tion give, And hear what I shall say; I wish your souls with Christ to live, In ev - er - last - ing day.

Remember you are hast'ning on To death's dark, gloomy shade; Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh in dust be laid.

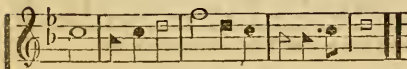
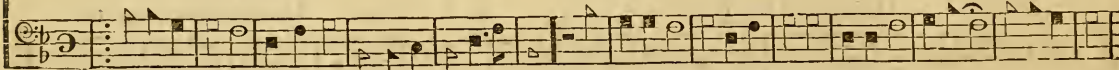
- 2 Death's iron gate you must pass through,  
Ere long, my dear young friends;  
With whom then do you think to go,  
With saints or fiery fiends?  
Pray meditate before too late,  
While in a gospel land,  
Behold King Jesus at the gate,  
Most lovingly doth stand
- 3 Young men, how can you turn your  
From such a glorious friend; [face  
Will you pursue your dang'rous ways?  
O don't you fear the end?  
Will you pursue that dang'rous road  
Which leads to death and hell?  
Will you refuse all peace with God,  
With devils for to dwell?
- 4 Young women too, what will you do,  
If out of Christ you die?  
From all God's people you must go,  
To weep, lament, and cry:  
Where you the least relief can't find,  
To mitigate your pain;  
Your good things all be left behind,  
Your souls in death remain
- 5 Young people all, I pray then view  
The fountain open'd wide;  
The spring of life open'd for sin,  
Which flow'd from Jesus' side;  
There you may drink in endless joy,  
And reign with Christ your king,  
In his glad notes your souls employ,  
And hallelujahs sing.



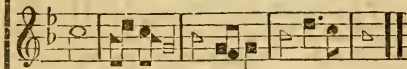
1 Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore, Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love, and pow'r · He is a - ble.



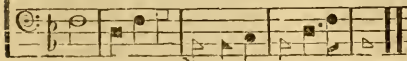
2 Ho! ye thirsty, come and welcome, God's free bounty, glori - fy; True belief and true repentance, Every grace that brings us nigh, Without money,



He is a - ble, He is willing: Doubt no more.



Without money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy.



2 Let not conscience make you linger.

Nor of fitness fondly dream,  
All the fitness he requireth,  
Is to feel your need of him;  
This he gives you;  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruin'd by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all:  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

6 View him prostrate in the garden,  
On the ground your Saviour lies  
On the bloody tree behold him

Hear him cry before he dies—

"It is finish'd!"  
Sinners, will not this suffice!

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,  
Pleads the merit of his blood;  
Venture on him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude:  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb;  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with his name  
Hallelujah!  
Sinners here may sing the same

# PRIMROSE C. M.

Chapin. Hymn 88. B. 2. Watts

3

1 Sal - vation! O the joyful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for every wound, A cor - dial for our fears

2 Buried in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay, But we a - rise by grace di - vine, To see a heav'nly day

3 Sal - vation! let the echo fly The spacious earth around, While all the ar - mies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.

# KEDRON. L. M.

Dare.

Thou Man of grief, remember me; Thou never canst thy - self for - get Thy last ex - piring ag - o - ny—Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat.



To-day, if you will hear his voice, Now is the time to make your choice; Say, will you to Mount Zion go! Say, will you have this Christ, or no!

## HANOVER. C. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 247.

Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve, Come with your guilt and fear oppress, And make this last resolve.

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Hath like a mountain rose;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in  
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess,  
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone  
Without his sovereign grace

4 I'm to the gracious King approach,  
Whose sceptre pardon gives;  
Perhaps he may command my touch,  
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps he may admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there

6 I can but perish if I go,  
I am resolv'd to try;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must for ever die.

7 But if I die with mercy sought,  
When I the King have træd,  
'Tis were to die (delightful) thought  
As sinner never dead.

1 O thou who hear'st when sinners cry Tho' all my crimes before thee lie, Behold them not with angry look, But blot their mem' - ry from thy book.

## RESTORATION. 8, 7.

Mercy, O thou Son of Da - vid! Thus blind Barti - meus pray'd: Others by thy grace are saved, O vouchsafe to me thine aid.

## MARYSVILLE. L. M

Second Bass.

Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone—He whom I fix'd my hopes upon; His track I see, and I'll pursue The nar - row way till him I view.

This musical score is for the hymn 'MARYSVILLE. L. M'. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble staff and a bass staff labeled 'Second Bass.'. The second system also has a treble staff and a bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves. The music is in common time (C) and features various note values including eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes, as well as rests and accidentals. There are first and second endings marked at the end of the piece.

## KING OF PEACE. 7s.

*F. Price.*

Children of the heav'nly King, Aa ye jour - ney sweetly sing: Sing your Saviour's worthiest praise, Glorious in his works and ways

This musical score is for the hymn 'KING OF PEACE. 7s.' by F. Price. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble staff and a bass staff. The second system also has a treble staff and a bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves. The music is in 6/4 time and features various note values including eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes, as well as rests and accidentals. There is a trill (tr) marked above a note in the second system.

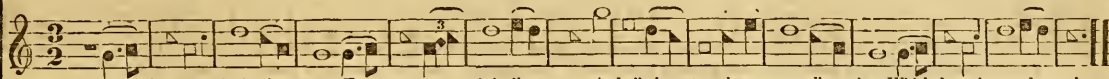


# NINETY-THIRD PSALM. S. M.

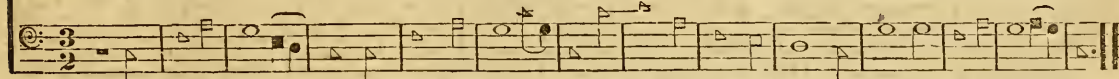
Chapin. Baptist Harmony, p. 121.



1 Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound: Har - mo - nious to the ear! Heav'n with the e - cho shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.



2 Grace first con - trived the way To save re - bel - lious man; And all the steps that grace dis - play, Which drew the wondrous plan.



3 Grace first inscribed my name

In God's eternal book;

'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,  
Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace led my roving feet

'To tread the heavenly road;

And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.

5 Grace taught my soul to pray,

And made my eyes o'erflow;

'Twas grace that kept me to this day,  
And will not let me go.

6 Grace all the work shall crown,

Through everlasting days;

It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise

## WEeping SAVIOUR. S. M.

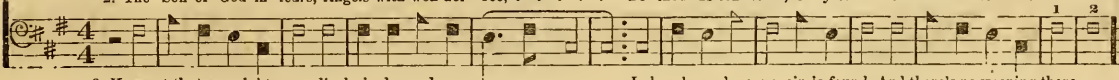
E. J. King.



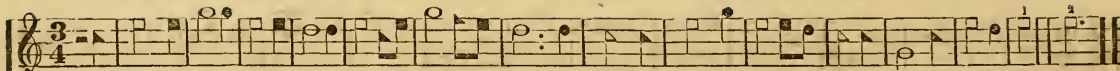
1. Did Christ o'er sinner's weep? And shall our cheeks be dry? . . . . Let floods of pen - i - tent - ial grief Burst forth from ev'ry eye.



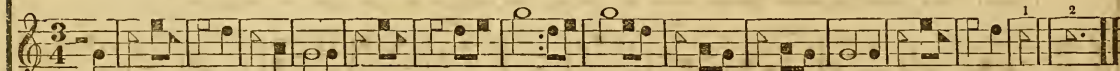
2. The Son of God in tears, Angels with won - der see, . . . . Be thou as - ton - ish'd, O my soul! He shed those tears for thee.



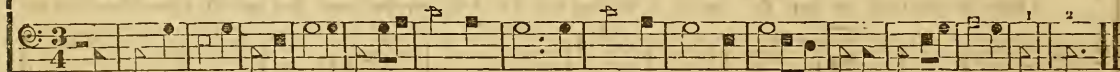
3. He went that we might weep, Each sin demands a tear, . . . . In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weeping there



1 Amazing grace! (how sweet the sound) That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see



2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved: How precious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first believed!



3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares, I have already come;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

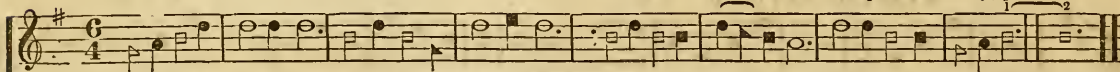
4 The Lord has promised good to me,  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God, who call'd me here below,  
Will be for ever mine.

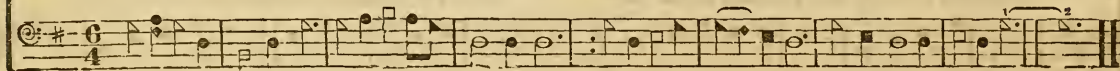
## COOKHAM. 7's.

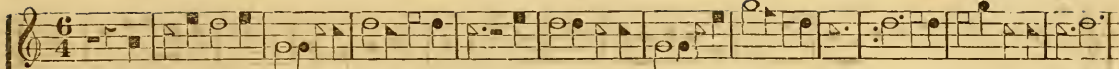
## Baptist Harmony, p. 329.



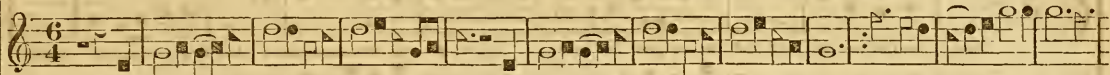
Lord I cannot let thee go, Till a blessing thou bestow;

Do not turn a - way thy face, Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

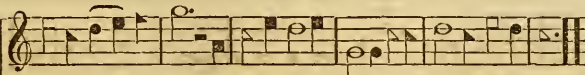
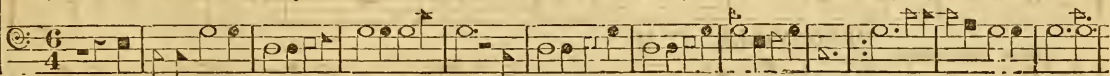




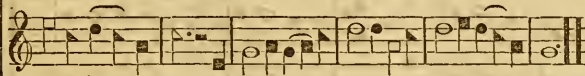
As on the cross the Saviour hung, And wept, and bled, and died, He pour'd salvation on a wretch, That languish'd at his side. His crimes with inward grief and shame, The



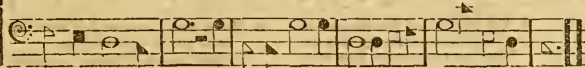
'Jesus, thou Son and heir of Heav'n! Thou spotless Lamb of God! I see thee bathed in sweat and tears, And weltring in thy blood. Yet quickly from these scenes of wo In



penitent confess'd; Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ, And thus his prayer address'd:



triumph thou shalt rise; Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death, And shine above the skies



"Amid the glories of that world,  
Dear Saviour, think on me,  
And in the victories of thy death,  
Let me a sharer be."  
His prayer the dying Jesus hears,  
And instantly replies,  
To-day thy parting soul shall be  
With me in Paradise."

Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne

## ORTONVILLE. C. M.

*SLOW. NEW TREBLE.*

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? Or blush to speak his name?

*OLD TREBLE.*

2. Must I be carried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas? And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer though they die  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies  
The glory shall be thine.

1 Je - sus my all to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on ; } CHORUS.  
His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The narrow way till him I view

2 The way the ho - ly prophets went ; The road that leads from banishment ; } I'm on my journey home, to the new J - ru -  
The King's highway of ho - li - ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

I'm on my journey home, to the new Jerusalem.

sa - lem, :|: . . . . . So fare you well, :|: :|: I am going home.

3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not ;  
My grief a burden long has been,  
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,  
I felt its weight and guilt the more ;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
" Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."

5 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee, whoso I am ;  
Nothing but sin have I to give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say " Behold the way to God "



1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds, In a believer's ear; It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spi - rit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest

And drives away his fear. :: It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

And to the weary rest. :: 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place;  
My never-failing treasury, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,  
My prophet, priest, and king;  
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,  
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

Lord, what is man, poor fee-ble man! Born of the earth at first; His life a shadow, light and vain, Still hast'ning to the dust.

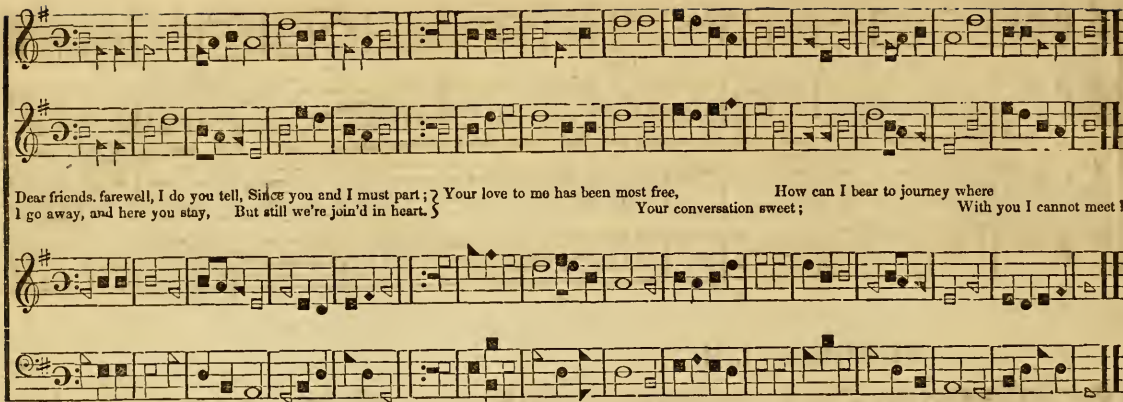
## DEVOTION. L. M.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast.

O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.



## MINISTER'S FAREWELL C M



Dear friends, farewell, I do you tell, Since you and I must part; } Your love to me has been most free,                      How can I bear to journey where  
I go away, and here you stay,      But still we're join'd in heart. }                      Your conversation sweet;                      With you I cannot meet!

3 Yet do I find my heart inclined

To do my work below:

When Christ doth call, I trust I shall

Be ready then to go.

I leave you all, both great and small,

In Christ's encircling arms,

Who can you save from the cold grave,

And shield you from all harm.

3 I trust you'll pray, both night and day,

And keep your garments white,

For you and me, that we may be

The children of the light.

If you die first, anon you must,

The will of God be done

I hope the Lord will you reward,

With an immortal crown

4 If I'm call'd home whilst I am gone,

Indulge no tears for me;

I hope to sing and praise my King,

To all eternity.

Millions of years over the spheres

Shall pass in sweet repose,

While beauty bright unto my sight

Thy sacred sweets disclose.

5 I long to go, then farewell wo,

My soul will be at rest;

No more shall I complain or sigh,

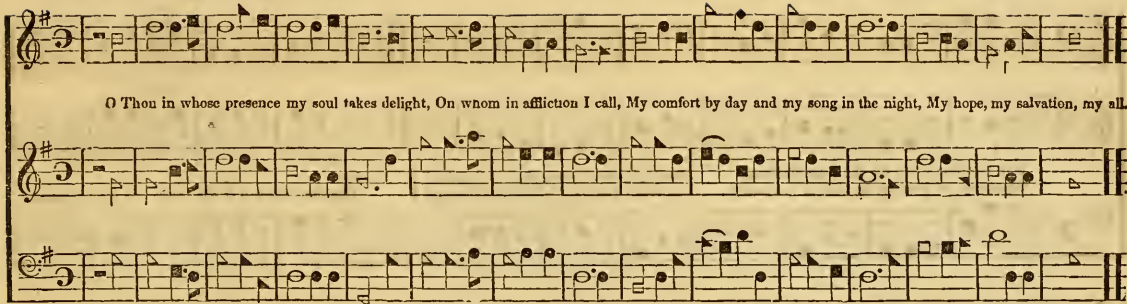
But taste the heavenly feast.

O may we meet, and be complete,

And long together dwell,

And serve the Lord with one accord

And so, dear friends, farewell.



O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call, My comfort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,  
To feed on the pasture of love ?  
For why in the valley of death should I weep—  
Alone in the wilderness rove !

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,  
Or cry in the desert for bread ?  
My foes would rejoice when my sorrows they see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed,

4 Yc daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen  
The Star that on Israel shone ;  
Say if in your tomts my Beloved hath been  
And where with his flock he hath gone.

5 This is my Beloved, his form is divine,  
His vestments shed odours around ;  
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,  
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

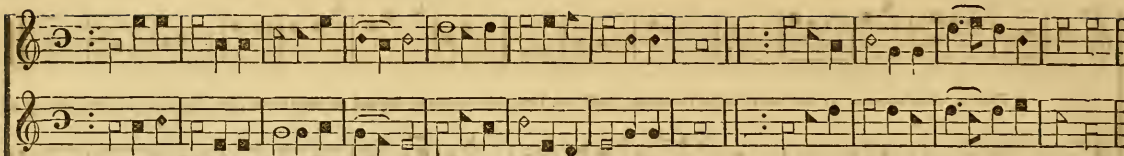
6 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow  
In vales on the banks of the streams ;  
His cheeks in the beauty of excellence blow,  
His eye all invitingly beams.

7 His voice, as the sound of a dulcimer sweet,  
Is heard through the shadow of death,  
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,  
The air is perfumed with his breath.

8 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,  
That waters the garden of grace,  
From which their salvation the gentiles shall know  
And bask in the smiles of his face.

9 Love sits on his eyelid and scatters delight,  
Through all the bright mansions on high ;  
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,  
And tremble with fulness of joy.

10 He looks, and ten thousandes of angets rejoice,  
And myriads wait for his word ;  
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,  
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord

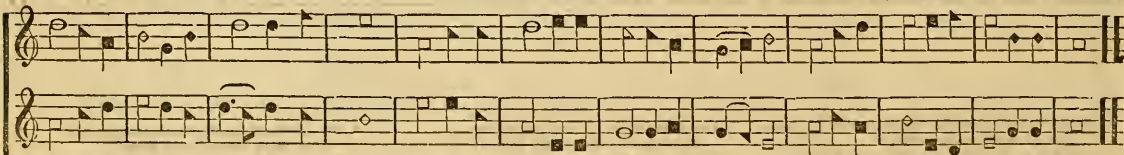


Hail the blest morn, see the great Mediator,  
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,

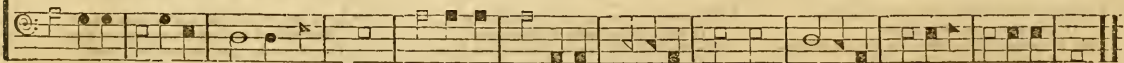
Down from the regions of glory descend ! }  
Lo, for his guard the bright angels attend. }

CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !



Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ; Star in the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our infant Re - deemer was laid.



2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining ;  
Low lies his bed, with the beasts of the stall ;  
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,  
Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.  
Brightest and best, &c.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odours of Eden, and offerings divine,  
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?  
Brightest and best, &c.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gold we his favour secure,  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration :  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor  
Brightest and best, &c.

Come away to the skies. My beloved, arise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born ; On this festival day, Come exulting away, And with singing to Zion return.

## CONSOLATION. C. M.

Dean. Hymn 6. B. 2, Watts.

1 Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Salutes thy waking eyes ; Once more, my voice, thy tri - bute pay To him that rules the skies.

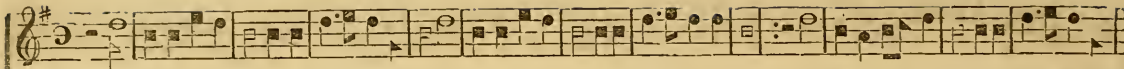
2 Night unto night his name re - peats, The day renews the sound, Wide as the heav'n on which he sits, To turn the sea - sons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,  
My tongue shall speak his praise ;  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
And yet his wrath delays.

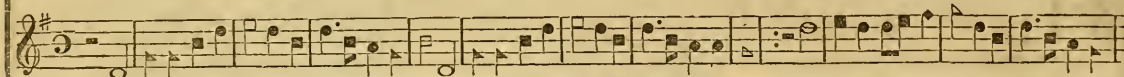
4 On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,  
And I could ne'er withstand,  
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,  
But mercy held thine hand.

5 A thousand wretched souls are fled  
Since the last setting sun,  
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,  
And yet my moments run.

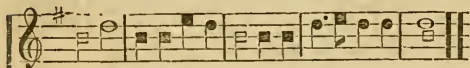
6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,  
Whilst I enjoy the light.  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a pleasant night.



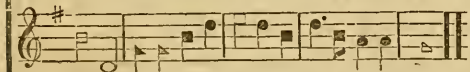
1 I am a great complainer, that bears the name of Christ ; Come, all ye Zion mourners, and listen to my cries : I've many sore temptations, and sorrows to my



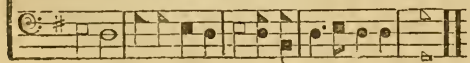
2 O Lord of life and glory, my sins to me reveal, And by thy love and power, my sin-sick soul be heal'd ; I thought my warfare over, no trouble I should



soul ; I feel my faith declining, and my affections cold.



see ; But now I'm like the lonely dove, that mourns on the wa-  
[vering tree.



3 I wish it was with me now, as in the days of old,  
When the glorious light of Jesus was flowing in my soul ;  
But now I am distressed, and no relief can find,  
With a hard deceitful heart, and a wretched wandering mind.

4 It is great pride and passion, beset me on my way,  
So I am fill'd with folly, and so neglect to pray ;  
While others run rejoicing, and seem to lose no time,  
I am so weak I stumble, and so I'm left behind.

5 I read that peace and happiness meet Christians in their way.  
That bear their cross with meekness, and don't neglect to pray  
But I, a thousand objects beset me in my way  
So I am fill'd with folly, and so neglect to pray.



The time is swiftly rolling on When I must faint and die; My bo - dy to the dust return, And there for - gotten lie.

- 2 Let persecution rage around,  
And Antichrist appear;  
My silent dust beneath the ground;  
There's no disturbance there.
- 3 Tho' heats and colds I've often went,  
And wander'd in despair,  
To call poor sinners to repent,  
And seek the Saviour dear.
- 4 My brother preachers, boldly speak,  
And stand on Zion's wall,
- T' revive the strong, confirm the weak,  
And after sinners call.
- 5 My brother preachers, fare you well,  
Your fellowship I love;  
In time no more I shall you see  
But soon we'll meet above.
- 6 My little children near my heart,  
And nature seems to bind,  
It grieves me sorely to depart,  
And leave you all behind.
- 7 O Lord, a father to them be,  
And keep them from all harm,  
That they may love and worship thee,  
And dwell upon thy charms.
- 8 My loving wife, my bosom friend,  
The object of my love,  
The time's been sweet I've spent with you,  
My sweet and harmless dove.
- 9 My loving wife, don't grieve for me,  
Neither lament nor mourn;
- For I shall with my Jesus be,  
When you are left alone.  
10 How often you have look'd for me,  
And oftimes seen me come;  
But now I must depart from thee,  
And never more return.
- 11 For I can never come to thee;  
Let this not grieve your heart,  
For you will shortly come to me,  
Where we shall never part.\*

## CANON. Four in One. 7's.

Welcome, welcome, ev'ry guest, Welcome to our music feast: Music is our on - ly cheer, Fill both soul and ravish'd ear; Sacred Nine, teach us the mood.

Sweetest notes to be explored. Softly swell the trembling air, To complete our concert fair.

\* This song was composed by the Rev. B. Hicks, (a Baptist minister of South Carolina,) and sent to his wife while he was confined in Tennessee by a fever of which he afterwards recovered.



1 How pain - ful - ly pleasing the fond recol - lection Of youthful con - nex - ion and in - nocent joy, While blest with pa - rent - al ad -

2 The Bible, that volume of God's inspi - ration, At morning and evening could yield us de - light; The prayers of our father, a

3 Ye scenes of en - joyment, long have we been parted, My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more; In sorrow and sad - ness I

vice and af - fection, Surrounded with mercy and peace from on high; I still view the chairs of my - father and mother, The seats of their offspring, as

sweet invo - cation, For mercy by day and for safety by night; O hymns of thanksgiving with harmonious sweetness, As warm'd by the hearts of the

live broken hearted, And wander a - lone on a far distant shore; O why should I doubt a dear Saviour's protection, For - getful of gifts from his

ran-ged on each hand, And the rich - est of books, which ex - cels ev' - ry other, The fami - ly Bible that lay on the stand.

fa - mi - ly band, Hath raised us from earth to that rap - tu - rous dwelling, Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.

boun - ti - ful hand; O let me with patience re - ceive his cor - rection, And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.

The musical notation consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef, and the fourth staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with various note values and rests. There are first and second endings marked at the end of the third and fourth staves respectively.

- 4 Blest Bible! the light and the guide of the stranger,  
 With it I seem circled with parents and friends;  
 Thy kind admonition shall guide me from danger;  
 On thee my last lingering hope then depends.  
 Hope wakens to vigour and rises to glory;  
 I'll hasten and flee to the promised land,  
 And for refuge lay hold on the hope set before me,  
 Reveal'd in the Bible that lay on the stand.
- 5 Hail, rising the brightest and best of the morning,  
 The star which has guided my parents safe home;  
 The beam of thy glory, my pathway adorning,  
 Shall scatter the darkness and brighten the gloom.

- As the old Eastern sages to worship the stranger  
 Did hasten with ecstasy to Canaan's land,  
 I'll bow to adore him, not in a low manger,—  
 He's seen in the Bible that lay on the stand.
- 6 Though age and misfortune press hard on my feelings,  
 I'll flee to the Bible, and trust in the Lord;  
 Though darkness should cover his merciful dealings,  
 My soul is still cheer'd by his heavenly word.  
 And now from things earthly my soul is removing  
 I soon shall glory with heaven's bright bands,  
 And in rapture of joy be forever adoring  
 The God of the Bible that lay on the stand.

## OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Almighty King, For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's Rock we praise.

The musical score for "OLD HUNDRED. L. M." consists of four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The third and fourth staves are in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with various note values including quarter, eighth, and half notes, as well as rests.

## DISTRESS. L. M.

So fades the love-ly, blooming flow'r, Frail, smiling solace of an hour, So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure only blooms to die.

The musical score for "DISTRESS. L. M." consists of three staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The third staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with various note values including quarter, eighth, and half notes, as well as rests. The score includes first and second endings, indicated by the numbers 1 and 2 above the final measures of each staff.

Four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The first three staves are for voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor) and the fourth is for the basso continuo. The lyrics are: "Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, And thus, &c."

## CHARLESTOWN. 8, 7.

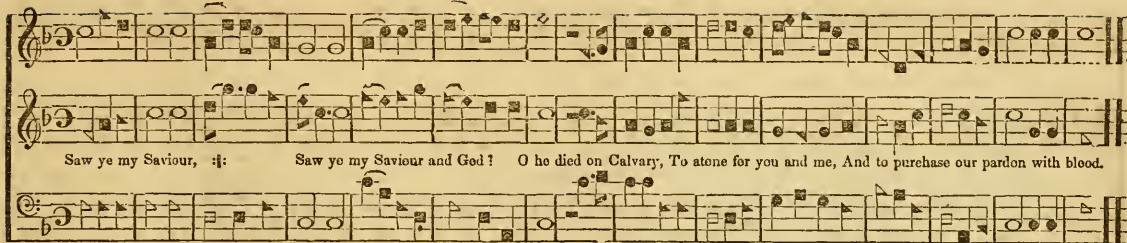
Three staves of music in B-flat major (two flats) and 6/4 time. The first two staves are for voices (Soprano, Alto) and the third is for the basso continuo. The lyrics are: "Mercy, O thou Son of David, Thus poor blind Bartimeus pray'd; Others by thy grace are saved, Now to me af - ford thine aid."

The faithless world promiseous flows, Enrapt in fancy's vision, Allured by sounds, beguiled by show, And empty dreams; they scarcely know There is a brighter heaven.

## MEAR. C. M.

Will God for ev - er cast us off! His wrath for ev - er smite Against the peo - ple of his love, His lit - tle cho - sen flock!

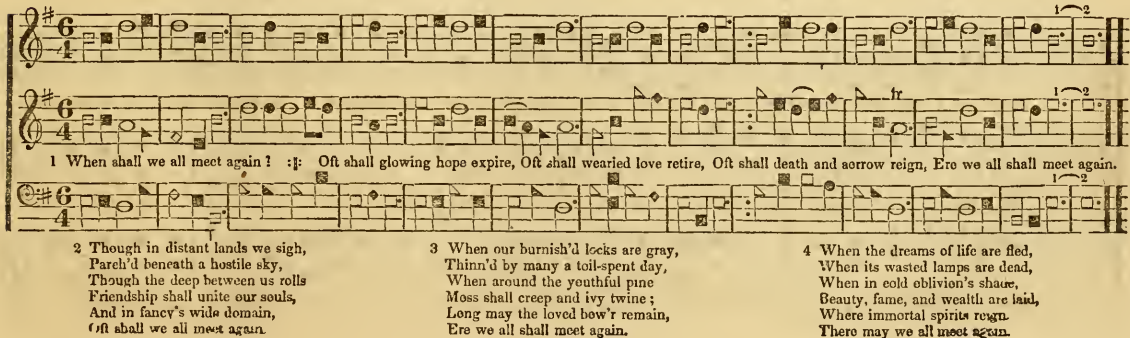




Saw ye my Saviour, :||: Saw ye my Saviour and God? O he died on Calvary, To atone for you and me, And to purchase our pardon with blood.

## INDIAN'S FAREWELL. 6 lines 7's.

Wm. Walker.



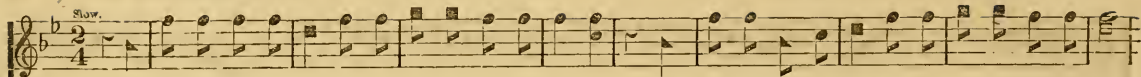
1 When shall we all meet again? :||: Oft shall glowing hope expire, Oft shall wearied love retire, Oft shall death and sorrow reign, Ere we all shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,  
Parted beneath a hostile sky,  
Though the deep between us rolls  
Friendship shall unite our souls,  
And in fancy's wide domain,  
Oft shall we all meet again.

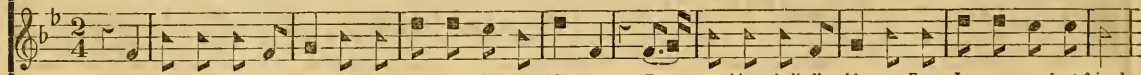
3 When our burnish'd locks are gray,  
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day,  
When around the youthful pine  
Moss shall creep and ivy twine;  
Long may the loved bow'r remain,  
Ere we all shall meet again.

4 When the dreams of life are fled,  
When its wasted lamps are dead,  
When in cold oblivion's shade,  
Beauty, fame, and wealth are laid,  
Where immortal spirits reign,  
There may we all meet again.





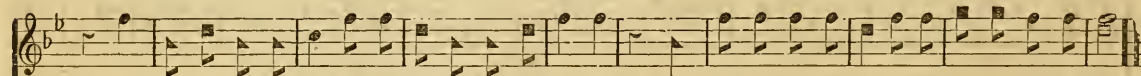
1. I love my bless-ed Sa-viour, I feel I'm in his fa-vour, And I am his for ev-er, If I but faith-ful prove;



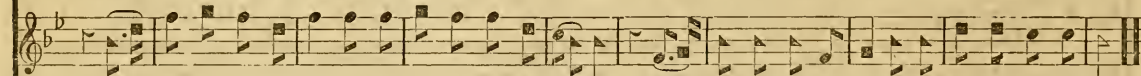
2. Poor sin-ners may de-ride me, And un-be-liev-ers chide me, But no-thing shall di-vide me From Je-sus, my best friend.



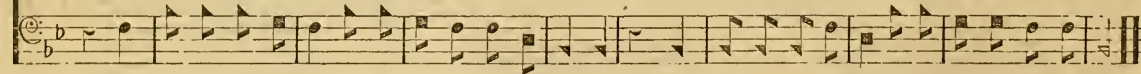
3. The pless-ing time is hast'-ning, My tott'ring frame is wast-ing While I'm en-gaged in prais-ing, Im-pell-ed by his love



And now I'm bound for Ca-naan, I feel my sins for-giv-en, And soon shall get to hea-ven, To sing re-deem-ing love.



Sup-port-ed by his pow-er, I long to see the hour That bids my spi-rit tow-er, And all my trou-bles end.



When yon-der shin-ing or-ders, Who sing on Ca-naan's bord-ers, Shall bear me to the Lord there To praise his name a-bove

AMERICA. S. M.

Whitmore.

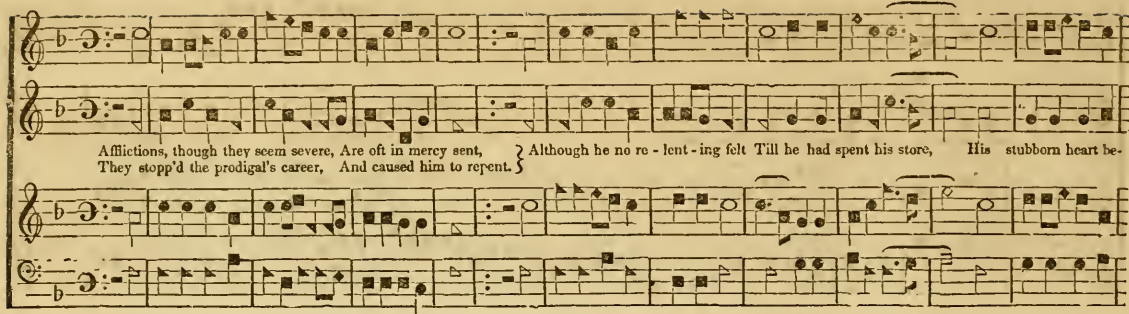
27

My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to a-bate.

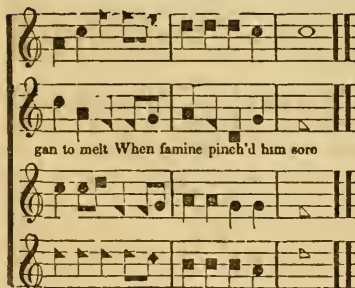
NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

Colton.

When I can read my title clear, To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, and wipe my weeping eyes.



Afflictions, though they seem severe, Are oft in mercy sent, } Although he no re - lent - ing felt Till he had spent his store, His stubborn heart be-  
 They stopp'd the prodigal's career, And caused him to repent. }



gan to melt When famine pinch'd him sore

3 What have I gain'd by sin, he said,  
 But hunger, shame, and fear!  
 My father's house abounds with bread,  
 Whilst I am starving here.

4 I'll go and tell him all I've done,  
 Fall down before his face,  
 Not worthy to be called his son,  
 I'll seek a servant's place.

5 He saw his son returning back,  
 He look'd, he ran, he smiled,  
 And threw his arms around the neck  
 Of his rebellious child.

6 Father, I've sinn'd, but O forgive.  
 And thus the father said;  
 Rejoice, my house! my son's alive,  
 For whom I mourn'd as dead.

7 Now let the fatted calf be slain,  
 Go spread the news abroad,  
 My son was dead, but lives again,  
 Was lost, but now is found.

8 'Tis thus the Lord himself reveals,  
 To call poor sinners home,  
 More than the father's love he feels,  
 And bids the sinner come

Re - member, sinful youth, you must die, you must die, Re - member, sinful youth, you must die; Re member, sinful

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle staff is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a simple, early 19th-century style with square notes and stems. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

youth, who hate the way of truth. And in your pleasures boast, you must die, you must die; And in your pleasures boast, you must die.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves in treble and bass clefs. The lyrics continue from the first system and are written below the middle staff.

Our cheerful voices let us raise, And sing a part - ing song; Although I'm with you now, my friends, I can't be with you long

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are printed below the middle staff, aligned with the notes.

For I must go and leave you all, It fills my heart with pain; Although we part, perhaps, in tears, I hope we'll meet again.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves in the same key signature and time signature as the first. The lyrics are printed below the middle staff, aligned with the notes.

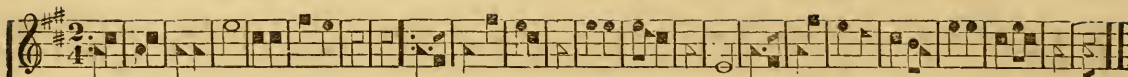


And am I born to die! To lay this bo - dy down! And must my trem - bling spi - rit fly, In - to a world un - known!

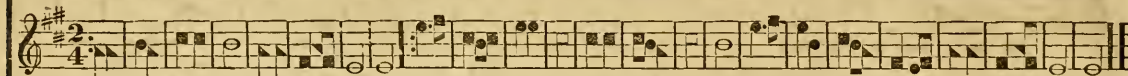
## SUFFIELD. C M.

Teach me the measure of my days, Thou Maker of my frame, I would sur - vey life's nar - row space, And learn how frail I am.

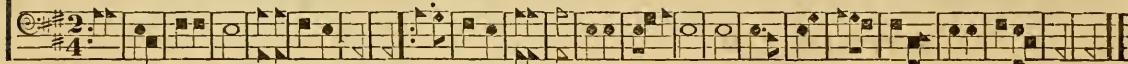




1 When the midnight cry began, O what lamentation,  
Thousands sleeping in their sins, Neglecting their salvation. } Lo, the bridegroom is at hand,  
Surely all the waiting band  
Who will kindly treat him! Will now go forth to meet him.



2 Some, indeed, did wait awhile, And shone without a rival; } Many souls who thought they'd light,  
But they spent their seeming oil Long since the last revival. } O, when the scene was closed,  
Now against the Bridegroom fight,  
And so they stand opposed.



3 While the wise are passing by,  
With all their lamps prepared,  
Give us of your oil, they cry,  
If any can be spared.  
Others trimm'd their former snuff,  
O, is it not amazing!  
Those conclude they've light enough,  
And think their lamps are blazing.

5 And now the door is open wide,  
And Christians are invited,  
And virgins wise compass the bride,  
March to the place appointed.  
Who do you think is now a guest?  
Yea, listen, carnal lovers,  
'Tis those in wedding garments dress'd;  
They cease from sin for ever.

7 The foolish virgins are without;  
The sentence, Go ye cursed—  
For want of oil they're out—away  
From Christ they then are forced.  
No more on earth with saints to join  
In sharing of my favour;  
Although you did my children blind,  
Mourn with the damn'd for ever.

9 Dying sinners, will you come,  
The Saviour now invites you;  
His bleeding wounds proclaim there's  
Let nothing then affright you— (room,  
Room for you, and room for me,  
And room for coming sinners:  
Salvation pours a living stream  
For you and all believers.

4 Foolish virgins! do you think  
Our Bridegroom's a deceiver?  
Then may you pass your lives away,  
And think to sleep for ever;  
But we by faith do see his face,  
On whom we have believed;  
If there's deception in the case,  
'Tis you that are deceived.

6 The door is shut, and they within,  
They're freed from every danger;  
They reign with Christ, for sinners slain,  
Who once lay in a manger;  
They join with saints and angels too  
In songs of love and favour;  
Glory, honour, praise and power,  
To God and Lamb for ever.

8 Virgins wise, I pray draw near,  
And listen to your Saviour;  
He is your friend, you need not fear,  
O, why not seek his favour?  
He speaks to you in whispers sweet,  
In words of consolation:  
By grace in him you stand complete,  
He is your great salvation.

10 When earth and sea shall be no more,  
And all their glory perish,  
When sun and moon shall cease to shine,  
And stars at midnight languish—  
When Gabriel's trump shall sound aloud,  
To call the slumbering nations,  
Then, Christians, we shall see our God  
The God of our salvation

1 Though trou-bles as - sail, and dangers af - fright, Though friends should all fail, and foes all u - nite— Yet one thing so-

2 The birds with - out barn or storehouse are fed; From them let us learn to trust for our bread; His saints, what is

cure us, what - ev - er be - tide, The Scripture as - sures us the Lord will provide.

fi - ting shall ne'er be de - nied, So long as 'tis written, the Lord will pro - vide.

3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be toss'd  
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost:  
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,  
The promise engages the Lord will provide

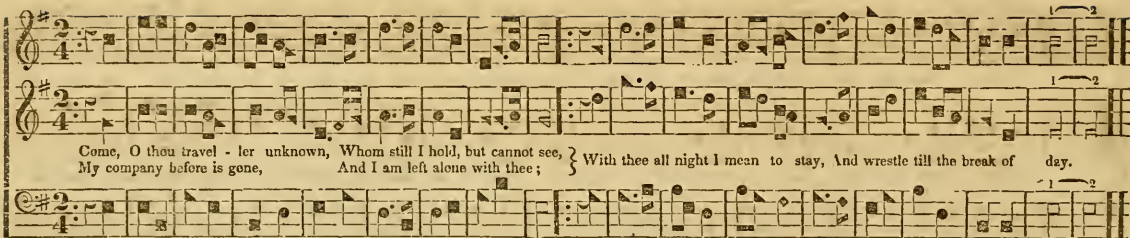
4 His call we obey, like Abram of old,  
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;  
For though we are strangers, we have a good guide,  
And trust, in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,  
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;  
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,  
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain;  
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;  
But when such suggestions our spirits have plied,  
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim;  
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name,  
In this our strong tow'r for safety we hide;  
The Lord is our pow'r, the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,  
This word of his grace shall comfort us through:  
No fearing or doubting with Christ on our side,  
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide



Come, O thou travel - ler unknown, Whom still I hold, but cannot see,  
My company before is gone, And I am left alone with thee; } With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;  
My misery and sin declare;  
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,  
Look on thy hands and read it there.  
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?  
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

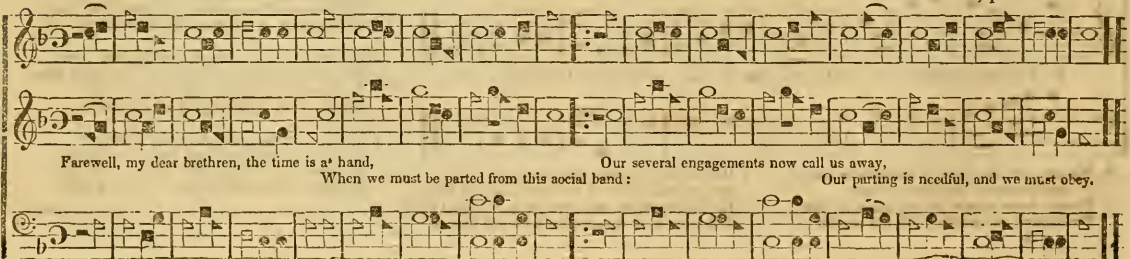
3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,  
I never will unloose my hold;  
Art thou the man who died for me?  
The secret of thy love unfold:  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal  
Thy new, unutterable name?  
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;  
To know it now resolved I am:  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh com-  
And murmur to contend so long, [plain,  
I rise superior to my pain;  
When I am weak, then I am strong!  
And when my all of strength shall fail,  
I shall with the God-man prevail.

## IMANDRA NEW. 11's.

Dover Selection, p. 196.



Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is a hand,

When we must be parted from this social band:

Our several engagements now call us away,

Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

The cross of Christ in-spires my heart, To sing re-deem-ing grace; }  
 A-wake, my soul, and bear a part In my Re-deemer's praise. } Oh, who can be compared to him Who died up-on the tree?

This is my dear de - lightful theme, That Je-sus died for me

## PARTING FRIENDS. 8, 7

Farewell, my lovely friends, farewell, We must be separated, } O let not this our friendship chill, Though mountains rise between us, May truth and justice guide our will,  
 In different regions we must dwell, Distantly situated. } [And God from evil screen us.

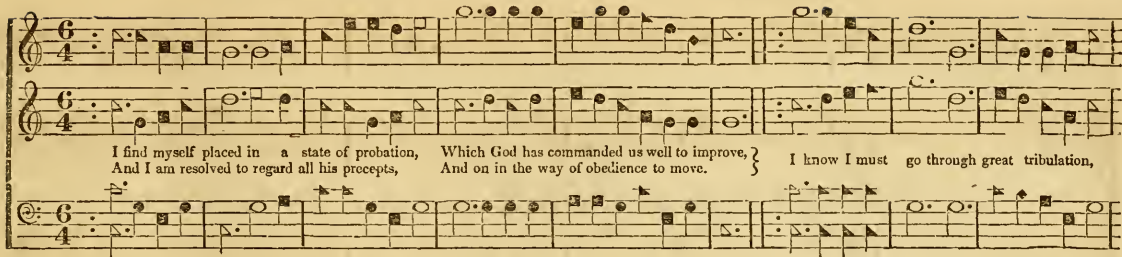
1 Bright scenes of glory strike my sense, And all my pas - sions cap - ture;  
 E - ternal beauties round me shine, In - fusing warm - est rap - ture. } I live in pleasures deep and full, In

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The music is in 3/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves, with a large closing brace on the right side of the first line of lyrics.

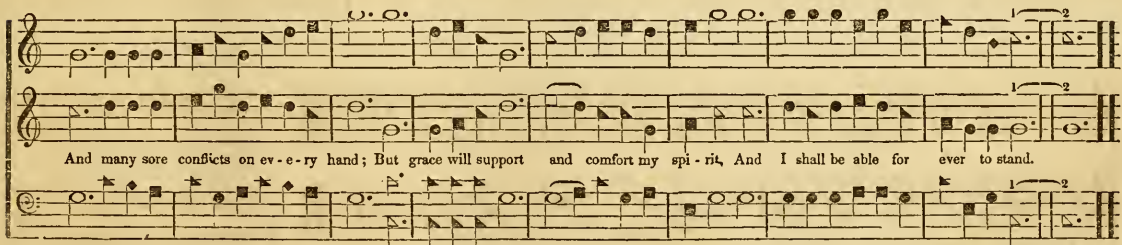
swell - ing waves of glo - ry I feel my Saviour in my soul, And groan to tell my sto ry

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves in the same key signature and time signature as the first system. The lyrics continue below the staves. The system ends with first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' over the final notes.





I find myself placed in a state of probation, Which God has commanded us well to improve, } I know I must go through great tribulation,  
And I am resolved to regard all his precepts, And on in the way of obedience to move.



And many sore conflicts on ev-e-ry hand; But grace will support and comfort my spi-rit, And I shall be able for ever to stand.

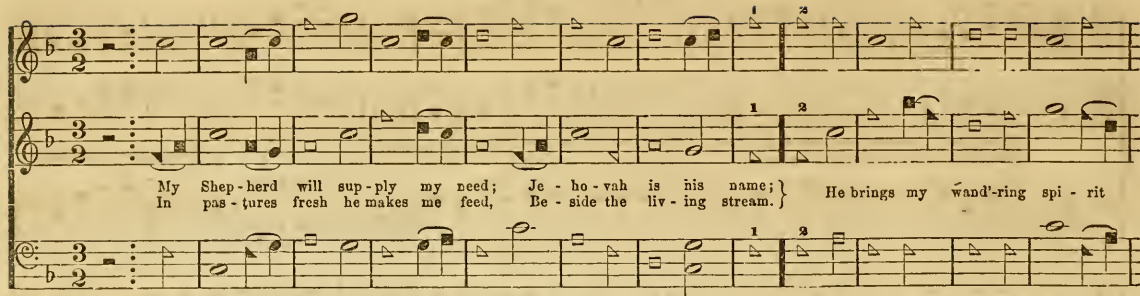
2 I'm call'd to contend with the powers of darkness,  
And many sore conflicts I have to pass through;  
O Jesus, be with me in every battle,  
And help me my enemies all to subdue;  
If thou, gracious Lord, wilt only be with me,  
To aid and direct me, then all will be right;  
Arise, yeon. with all his powerful forces,  
In thy name and thy strength I shall soon put to flight.

3 And when I must cross the cold stream of Jordan,  
I'll bid all my sorrows a final adieu,  
And hasten away to the land of sweet Canaan,  
Where, Christians, I hope I shall there meet with you.  
That rest into which my soul shall then enter,  
Is perfectly glorious, and never shall end—  
A rest of exemption from warfare and labour,  
A rest in the bosom of Jesus, my friend.

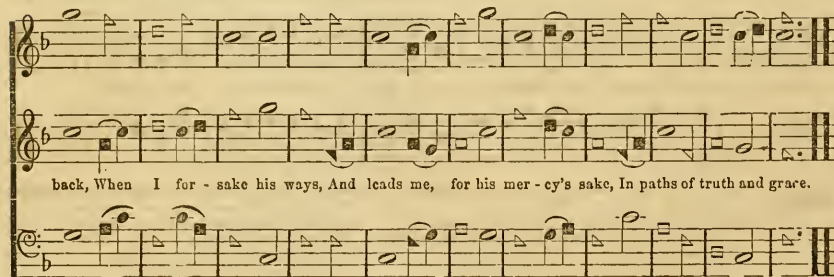
4 And more than exemption from fighting and lordship  
My gracious Redeemer will grant unto me;  
A portion of bliss he has promised to give me,  
And true to that promise he surely will be.  
Yes, I shall receive and always inherit  
A happy reception and truly divine.  
For which all the praises and glory, my Saviour  
Are due unto thee, and shall ever be thine.



# RESIGNATION. C. M.



My Shep-herd will sup-ply my need; Je - ho - vah is his name; } He brings my wand'-ring spi - rit  
In pas - tures fresh he makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream. }



back, When I for - sake his ways, And leads me, for his mer - cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

2. When I walk thro' the shades of death  
Thy presence is my stay;  
One word of thy supporting breath  
Drives all my fears away.  
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,  
Doth still my table spread;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
Thine oil anoints my head.
3. The sure provisions of my God  
Attend me all my days;  
O may thy house be mine abode,  
And all my work be praise!  
There would I find a settled rest,  
(While others go and come,)  
No more a stranger, nor a guest;  
But like a child at home.

Who is this that comes from far, With his garments dipp'd in blood, } I that reign in righteousness, Mighty to redeem your race,  
 Strong, triumphant traveller— Is he man, or is he God? } Son of God and man I am; Jesus is your Saviour's name.

## UNION. 8's.

*Billings.*

From whence does this union arise, That hatred is conquer'd by love? It fastens our souls with such ties, That distance and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,  
 Nor yet in Paradise lost:  
 grows on Immanuel's ground,  
 And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends once so dear unto me,  
 Our souls so united in love:  
 Where Jesus is gone we shall be  
 In vonder blest mansions above.

4 With Jesus we ever shall reign,  
 And all his bright glory shall see,  
 Singing hallelujahs, Amen  
 Amen! even so let it be



1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord! Behold my heart, and see: And turn each cursed idol out, Th' tares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul? Then let me nothing love; Dead be my heart to every joy, When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still, To mine attentive ear? Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound, My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,  
I would disdain to feed?  
Hast thou a foe before whose face  
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Would not my ardent spirit vie,  
With angels round thy throne,  
To execute thy sacred will,  
And make thy glory known?

6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood  
In honour of thy name,  
And challenge the cold hand of death  
To damp th' immortal flame?

7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord -  
But, O! I long to soar,  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
And learn to love thee more.

## HAPPINESS. C. M



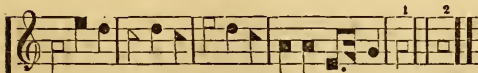
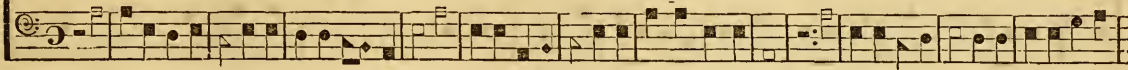
No more beneath th' op - pressive hand Of ty - ran - ny we mourn, Be - hold, a smil - ing, hap - py land, That freedom calls her own.



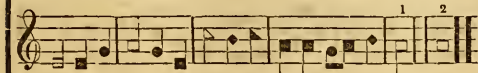
1 The people called Christians Have many things to tell About the land of Canaan, Where saints and angels dwell ; But here a dismal ocean, Enclosing them a



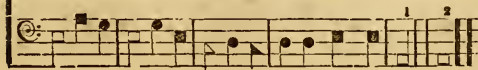
2 Many have been impatient To work their passage through, And with united wisdom Have tried what they could do ; But vessels built by human skill Have never sailed



round, With its tides, still divides Them from Canaan's happy ground.



far, Till we found them aground On some dreadful, sandy bar.



3 The everlasting gospel  
Hath launch'd the deep at last  
Behold the sails expanded  
Around the tow'ring mast !  
Along the deck in order,  
The joyful sailors stand,  
Crying, " Ho !—here we go  
To Immanuel's happy land

4 We're now on the wide ocean  
We bid the world farewell !  
And though where we shall anchor  
No human tongue can tell ;  
About our future destiny  
There need be no debate,  
While we ride on the tide,  
With our Captain and his Mate.

5 To those who are spectators  
What anguish must ensue,  
To hear their old companions  
Bid them a last adieu !  
The pleasures of your paradise  
No more our hearts invite ;  
We will sail—you may rail,  
We shall soon be out of sight.

6 The passengers united  
In order, peace, and love ;—  
The wind is in our favour,  
How swiftly do we move !  
Though tempests may assail us,  
And raging billows roar,  
We will sweep through the deep,  
Till we reach fair Canaan's shore.

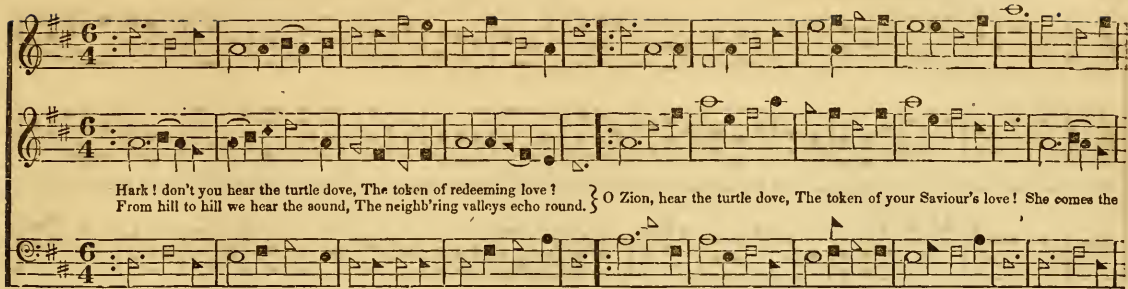
Treble clef, 2/4 time signature. The first staff contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff contains a similar melody, often in harmony with the first. The third staff is a bass line with a similar rhythmic pattern. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

Glorious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God! }  
 He whose word can ne'er be bro - ken, Form'd thee for his own a - bode. } With sal - va - tion's wall sur - round - ed,

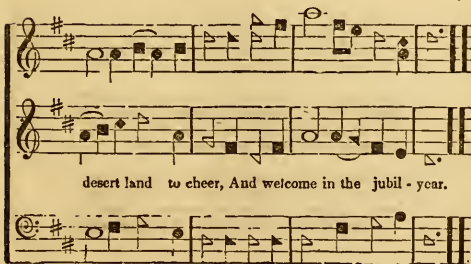
Treble clef, 2/4 time signature. The first staff continues the melody. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff continues the bass line. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

Thou mayst smile at all thy foes; On the Rock of a - ges found - ed, Who can shake thy sure re - pose!





Hark ! don't you hear the turtle dove, The token of redeeming love !  
 From hill to hill we hear the sound, The neighb'ring valleys echo round. } O Zion, hear the turtle dove, The token of your Saviour's love ! She comes the



desert land to cheer, And welcome in the jubil - year.

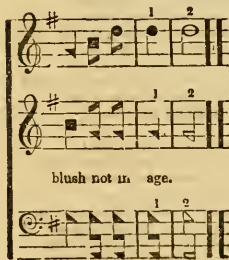
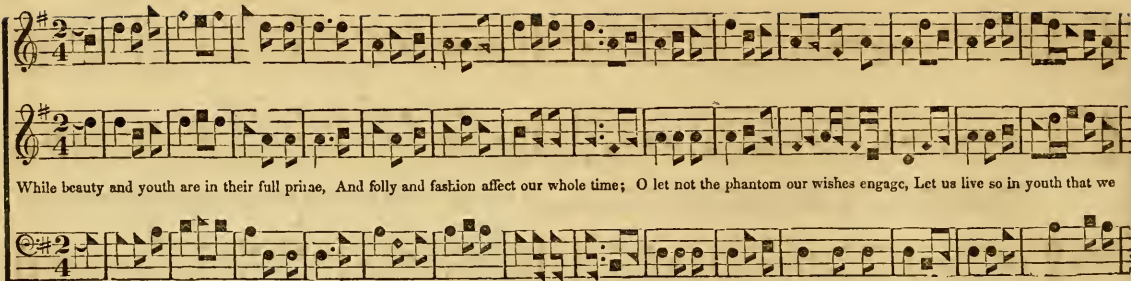
2 The winter's past, the rain is o'er,  
 We feel the chilling winds no more ;  
 The spring is come ; how sweet the view,  
 All things appear divinely new.  
 On Zion's mount the watchmen cry,  
 " The resurrection's drawing nigh :"  
 Behold, the nations from abroad,  
 Are flocking to the mount of God.

3 The trumpet sounds, both far and nigh ;  
 O sinners, turn ! why will ye die !  
 How can you spurn the gospel charms ?  
 Enlist with Christ, gird on your arms.  
 These are the days that were foretold,  
 In ancient times, by prophets old :  
 They long'd to see this glorious light,  
 But all have died without the sight.

4 The latter days on us have come,  
 And fugitives are flocking home ;  
 Behold them crowd the gospel road,  
 All pressing to the mount of God.  
 O yes ! and I will join that band,  
 Now ~~here's~~ my heart, and here's my hand  
 With Satan's band no more I'll be,  
 But fight for Christ and liberty.

5 His banner soon will be unfurl'd,  
 And he will come to judge the world ;  
 On Zion's mountain we shall stand,  
 In Canaan's fair, celestial land.  
 When sun and moon shall darken'd be,  
 And flames consume the land and sea,  
 When worlds on worlds together blaze,  
 We'll shout, and loud hosannas raise.





- 2 The vain and the young may attend us a while,  
But let not their flattery our prudence beguile;  
Let us covet those charms that shall never decay  
Nor listen to all that deceivers can say.
- 3 I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,  
But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health;  
Then richer than kings, and far happier than they,  
My days shall pass swiftly and sweetly away.
- 4 For when age steals on me, and youth is no more,  
And the moralist time shakes his glass at my door,

What pleasure in beauty or wealth can I find?  
My beauty, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.

- 5 That peace! I'll preserve it as pure as 'twas given  
Shall last in my bosom an earnest of heaven;  
For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold scene,  
And sixty can flourish as gay as sixteen.
- 6 And when I the burden of life shall have borne,  
And death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn,  
Reascend to my God without murmur or sigh,  
I'll bless the kind summons, and lie down and die.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb,  
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? }

2 Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease, While

others fought to win the prize, And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;—  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thine armies shine  
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,  
Thy glory shall be thine

Th. day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; O may we all remember well, O

may we all re - member well, The night of death is near.

2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest;  
So death will soon disrobe us all,  
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears:  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,  
And view th' unwearied sun,  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
O may we in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.

# JUDGMENT 7. 6. 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.

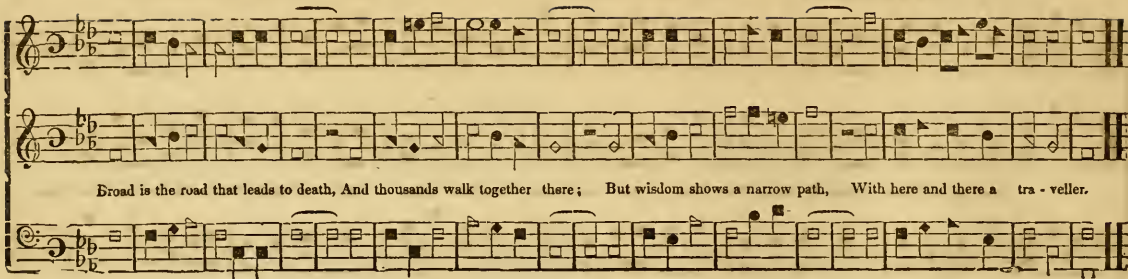
*F. Price.*

Dover Selection, p. 167

17

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better por - tion trace; Rise from transi - to - ry things, To heav'n, thy na - tive place

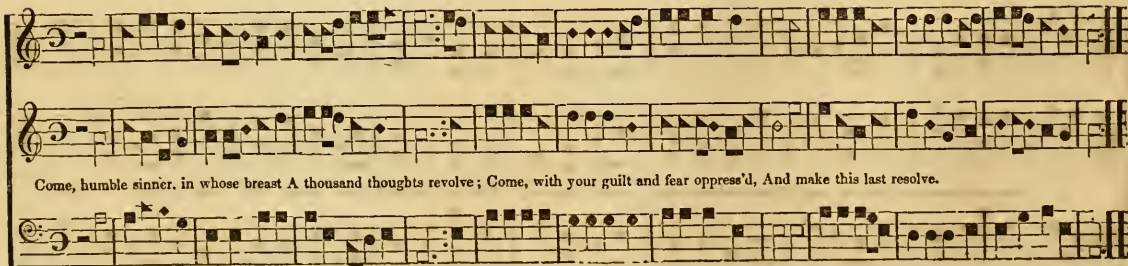
Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared a - bove.



Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a tra - veller.

The musical score for 'Windham, L M.' consists of three staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The third staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written across all three staves, with lyrics placed below the middle staff.

## FAIRFIELD. C M.



Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve; Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last resolve.

The musical score for 'Fairfield, C M.' consists of three staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The third staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written across all three staves, with lyrics placed below the middle staff.



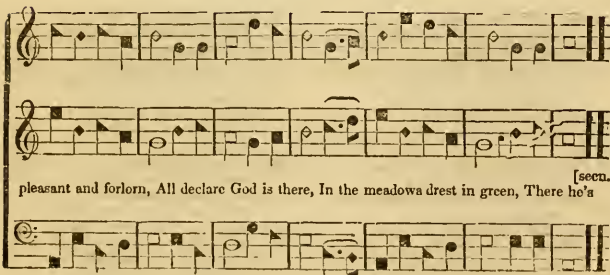
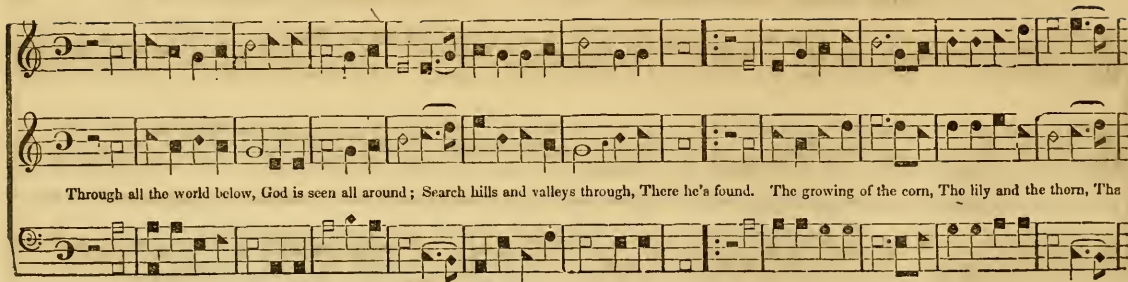
How lost was my condition, Till Jesus made me whole; There is but one Physician Can cure a sin-sick soul. Next door to death he found me, And snatch'd me from the

grave, To tell to all around me, His wondrous pow'r to save.

- 2 The worst of all diseases  
Is light compared with sin;  
On every part it seizes,  
But rages most within:  
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,  
And madness, all combin'd;  
And none but a believer  
The least relief can find.
- 3 From men great skill professing,  
I thought a cure to gain;  
But this proved more distressing,  
And added to my pain;  
Some said that nothing ail'd me,  
Some gave me up for lost;  
Thus every refuge fail'd me,  
And all my hopes were cross'd.

- 4 At length this great Physician.  
(How matchless is his grace.)  
Accepted my petition,  
And undertook my case;  
First gave me sight to view him,-  
For sin my eyes had seal'd;  
Then bid me look unto him—  
I look'd, and I was heal'd.
- 5 A dying, risen Jesus.  
Seen by the eye of faith,  
At once from anguish frees us,  
And saves the soul from death;  
Come, then, to this Physician,  
His help he'll freely give;  
He makes no hard condition,  
'Tis only Look and live.





2 See springs of water rise,  
Fountains flow, rivers run;  
The mist below the skies  
Hides the sun;  
Then down the rain doth pour  
The ocean it doth roar,  
And dash against the shore,  
All to praise, in their lays,  
That God that ne'er declines  
His designs.

3 The sun, to my surprise,  
Speaks of God as he flies:  
The comets in their blaze  
Give him praise;  
The shining of the stars.

The moon as it appears,  
His sacred name declares;  
See them shine, all divine!  
The shades in silence prove  
God's above.

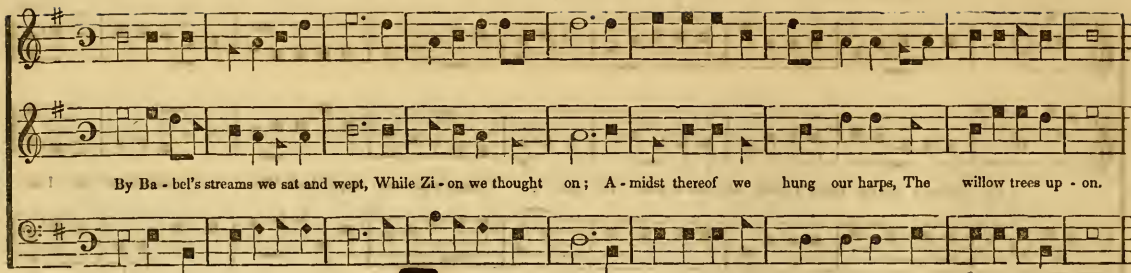
4 Then let my station be  
Here on earth, as I see  
The sacred One in Three  
All agree:  
Through all the world is made,  
The forest and the glade:  
Nor let me be afraid.  
Though I dwell on the hill,  
Since nature's works declare  
God is there

Chorus.

Tenor.

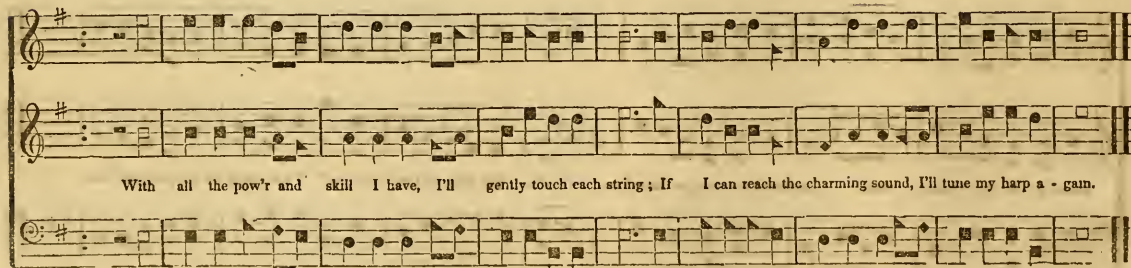
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie. I am

bound for the pro - mised land, I'm bound for the pro - mised land, O, who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.



The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The lyrics are printed below the staves.

By Ba - bel's streams we sat and wept, While Zi - on we thought on ; A - midst thereof we hung our harps, The willow trees up - on.



The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The notation and key signature remain consistent. The lyrics are printed below the staves.

With all the pow'r and skill I have, I'll gently touch each string ; If I can reach the charming sound, I'll tune my harp a - gain.

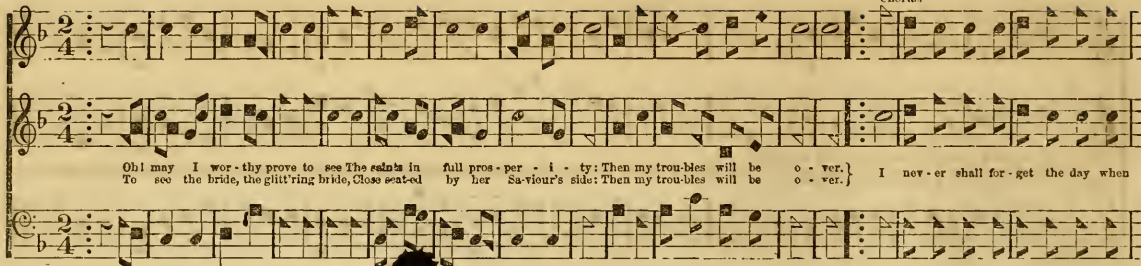
O when shall I see Jesus, and dwell with him above,  
And drink the flowing fountain of everlasting love? } When shall I be delivered, from this vain world of sin, And with my blessed Jesus, drink endless pleasures in?

## SALEM. L. M.

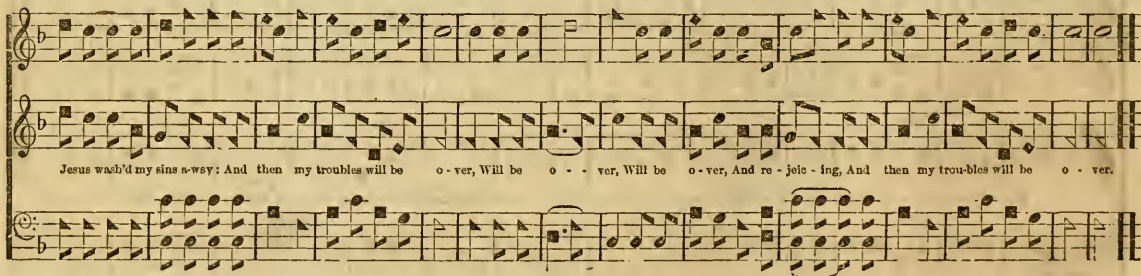
Methodist Hymn Book, p. 455.

He dies, the Friend of sinners dies! Lo, Salem's daughters weep around; A solemn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

Chorus.



Oh! may I wor - thy prove to see The saints in full pros - per - i - ty: Then my trou - bles will be o - ver. }  
 To see the bride, the glitt'ring bride, Close seat - ed by her Sa - viour's side: Then my trou - bles will be o - ver. } I nev - er shall for - get the day when



Jesus wash'd my sins a - way: And then my trou - bles will be o - ver, Will be o - - ver, Will be o - ver, And re - joic - ing, And then my trou - bles will be o - ver.



1 O, once I had a glorious view Of my redeeming Lord; } But now I have a deeper stroke Than all my groanings are; My  
He said, I'll be a God to you, And I believed his word. }

2 O what im-mortal joys I felt, On that ce-les-tial day, } But my complaint is bitter now, For all my joys are gone; I've  
When my hard heart began to melt, By love dissolved away! }

God has me of late forsook,— He's gone, I know not where.

atray'd!—I'm left!—I know not how. The light's from the withdrawn.

3 Once I could joy the saints to meet,  
To me they were most dear;  
I then could stoop to wash their feet,  
And shed a joyful tear  
1 t now I meet them as the rest,  
And with them joyless stay;  
My conversation's spiritless,  
Or else I've naught to say.

4 I once could mourn o'er dying men,  
And long'd their souls to win;  
I travail'd for their poor children,  
And warn'd them of their sin:  
But now my heart's so careless grown,  
Although they're drown'd in vice,  
My bowels o'er them cease to yearn—  
My tears have left mine eyes

5 I forward go in duty's way,  
But can't perceive him there;  
Then backwards on the road I stray,  
But cannot find him there:  
On the left hand, where he doth work,  
Among the wicked crew,  
And on the right, I find him not,  
Among the favour'd few.

6 What shall I do?—shall I lie down,  
And sink in deep despair?  
Will he for ever wear a frown,  
Nor hear my feeble pray'r?  
No: he will put his strength in me,  
He knows the way I've stroll'd  
And when I'm tried sufficiently,  
I shall come forth as gold.



Come all, who love my Lord and master, And like old David, I will tell, }  
 Tho' chief of sinners, I've found favour, Redem'd by grace from death and hell. } Far as the east from west is parted, So far my sins by's dying love, From me by faith

are so - pa - rated, Blest antepast of joys a - bove.

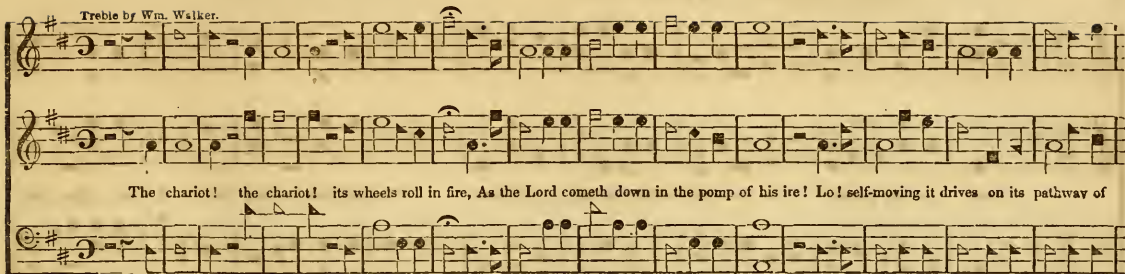
2 I late estranged from Jesus wander'd,  
 An' thought each dang'rous poison good,  
 But h in mercy long pursued me,  
 Wi cries of his redeeming blood.  
 Though a like Bartimeus I was blind,  
 In nature's darkest night conceal'd,  
 But Jesus' love removed my blindness,  
 And he his pardoning grace reveal'd.

3 Now I will praise him, he spares me,  
 And with his people sing aloud,  
 Though opposed, and sinners mock me,  
 In rapturous songs I'll praise my God.

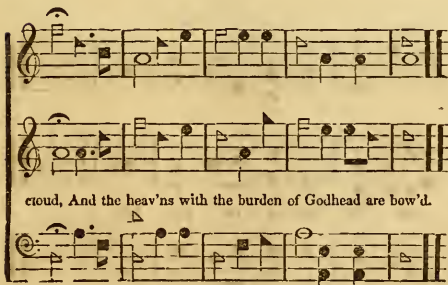
By faith I view the heavenly concert,  
 They sing high strains of Jesus' love  
 O! with desire my soul is longing,  
 And fain would be with Christ above.

4 That blessed day is fast approaching,  
 When Christ in glorious clouds will come,  
 With sounding trumpets and shouts of angels.  
 To call each faithful spirit home.  
 There's Abraham, Isaac, holy prophets,  
 And all the saints at God's right hand,  
 There hosts of angels join in concert,  
 Shout as they reach the promised land.

Treble by Wm. Walker.



The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire! Lo! self-moving it drives on its pathway of



cloud, And the heav'ns with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are  
poured  
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the  
Lord;  
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are  
there,  
And there all who the palm wreaths of victory wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have  
all heard,  
Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel  
are stirr'd;  
From the sea, from the earth, from the south,  
from the north,  
And the vast generations of man are come  
forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones  
are all set,  
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders  
are met;  
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the  
Lord,  
And the doom of eternity hangs on his  
word.

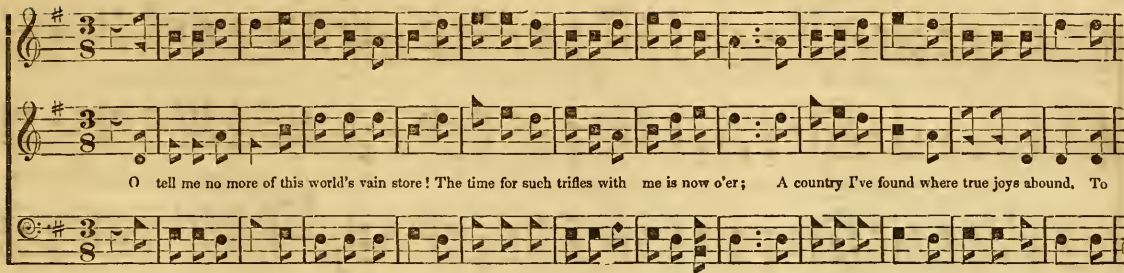
5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from  
above.  
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with  
love;  
When beneath to their darkness the wicked  
are driv'n,  
May our justified souls find a welcome in  
heav'n.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the bottom staff.

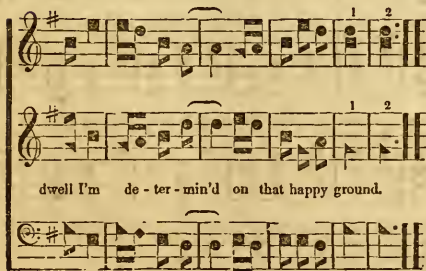
Come on, my partners in dis - tress, My comrades through the wilderness, Who still your bo - dies feel; Awhile forget your

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves in treble and bass clefs with a 6/8 time signature. The music continues from the first system. The lyrics are written below the bottom staff. There are first and second endings indicated by '1' and '2' above the notes.

griefs and fears, And look beyond this vale of tears, To that ce - les - tial hill. To that ce - les - tial hill.



O tell me no more of this world's vain store ! The time for such trifles with me is now o'er ; A country I've found where true joys abound, To



dwell I'm de - ter - min'd on that happy ground.

2 No mortal doth know what Christ will bestow,  
What life, strength and comfort ! go after him, go !  
Lo, onward I move, to see Christ above,  
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

3 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell, and sin ;  
Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ within ;  
And still, which is best, I in his dear breast,  
As at the beginning, find pardon and rest.

4 When I am to die, receive me, I'll cry,  
For Jesus has lov'd me, I cannot tell why ;  
But this I do find, we two are so join'd,  
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

5 This blessing is mine, through favour divine,  
And O, my dear Jesus, the praise shall be thine.  
In heaven we'll meet in harmony sweet,  
And, glory to Jesus ! we'll then be complete.

1. in sea-sons of grief to my God I'll re-pair, When my heart is o'er-whelm'd in sor-row and care; From the ends of the earth unto Thee will I

2. When Sa-tan, my foe, comes in like a flood, To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good, I'll pray to the Sa-viour who kind-ly did

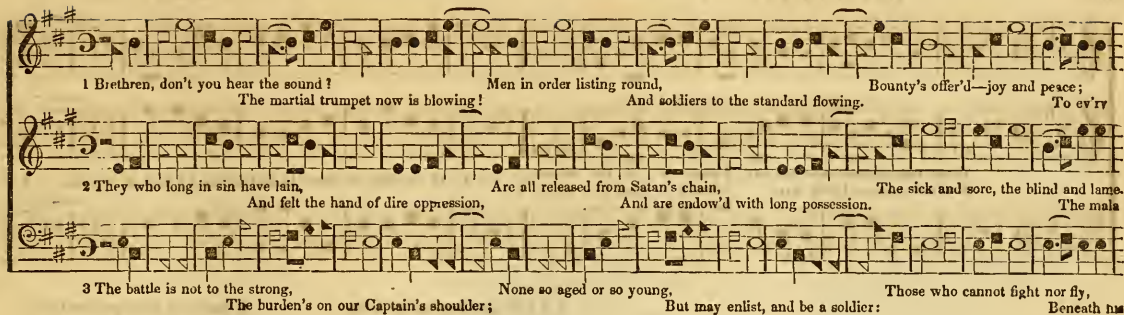
cry, "Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!" High-er than I, High-er than I: Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!

die: "Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!" High-er than I, High-er than I; Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!

3. And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,  
In Jesus' pure righteousness let me appear:  
From the swellings of Jordan to thee will I cry:  
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!"

4. And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies,  
And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,  
With millions I'll join, far above yonder sky,  
To praise the Great Rock that is higher than I

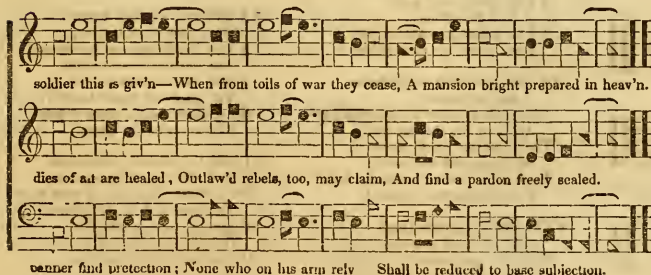




1 Brethren, don't you hear the sound? Men in order listing round, Bounty's offer'd—joy and peace;  
The martial trumpet now is blowing! And soldiers to the standard flowing. To ev'ry

2 They who long in sin have lain, Are all released from Satan's chain, The sick and sore, the blind and lame.  
And felt the hand of dire oppression, And are endow'd with long possession. The mala

3 The battle is not to the strong, None so aged or so young, Those who cannot fight nor fly,  
The burden's on our Captain's shoulder; But may enlist, and be a soldier: Beneath him



soldier this is giv'n—When from toils of war they cease, A mansion bright prepared in heav'n.

dies of all are healed, Outlaw'd rebels, too, may claim, And find a pardon freely scaled.

banner find protection; None who on his arm rely Shall be reduced to base subjection.

- 4 You need not fear;—the cause is good;  
Come! who will to the crown aspire?  
In this cause the martyrs bled,  
Or shouted vict'ry in the fire;  
In this cause let's follow on,  
And soon we'll tell the pleasing story,  
How by faith we gain'd the crown,  
And fought our way to life and glory.
- 5 The battle, brethren, is begun,  
Behold the armies now in motion!  
Some, by faith, behold the crown,  
And almost grasp their future portion.  
Hark! the victory's sounding loud!  
Immanuel's chariot wheels are rumbling  
Mourners weeping through the crowd,  
And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling



Come, little children, now we may Partake a lit - tle morsel, }  
 For little songs and little ways Adorn'd a great a - postle; } A lit - tle drop of Jesus' blood Can make a feast of u - nion; It

is by little steps we move In - to a full communion.

2 A little faith does mighty deeds,  
 Quite past all my recounting;  
 Faith, like a little mustard seed,  
 Can move a lofty mountain.  
 A little charity and zeal,  
 A little tribulation,  
 A little patience makes us feel  
 Great peace and consolation.

3 A little cross with cheerfulness,  
 A little self-denial,  
 Will serve to make our troubles less  
 And bear the greatest trial.  
 The Spirit like a little dove  
 On Jesus once descended;  
 To show his meekness and his love  
 The emblem was intended.

4 The title of the little Lamb  
 Unto our Lord was given;  
 Such was our Saviour's little name,  
 The Lord of earth and heaven.

A little voice that's small and still  
 Can rule the whole creation;  
 A little stone the earth shall fill,  
 And humble every nation.

5 A little zeal supplies the soul,  
 It doth the heart inspire;  
 A little spark lights up the whole,  
 And sets the crowd on fire.  
 A little union serves to hold  
 The good and tender-hearted;  
 It's stronger than a chain of gold  
 And never can be parted.

6 Come, let us labour here below,  
 And who can be the straitest;  
 For in God's kingdom, all must know  
 The least shall be the greatest.  
 O give us, Lord, a little drop  
 Of heavenly love and union  
 O may we never, never stop  
 Short of a full communion

There is a land of pleasure, Where streams of joy for ever roll,  
 'Tis there I have my treasure, And there I long to rest my soul.

Long darkness dwelt around me,  
 With scarcely once a cheering ray,

But since my Saviour found

me, A lamp has shone along my way.

2 My way is full of danger,  
 But 'tis the path that leads to God;  
 And like a faithful soldier,  
 I'll march along the heavenly road;  
 Now I must gird my sword on,  
 My breastplate, helmet, and my shield,  
 And fight the hosts of Satan  
 Until I reach the heavenly field.

3 I'm on the way to Zion,  
 Still guarded by my Saviour's hand;  
 O, come along, dear sinners,  
 And view Emmanuel's happy land:  
 To all that stay behind me,  
 I bid a long, a sad farewell!  
 O come! or you'll repent it,  
 When you shall reach the gates of hell.

4 The vale of tears surrounds me,  
 And Jordan's current rolls before;  
 O! how I stand and tremble,  
 To hear the dismal waters roar!  
 Whose hand shall then support me,  
 And keep my soul from sinking there  
 From sinking down to darkness,  
 And to the regions of despair!

5 This stream shall not affright me,  
 Although it take me to the grave;  
 If Jesus stand beside me,  
 I'll safely ride on Jordan's wave:  
 His word can calm the ocean,  
 His lamp can cheer the gloomy vale:  
 O may this friend be with me,  
 When through the gates of death I sail!

6 Come, then, thou king of terrors,  
 Thy fatal dart may lay me low;  
 But soon I'll reach those regions  
 Where everlasting pleasures flow:  
 O sinners, I must leave you,  
 And join that bless'd immortal band,  
 No more to stand beside you,  
 Till at the judgment-bar we stand.

7 Soon the archangel's trumpet  
 Shall shake the globe from pole to pole.  
 And all the wheels of nature  
 Shall in a moment cease to roll.  
 Then we shall see the Saviour,  
 With shining ranks of angels come,  
 To execute his vengeance,  
 And take his ransom'd people home

Come, thou fount of ev' - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace: } Teach me some me - lo - dious sonnet,  
 Streams of mercy never ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. }

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a hymn tune with a melody in the upper staves and a bass line in the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the staves, with a large brace grouping the first two staves of the lyrics.

Sung by flaming tongues a bove. Praise the mount, O fix me on it, Mount of thy un - changing love.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves, continuing the melody and bass line from the first system. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

The watchmen blow the trumpet round, Come, listen to the solemn sound, } Your days on earth will soon be o'er, O think thou  
And be assured there's danger nigh. How many are prepared to die ? } And time to you return no more ;

Las, a soul to save ; What are thy hopes beyond the grave ?

2 Come, old and young ; come, rich and poor ;  
You'll all be call'd to stand before  
The God that made the earth and sea,  
And there proclaim his majesty.  
Will you remain quite unconcern'd,  
While for your souls the watchmen mourn ?  
They weep to think how you will stand  
With frightful ghosts at God's left hand.

3 O mortals ! view the dream of life,  
And see how thousands end the strife,  
Who, though convinced, do still delay,  
Till death ensues and drags away ;  
Will you for fancied earthly toys  
Deprive yourselves of heav'nly joys ?  
And will the calls you have to-day  
Be slighted still and pass away ?

4 The trying scene will shortly come,  
When you must hear your certain doom ;  
And if you then go unprepared,  
You'll bear in mind the truths you've heard,  
Your sparkling eyes will then roll round,  
While death will bring you to the ground  
The coffin, grave, and winding sheet,  
Will hold your lifeless frame complete.

5 Your friends will then pass by your tomb,  
And view the grass around it grown,  
And heave a sigh to think you're gone  
To the land where there's no return.  
O mortals ! now improve your time,  
And while the gospel sun doth shine  
Fly swift to Christ, he is your friend,  
And then in heav'n your souls will find.



- 1 Religion is the chief concern      Of mortals here below ;      2 More needful this than glittering wealth,      Nor reputation, food, or health,  
 May I its great importance learn, Its sovereign virtues know. }      Or aught the world bestows ;      Can give us such repose.



3 Religion should our thoughts engage  
 Amidst our youthful bloom ;  
 'Twill fit us for declining age,  
 And for the awful tomb.

4 O, may my heart, by  
 Be my Redeemer's throne  
 And be my stubborn will subdued,  
 His government to own

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love  
 Be join'd with godly fear ;  
 And all my conversation prove  
 My heart to be sincere.

6 Preserve me from the snares of sin  
 Through my remaining days,  
 And in me let each virtue shine  
 To my Redeemer's praise.

7 Let lively hope my soul inspire,  
 Let warm affections rise,  
 And may I wait, with strong desire  
 To mount above the skies.



Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord, Help us to feed upon thy word; }  
 All that has been amiss forgive, And let thy truth within us live. }  
 Though we are guilty, thou art good, Wash all our works in Jesus' blood !

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The bottom two staves are in bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes.

Give every fet - ter'd soul release, And bid us all depart in peace. Give every fetter'd soul release, And bid us all depart in peace.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, with the same clef and time signature arrangement as the first system. It continues the melody and accompaniment of the hymn.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes.

No more beneath th' oppressive hand Of tyrann - ny we mourn, Be - hold the smiling, happy land, Be - hold the smiling, happy land, That

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves, continuing from the first system. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes.

free - dom calls her own. That free - dom calls her own.

How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, is laid for your faith in his ex - cel - lent word; What

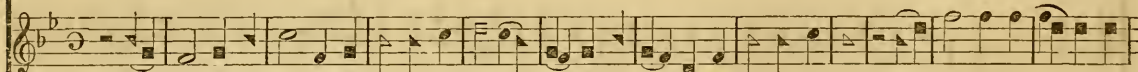
The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. The music is written in a single melodic line across the three staves. The lyrics are printed below the middle staff.

more can he say, than to you he hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for refuge have fled?

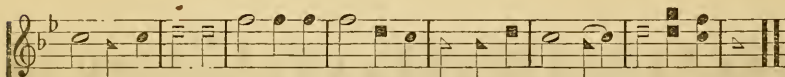
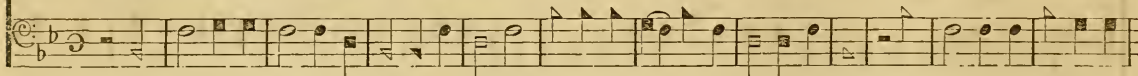
The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves in treble and bass clefs with a 2/4 time signature. The music continues from the first system. The lyrics are printed below the middle staff. The system ends with a double bar line and first and second endings marked with '1' and '2'.



1. To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part, And go from my home, it afflicts not my heart, Like thoughts of ab-sent-ing my-



2. Dear bow'r where the pine and the pop-lar have spread, And wove, with their branches, a roof o'er my head, How oft have I knelt on the -



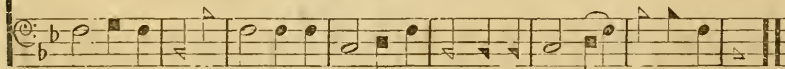
3. The early shrill notes of the loved nightingale  
That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell,  
To call me to duty, while birds of the air  
Sing anthems of praises: as I went to prayer,:

self for a day From that bless'd retreat where I've cho-sen to pray, I've cho-sen to pray.



4. How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,  
The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine;  
But sweeter, ah! sweeter, superlative were  
The joys I have tasted: in answer to prayer,:

ev-er-green there, And pour'd out my soul to my Sa-viour in prayer, my Sa-viour in prayer.



5. For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deign'd there to meet,  
And bless'd with his presence my humble retreat  
Oft fill'd me with rapture and blessedness there,  
Inditing, in heaven's: own language, my prayer,:

6. Dear bower, I must leave you and bid you adieu,  
And pay my devotions in parts that are new,  
For Jesus, my Saviour, resides everywhere,  
And can, in all places: give answer o prayer,:

How tedious and tasteless the hours,  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,

When Jesus no longer I see;  
Have all lost their sweetness to me.

The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay, But

when I am happy in him, December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice;  
I should, were he always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
No mortal so happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resign'd;  
No changes of season or place,  
Would make any change in my mind

While blessed with a sense of his love,  
A palace a toy would appear,  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song,  
Say, why do I languish and pine,  
And why are my winters so long!  
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore -  
Or take me unto thee on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more

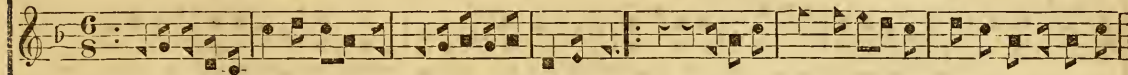


## GEORGIA. C. M.

Return, O God of love, re - turn, Earth is a tire - some place; How long shall we, thy children, mourn Our absence from thy face?

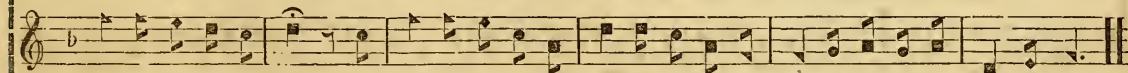
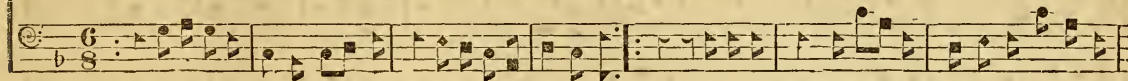
## INVOCATION. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace, } Sun, and moon, and stars decay, Rise, my soul, and haste away,  
 Rise from tran-itory things. To heav'n, thy native place. } Time shall soon this earth remove, To seats prepared above.

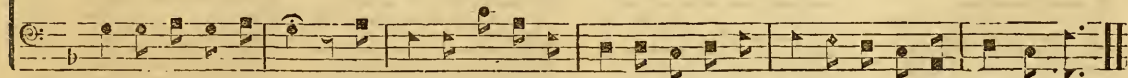


When in death I shall calm recline, O bear my heart to my mistress dear ;  
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here. }

Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow, To sul - ly a



heart so bril - liant and light ; But oamy drops of the red grape borrow, To bathe the re - lic from morn to night.



1 A few more days on earth to spend, And all my toils and cares shall end, And I shall see my God and friend, And praise his name on high:

2 Then, O my soul, despond no more; The storm of life will soon be o'er, And I shall find the peaceful shore Of ever-lasting rest.

No more to sigh nor shed a tear, No more to suffer pain or fear; But God, and Christ, and heav'n appear, Unto the raptured eye.

O hap-py day! O joyful hour! When, freed from earth, my soul shall tow'r Beyond the reach of Satan's pow'r, To be for e-ver blest

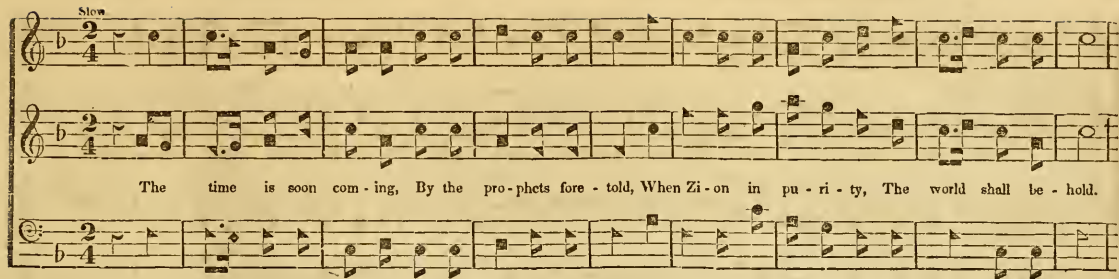
3 My soul anticipates the day,  
I'll joyfully the call obey,  
Which comes to summon me away  
To seats prepared above.  
There I shall see my Saviour's face,  
And dwell in his beloved embrace  
And taste the fulness of his grace.  
And sing redeeming love.

4 Though dire afflictions press me sore,  
And death's dark billows roll before,  
Yet still by faith I see the shore,  
Beyond the rolling flood:  
The banks of Canaan, sweet and fair,  
Before my raptured eyes appear:  
It makes me think I'm almost there,  
In yonder bright abode.

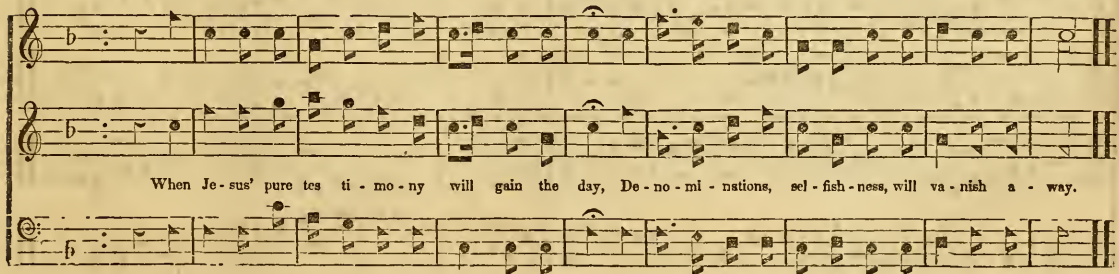
5 To earthly cares I bid farewell,  
And triumph over death and hell,  
And go where saints and angels dwell,  
To praise th' Eternal Three.  
I'll join with those who're gone before,  
Who sing and shout their sufferings o'er,  
Where pain and parting are no more,  
To all eternity.

6 Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show,  
And all this region here below,  
Where naught but disappointments grow  
A better world's in view.  
My Saviour calls! I haste away.  
I would not here for ever stay;  
Hail! ye bright realms of endless day  
Vain world, once to me adieu!

Slow



The time is soon com-ing, By the pro-phets fore - told, When Zi-on in pu - ri - ty, The world shall be - hold.



When Je-sus' pure tes ti - mo - ny will gain the day, De - no - mi - nations, sel - fish - ness, will va - nish a - way.

Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends ! Or shake at death's a - larms ! 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To

call them to his arms. Are we not tending upwards too, As fast as time can move ? Nor should we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.

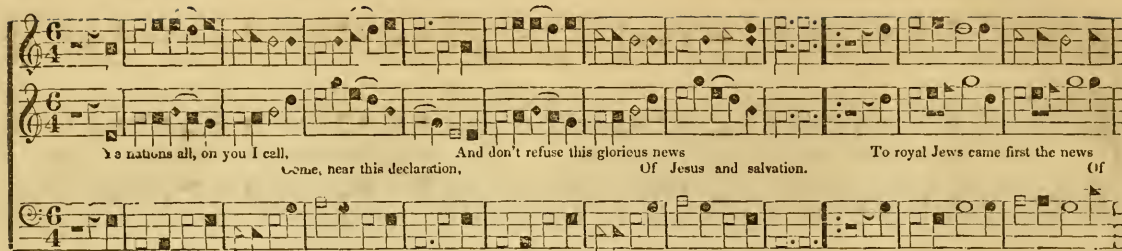


Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad - ly solemn sound, Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bounds.

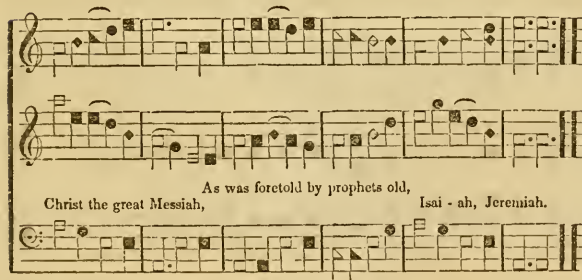
This system contains four staves of music. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The fourth staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with various note values and rests.

The year of jubi - lee is come, The year of jubi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - som'd sin - ners, home.

This system contains four staves of music. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The fourth staff is in bass clef. The music continues from the first system, ending with a double bar line and repeat signs. There are first and second endings indicated by the numbers 1 and 2 above the final notes.



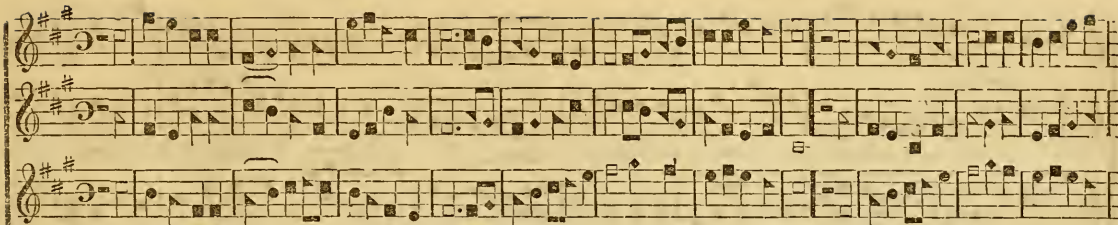
Ye nations all, on you I call,      And don't refuse this glorious news      To royal Jews came first the news  
Come, hear this declaration,      Of Jesus and salvation.      (Of



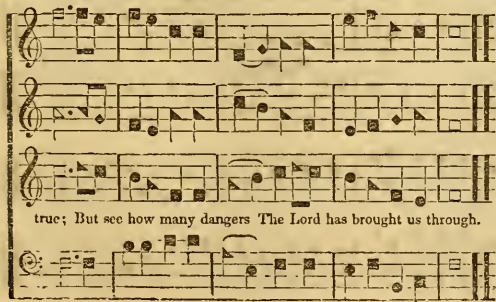
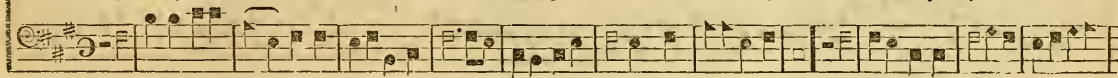
As was foretold by prophets old,  
Christ the great Messiah,      Isai - ah, Jeremiah.

2 To Abraham the promise came, and to his seed for ever,  
A light to shine in Isaac's line, by Scripture we discover;  
Hail, promised morn! the Saviour's born, the glorious Mediator—  
God's blessed Word made flesh and blood, assumed the human nature.

3 His parents poor in earthly store, to entertain the stranger  
They found no bed to lay his head, but in the ox's manger:  
No royal things, as used by kings, were seen by those that found him,  
But in the hay the stranger lay, with swaddling bands around him;  
4 On the same night a glorious light to shepherds there appeared,  
Bright angels came in shining flame, they saw and greatly feared  
The angels said, "Be not afraid, although we much alarm you,  
We do appear good news to bear, as now we will inform you.  
5 "The city's name is Bethlehem, in which God hath appointed,  
This glorious morn a Saviour's born, for him God hath anointed;  
By this you'll know, if you will go, to see this little stranger,  
His lovely charms in Mary's arms, both lying in a manger."  
6 When this was said, straightway was made a glorious sound from heaven  
Each flaming tongue an anthem sung, "To men a Saviour's given,  
In Jesus' name, the glorious theme, we elevate our voices,  
At Jesus' birth be peace on earth, meanwhile all heaven rejoices."  
7 Then with delight they took their flight, and wing'd their way to glory,  
The shepherds gazed and were amazed, to hear the pleasing story;  
To Bethlehem they quickly came, the glorious news to carry,  
And in the stall they found them all, Joseph, the Babe, and Mary  
8 The shepherds then return'd again to their own habitations,  
With joy of heart they did depart, now they have found salvation  
Glory, they cry, to God on high, who sent his Son to save us  
This glorious morn the Saviour's born, his name it is Christ Jesus



Come, all you weary travellers; Come, let us join and sing, The everlasting praises Of Jesus Christ, our King; We've had a tedious journey, And tiresome, it is



true; But see how many dangers The Lord has brought us through.

2 At first when Jesus found us,  
He call'd us unto him,  
And pointed out the danger  
Of falling into sin;  
The world, the flesh, and Satan,  
Will prove a fatal snare,  
Unless we do resist them,  
By faith and fervent prayer.

3 But by our disobedience,  
With sorrow we confess,  
We've had too long to wander  
In a dark wilderness

Where we might soon have fainted,  
In that enchanted ground,  
But Jesus interposed,  
And pleasant fruits were found.

4 Gracious foretastes of heaven  
Give life, and health, and peace,  
Revive our drooping spirits,  
And faith and love increase;  
Confessing Christ, our master,  
Obeying his command,  
We hasten on our journey,  
Unto the promised land

Second Treble.

Je - sus, thou art the sinner's friend, As such I look to thee; Now in the bowels of thy love, O Lord, remember me.

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is the main melody in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff is labeled 'Second Treble.' and contains a higher melodic line. The third and fourth staves provide harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the second staff, with some words grouped under a slur.

Soft.

O Lord, &c. O Lord, &c. Now in, &c.

This system continues the musical piece with four staves. The first staff begins with the instruction 'Soft.' and includes first and second endings, indicated by '1' and '2' above the final measures. The lyrics 'O Lord, &c.' are placed under the first staff, and 'Now in, &c.' is placed under the third staff. The second and fourth staves continue the accompaniment.

*Slow*

1 Come, Christians, be valiant, our Jesus is near us, Through grace and the Spirit we'll glory inherit,  
We'll conquer the powers of darkness and sin; And peace, like a river, give comfort within

2 We have trials, and cares, and hardships, and losses, We'll soon end in pleasures and glory for ever,  
But heaven will pay us for all that we bear; And bright crowns of glory for ever we'll wear.

3 Young converts, be humble, the prospect is blooming,  
The wings of kind angels around you are spread;  
While some are oppressed with sin and are mourning,  
The spirit of joy upon you is shed.

4 Live near to our Captain, and always obey him,  
This world, flesh, and Satan must all be denied;  
Both care and diligence, and prayer without ceasing,  
Will save land young converts to riches on high.

5 O mourners, God bless you, don't faint in the spirit,  
Believe, and the Spirit our pardon he'll give;  
He's now interceding and pleading his merit,  
Give up, and your souls he will quickly receive.

6 If truly a mourner, he's promised you comfort,  
His good promises stand in his sacred word;  
O hearken and hear them, all glory, all glory,  
The mourners are fill'd with the presence of God.

7 O sinners, my bowels do move with desire;  
Why stand you gazing on the works of the Lord?  
O fly from the flames of devouring fire,  
And wash your pollution in Jesus's blood

8 Brethren, in sweet gales we are all breezing,  
My soul feels the mighty, the heavenly flame;  
I'm now on my journey, my faith is increasing,  
All glory and praise to God and the Lamb.

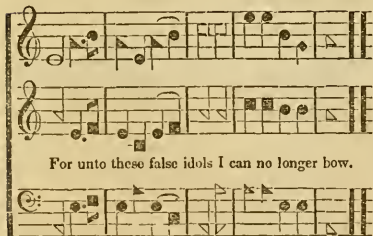
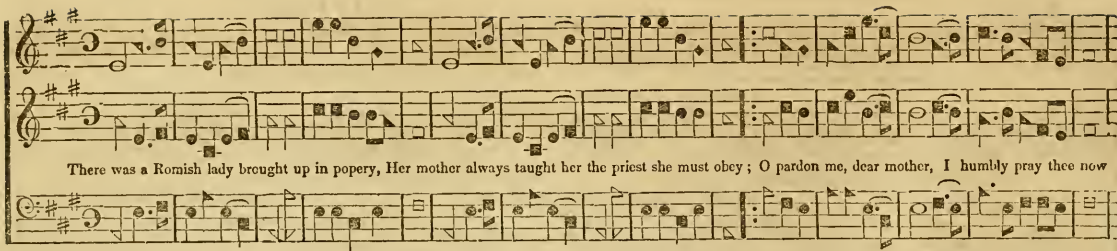
## M. C. H. DAVIS' EXPERIENCE.

- 1 Come, all ye young people of every relation,  
Come listen awhile, and to you I will tell  
How I was first called to seek for salvation,  
Redemption in Jesus who saved me from hell.
- 2 I was not yet sixteen when Jesus first call'd me,  
To think of my soul, and the state I was in;  
I saw myself standing a distance from Jesus,  
Between me and him was a mountain of sin.
- 3 The devil perceived that I was convinced,  
He strove to persuade me that I was too young,  
That I would get weary before my ascension,  
And wish that I had not so early begun.

- 4 Sometimes he'd persuade me that Jesus was partial,  
When he was a setting of poor sinners free,  
That I was forsaken, and quite reprobated,  
And there was no mercy at all for poor me.
- 5 But glory to Jesus, his love's not confined  
To princes, nor men of a nobler degree;  
His love it flows bounteous to all human creatures,  
He died for poor sinners, when nail'd to the tree.
- 6 And when I was groaning in sad lamentation,  
My soul overwhelm'd in sorrow and in sin,  
He drew near me in mercy, and look'd on me with pity,  
He pardon'd my sins, and he gave me relief

- 7 And now I've found favour in Jesus my Saviour,  
And all his commandments I'm bound to obey;  
I trust he will keep me from all Satan's power,  
Till he shall think proper to call me away.
- 8 So farewell, young people, if I can't persuade you  
To leave off your follies and go with a friend,  
I'll follow my Saviour, in whom I've found favour  
My days to his glory I'm bound for to spend.





2 Assisted by her handmaid, a Bible she conceal'd,  
And there she gain'd instruction, till God his love reveal'd;  
No more she prostrates herself to pictures deck'd with gold,  
But soon she was betray'd, and her Bible from her

3 I'll bow to my dear Jesus, I'll worship God unseen,  
I'll live by faith for ever, the works of men are vain;  
I cannot worship angels, nor pictures made by men;  
Dear mother, use your pleasure, but pardon if you can.  
4 With grief and great vexation, her mother straight did go

To inform the Roman clergy the cause of all her woe:  
The priests were soon assembled, and for the maid did call,

And forced her in the dungeon, to fright her soul withal.  
5 The more they strove to fright her, the more she did endure,

Although her age was tender, her faith was strong and sure.

The chains of gold so costly they from this lady took,  
And she with all her spirits, the pride of life forsook.

6 Before the pope they brought her, in hopes of her return,

And there she was condemned in horrid flames to burn.

Before the place of torment they brought her speedily,  
With lifted hands to heaven, she then agreed to die.

7 There being many ladies assembled at the place,  
She raised her eyes to heaven, and begg'd supplying

Weep not, ye tender ladies, shed not a tear for me—  
While my poor body's burning, my soul the Lord shall see.

8 Yourselves you need to pity, and Zion's deep decay;  
Dear ladies, turn to Jesus, no longer make delay.  
In comes her raving mother, her daughter to behold,  
And in her hand she brought her pictures deck'd with gold.

9 O take from me these idols, remove them from my sight:

Restore to me my Bible, wherein I take delight.  
Alas, my aged mother, why on my ruin bent?

'Twas you that did betray me, but I am innocent.

10 Tormentors, use your pleasure, and do as you think best—

I hope my blessed Jesus will take my soul to rest.

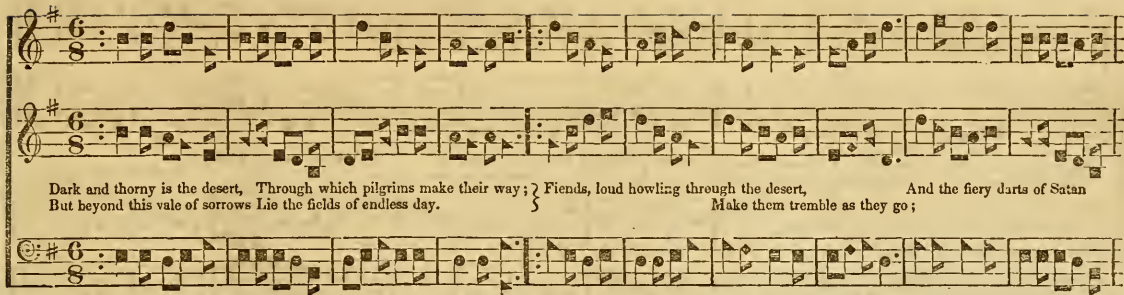
Soon as these words were spoken, up steps the man of death,

And kindled up the fire to stop her mortal breath.

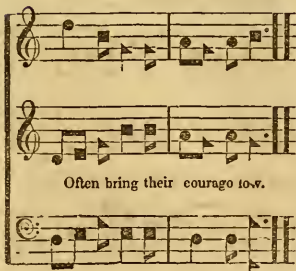
11 Instead of golden bracelets, with chains they bound her fast;

She cried, "My God give power now must I die at last!"

With Jesus and his angels for ever I shall dwell,  
God pardon priest and people, and so I bid farewell!"



Dark and thorny is the desert, Through which pilgrims make their way ; } Fiends, loud howling through the desert, And the fiery darts of Satan  
But beyond this vale of sorrows Lie the fields of endless day. } Make them tremble as they go ;



Often bring their courage to w.

2 O, young soldiers, are you weary  
Of the troubles of the way ?  
Does your strength begin to fail you,  
And your vigour to decay ?  
Jesus, Jesus, will go with you.  
He will lead you to his throne ;  
He who dyed his garments for you,  
And the wine-press trod alone.

3 He whose thunder shakes creation,  
He who bids the planets roll ;  
He who rides upon the tempest,  
And whose sceptre sways the whole.  
Round him are ten thousand angels,  
Ready to obey command ;  
They are always hovering round you,  
Till you reach the heav'nly land.

4 There, on flowery hills of pleasure,  
In the fields of endless rest,  
Love, and joy, and peace shall ever  
Reign and triumph in your breasts  
Who can paint those scenes of glory,  
Where the ransom'd dwell on high ?  
Where the golden harps for ever  
Sound redemption through the sky ?

5 Millions there of flaming seraphs  
Fly across the heavenly plain ;  
There they sing immortal praises—  
Glory ! glory ! is their strain :  
But methinks a sweeter concert  
Makes the heavenly arches ring.  
And a song is heard in Zion  
Which the angels cannot sing.

6 See the heavenly host, in raptures,  
Gaze upon this shining band ;  
Wondering at their costly garments,  
And the laurels in their hand !  
There, upon the golden pavement,  
See the ransom'd march along,  
While the splendid courts of glory  
Sweetly echo to their song.

7 O their crowns, how bright they sparkle  
Such as monarchs never wear ;  
They are gone to heav'nly pastures—  
Jesus is their Shepherd there.  
Hail, ye happy, happy spirits !  
Welcome to the blissful plain !—  
Glory, honour, and salvation !  
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign

Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve, } I'll go to Jesus, though my sin I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppress, And make this last resolve : } Hath like a mountain rose ; Whatever may oppose.

## DAY OF JUDGMENT. 11, 11, 6, 6, 7, 6.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 495.

The day of the Lord—the day of sal - vation, } Is swiftly coming on ; It surely will appear ; And you and I must meet it With ecstasy or fear  
 The day of his wrath and dire indig - nation, }

A sto-ry most love-ly I'll tell, Of Je-sus (O wond'rous sur-prize!)  
He suffer'd the ter-mens of hell, That sin-ners, vile sin-ners might rise: He left his ex-alt-ed a-bode, When

man by trans-gress-ion was lost; Ap-peas-ing the wrath of a God, He shed forth his blood as the cost.

2. O, did my dear Jesus thus bleed,  
And pity a roin'd lost race!  
O, whence did such mercy proceed,  
Such boundless compassion and grace!  
His body bore anguish and pain,  
His spirit 'most sunk with the load;  
A short time before he was slain,  
His sweat was as great drops of blood

3. O, was it for crimes I had done,  
The Saviour was hail'd with a kiss!  
By Judas the traitor alone;  
Was ever compassion like this?  
The ruffians all join'd in a band,  
Confined him and led him away,  
The cords wrapt around his sweet hands,  
O sinners! look at him, I pray.

4. To Pilate's stone pillar when led,  
His body was lashed with whips:  
It over by any was said,  
A railing word dropt from his lips:  
They made him a crown out of thorns;  
They smote him and did him abuse;  
They clothed him with crimson, in scorn,  
And hail'd him, the King of the Jews.

5. They loaded the Lamb with the cross,  
And drove him up Calvary's hill;  
Come, mourners, a moment, and pause,  
All nature look'd solemn and still!  
They rushed the nails through his hands,  
Transfixed and tortured his feet;  
O brethren, see passive he stands;  
To look at the sight it is great!

6. He cried, My Father, my God,  
Forsooken! thou'lt left me in pain!  
The cross was all colour'd with blood,  
The temple-vail burst in twain:  
He groan'd his last and he died,  
The sun it refused to shine;  
They rushed the spear in his side;  
This lovely Redeemer is mine.

7. He fought the hard battle, and won  
The vict'ry, and gives it most free:  
O Christians! look forward and run,  
In hopes that his kingdom you'll see;  
When he in the clouds shall appear,  
With angels all at his command,  
And thousands of Christians be there,  
All singing with harps in a band.

8. How pleasant and happy the view!  
Enjoying such beams of delight!  
His beauty to Christians he'll show,  
O Jesus, I long for the sight!  
I long to mount up in the skies,  
In Paradise make my abode,  
And sing of salvation on high,  
And rest with a pacified God.

1. Wake, Isles of the South! your re-demp-tion is near, No lon-ger re- pose in the bor-ders of gloom; The strength of his cho-sen in love shall ap-pear, And

light shall a-rise on the verge of the tomb, And light shall a-rise on the verge of the tomb.

2. The billows that girt you, the wild waves that roar,  
The zephyrs that play where the ocean-storms enso,  
Shall bear the rich freight to your desolate shore,  
Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace.
3. On the islands that sit in the regions of night,  
The lands of despair, to oblivion a prey,  
The morning will open with healing and light,  
The glad Star of Bethlehem brighten to day.
4. The altar and idol in dust overthrown,  
The incense forbade that was hallow'd with blood;  
The priest of Melchizedek there shall atone,  
And the shrine of Atöl be sacred to God.
5. The heathen will hasten to welcome the time,  
The day-spring, the prophet in vision once saw,  
When the beams of Messiah will lumina each clime,  
And the isles of the ocean shall wait for his law.

\* The words of this piece were "composed by Wm. B. Tappan, Esq., and sung on the wharf at New Haven, at the embarkation of the missionaries for the Sandwich Islands, in 1822." O what hath God wrought in those islands since that time! "The parched ground has become a pool"—"The shrines of Atöl" have, indeed, become "sacred to God." The largest church on earth is there; those poor heathens have been given to Jesus for his "inheritance"—those "utmost parts of the earth, for his possession!" "Alleluia! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"—W. B.



Hail! ye sighing sons of sorrow, Learn from me your certain doom; } See all nature fading, dying! Si - lent all things seem to pine;  
 Learn from me your fate to-morrow, Dead—per - haps laid in your tomb! }

Life from vege - tation fly - ing, Brings to mind "the mould'ring vine."

2 See! in yonder forest standing,  
 Lofty cedars, how they nod!  
 Scenes of nature how surprising,  
 Read in nature nature's God.  
 Whilst the annual frosts are cropping,  
 Leaves and tendrils from the trees,  
 So our friends are early drooping,  
 We are like to one of these.

3 Hollow winds about me roaring,  
 Noisy waters round me rise;  
 Whilst I sit my fate deploring,  
 Tears fast streaming from my eyes  
 What to me is autumn's treasure  
 Since I know no earthly joy,  
 Long I've lost all youthful pleasure,  
 'Tune must youth and health destroy

Come away to the skies, My beloved, arise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born: On this fes - ti - val day, Come exult - ing away,

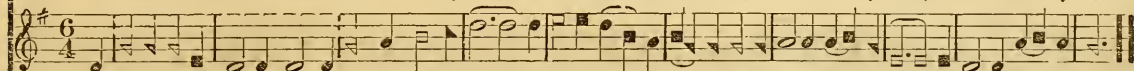
And with singing to Zi - on return.

- 2 We have laid up our love And our treasure above,  
Though our bodies continue below,  
The redeem'd of the Lord Will remember his word,  
And with singing to paradise go.
- 3 Now with singing and praise, Let us spend all the days,  
By our heavenly Father bestow'd,  
While his grace we receive From his bounty, and live  
To the honour and glory of God.
- 4 For the glory we were First created to share,  
Both the nature and kingdom divine!  
Now created again That our souls may remain,  
Throughout time and eternity thine

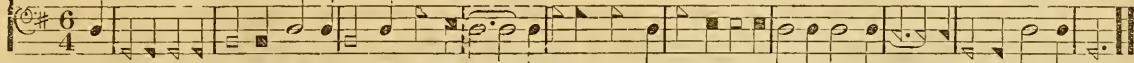
- 5 We with thanks do approve, The design of that love  
Which hath join'd us to Jesus's name;  
So united in heart, Let us never more part,  
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.
- 6 There, O! there at his feet, We shall all likewise meet,  
And be parted in body no more;  
We shall sing to our lyres, With the heavenly choirs,  
And our Saviour in glory adore.
- 7 Hallelujah we sing, To our Father and King,  
And his rapturous praises repeat:  
To the Lamb that was slain, Hallelujah again,  
Sing, all heaven and fall at his feet.



1. O tell me where the Dove has flown To build her dow-ny nest, And I will rove this world all o'er, To win her to my breast, To win her to my breast.



2. I sought her in the groves of love, I knew her ten-der heart; But she had flown—the Dove of Peace Had felt a trai-tor's dart, Had felt a trai-tor's dart.



- 3 I sought her on the flow'ry lawn,  
Where pleasure holds her train;  
But fancy flies from flower to flower,  
So there I sought in vain,  
So there I sought in vain.
4. 'Twas on Ambition's craggy hill,  
The Bird of Peace might stray;  
I sought her there, tho' vainly still,  
She never flew that way,  
She never flew that way.
- b. Faith smiled, and shed a silent tear,  
To see my search around,  
Then whisper'd, "I will tell you where  
The Dove may yet be found,  
The Dove may yet be found."
6. "By meek Religion's humble cot,  
She builds her downy nest;  
Go, seek that sweet secluded spot,  
And win her to your breast,  
And win her to your breast."

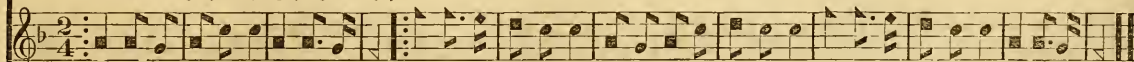
## HAPPY LAND. 6,4,6,4,6,7,6,4.

Leonard P. Breedlove.

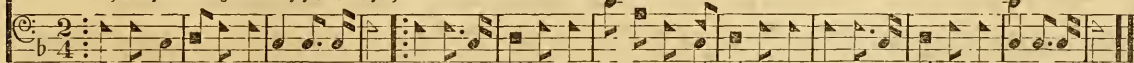
Cheerful and animating.



1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way; } O how they sweet-ly sing, Wor-thy is our Sa-viour King; Loud, let his prai-ses ring, Praise, praise for aye.  
Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day. }



2. Come to the hap-py land, Come, come a-way! } O we shall hap-py be, When from sin and sor-row free, Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, blest for aye.  
Why will you doubt-ing stand? Why yet do-lay? }



3. Bright, in that hap-py land, Beams ev'-ry eye; } Then shall his king-dom come, Saints shall share a glo-rious home, And bright a-bove the sun, We'll reign for aye  
Kept by a fa-ther's hand. Love can-not die. }

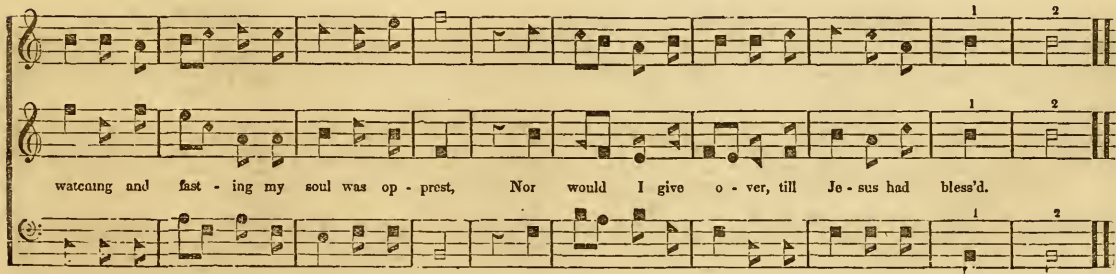
## GARDEN HYMN. 8, 8, 6

The Lord in - to his garden comes, The spices yield a rich perfume, The lilies grow and thrive, Tho lilies grow and thrive; Re-

freshing showers of grace divine, From Je - sus flow to eve - ry vine, And make the dead re - vive, And make the dead re - vive.



O how I have long'd for the com-ing of God, And sought him by pray-ing, and searching his word; With



watching and fast-ing my soul was op- prest, Nor would I give o-ver, till Je-sus had bless'd.

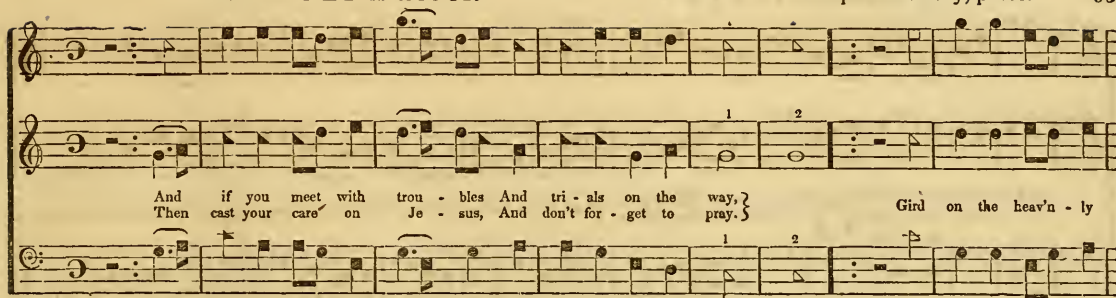


Father, I long, I faint to see      The place of thine abode, } Here I behold thy distant face,      But to abide in thine embrace  
 I'd leave these earthly courts, and flee Up to thy courts, my God. } And 'tis a pleasing sight,      Is infinite delight.

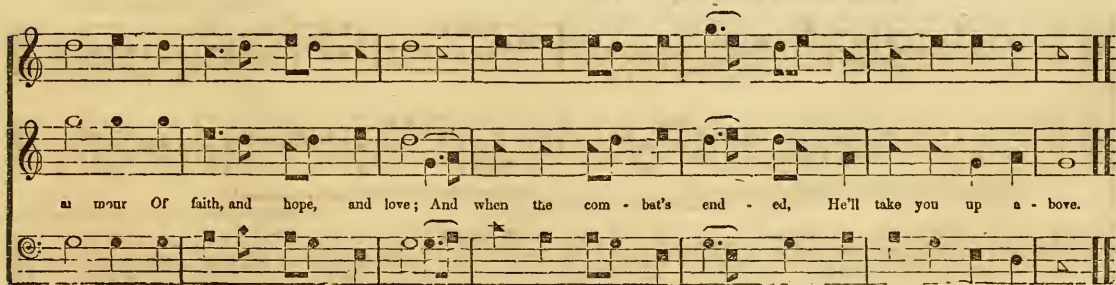
## PROSPECT. L. M.

Graham. H. 31, B. 2. Watts.

Why should we start, or fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mortals are; Death is the gate of end - less joy, And yet we dread to enter there.



And if you meet with trou - bles And tri - als on the way, }  
 Then cast your care on Je - sus, And don't for - get to pray. } Girl on the heav'n - ly



our Of faith, and hope, and love; And when the com - bat's end - ed, He'll take you up a - bove.

Chorus.

Come, thou fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace ; } I am bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me ? Hallelujah, praise the Lord.  
Streams of mercy never ceasing Call for songs of loudest praise. }

Musical score for 'WARRENTON. 8, 7'. It consists of three staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The third staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a chorus, indicated by the label 'Chorus.' above the first staff. The lyrics are written below the staves, with a large brace grouping the first two staves and a smaller brace grouping the third staff. The lyrics are: 'Come, thou fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace ; } I am bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me ? Hallelujah, praise the Lord. Streams of mercy never ceasing Call for songs of loudest praise. }'. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final double bar line.

## WAR DEPARTMENT. 11's.

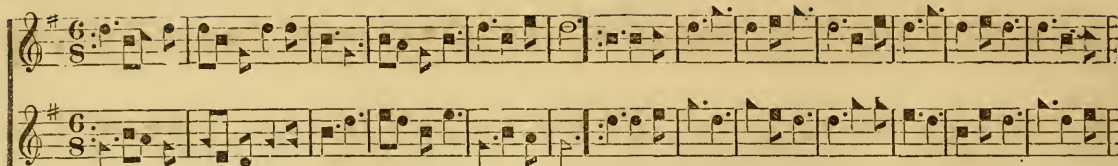
Mercer's Cluster, p. 125.

No more shall the sound of the war-whoop be heard  
The ambush and slaughter no longer be fear'd,  
The tomahawk buried, shall rest in the ground,  
And peace and good-will to the nations around.

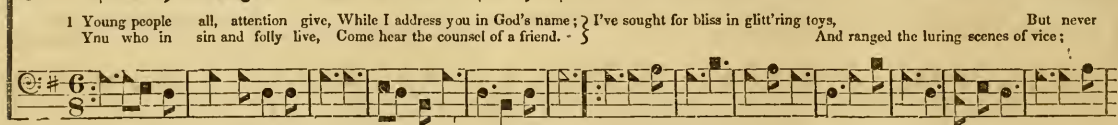
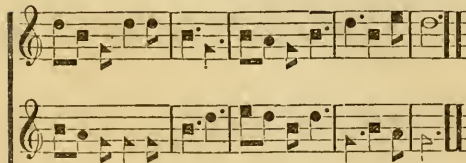
Musical score for 'WAR DEPARTMENT. 11's.'. It consists of three staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The third staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a chorus, indicated by the label 'Chorus.' above the first staff. The lyrics are written below the staves, with a large brace grouping the first two staves and a smaller brace grouping the third staff. The lyrics are: 'No more shall the sound of the war-whoop be heard The ambush and slaughter no longer be fear'd, The tomahawk buried, shall rest in the ground, And peace and good-will to the nations around.' The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final double bar line.

Soldiers, go, hut not to claim Mouldering spoils of earthborn treasure, } Dream not that the way is smooth, Turn no wishful eyo of youth,  
 Not to build a vaunting name, Not to dwell in tents of pleasure, } Hope not that the thorns are roses, Where the

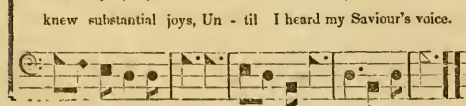
sunny beam re poses. Thou hast sterner work to do, Hast to cut thy passage through ; Cle e behind the gulfs are burning : Forward then, there's no returning.



1 Young people all, attention give, While I address you in God's name; } I've sought for bliss in glitt'ring toys, But never  
Ynu who in sin and folly live, Come hear the counsel of a friend. - } And ranged the luring scenes of vice;

knew substantial joys, Un - til I heard my Saviour's voice.



- 2 He spake at once my sins forgiven,  
And wash'd my load of guilt away;  
He gave me glory, peace, and heaven,  
And thus I found the heav'nly way  
And now with trembling sense I view  
The billows roll beneath your feet;  
For death eternal waits for you,  
Who slight the force of gospel truth
- 3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone  
By fleeting time or conquering death,  
Your morning sun may set at noon,  
And leave you ever in the dark.  
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks  
Must wither like the blasted rose;  
The coffin, earth, and winding sheet  
Will soon your active limbs enclose.
- 4 Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,  
The grave will soon become your bed,  
Where silence reigns, and vapours roll  
In solemn darkness round your head.

- Your friends will pass the lonesome place,  
And with a sigh move slow along;  
Still gazing on the spires of grass  
With which your graves are overgrown.
- 5 Your souls will land in darker realms,  
Where vengeance reigns and billows roar,  
And roll amid the burning flames,  
When thousand thousand years are o'er.  
Sunk in the shades of endless night,  
To groan and howl in endless pain,  
And never more behold the light,  
And never, never rise again.
- 6 Ye blooming youth, this is the state  
Of all who do free grace refuse;  
And soon with you 'twill be too late  
The way of life and Christ to chooseo.  
Come, lay your carnal weapons by,  
No longer fight against your God  
But with the gospel now comply  
And heav'n shall be your great reward.



He comes! he comes! to judge the world, Aloud th' archangel cries; } Th' affrighted nations hear the sound,  
While thunders roll from pole to pole, And lightnings cleave the skies; } And upward lift their eyes;

The slumb'ring tenants of the ground In living armies rise.

2 Amid the shouts of numerous friends,  
Of hosts divinely bright,  
The Judge in solemn pomp descends,  
Array'd in robes of light;  
His head and hair are white as snow,  
His eyes a fiery flame,  
A radiant crown adorns his brow,  
And Jesus is his name.

3 Writ on his thigh his name appears,  
And scars his victories tell;  
Lo! in his hand the conqueror bears  
The keys of death and hell:  
So he ascends the judgment-seat,  
And at his dread command,  
Myriads of creatures round his feet  
In solemn silence stand.

4 Princes and peasants here expect  
Their last, their righteous doom;  
The men who dared his grace reject,  
And they who dared presume.  
"Depart, ye sons of vice and sin,"  
The injured Jesus cries,  
While the long kindling wrath within  
Flashes from both his eyes.

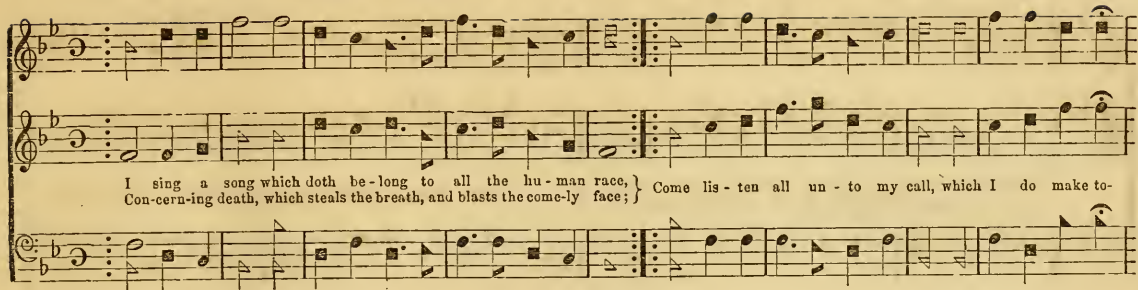
5 And now in words divinely sweet,  
With rapture in his face,  
Aloud his sacred lips repeat  
The sentence of his grace:  
"Well done, my good and faithful sons,  
The children of my love,  
Receive the sceptres, crowns and thrones  
Prepared for you above."

My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rapid as the whirling spheres, :|| Around the steady pole; Time, like the tide, its motion

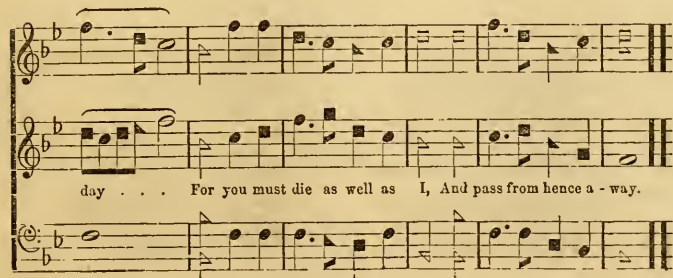
keeps, And I must launch thro' endless deeps, :|| Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near, the cradle seen,  
How swift the moments pass between.  
And whisper as they fly;  
Unthinking man, remember this,  
Though fond of sublunary bliss,  
That you must groan and die.

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,  
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall  
And thou must take thy flight  
Beyond the vast expansive blue,  
To sing above as angels do,  
Or sink in endless night.

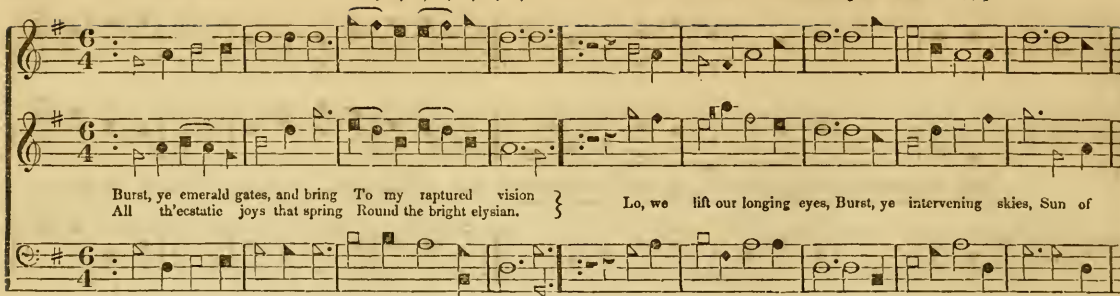


I sing a song which doth be-long to all the hu-man race, } Come lis - ten all un - to my call, which I do make to-  
 Con-cern-ing death, which steals the breath, and blasts the come-ly face;

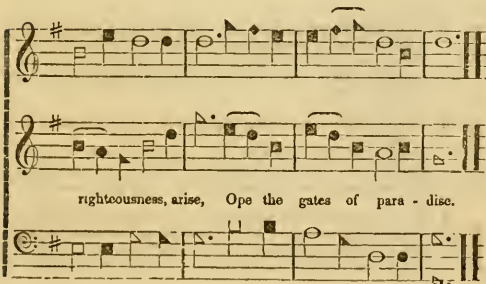


day . . . For you must die as well as I, And pass from hence a - way.

2. No human power can stop the hour, wherein a mortal dies ;  
 A Cæsar may be great to-day, yet death will close his eyes :  
 Though some do strive and do arrive to riches and renown.  
 Enjoying health and swim in wealth, yet death will bring  
 them down.
3. Though beauty grace your comely face, with roses white and  
 red,  
 A dying fall will spoil it all, for Absalom is dead :  
 Though you acquire the best attire, appearing fine and fair.  
 Yet death will come into the room, and strip you naked there.
4. The princes high and beggars die, and mingle with the dust,  
 The rich, the brave, the negro slave, the wicked and the just :  
 Therefore prepare to meet thy God, before it be too late.  
 Or else you'll weep, lament and cry, lost in a ruin'd state



Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring To my raptured vision  
All th'ecstatic joys that spring Round the bright elysian. } Lo, we lift our longing eyes, Burst, ye intervening skies, Sun of



righteousness, arise, Ope the gates of para - disc.

2 Floods of everlasting light  
Freely flash before him ;  
Myriads, with supremo delight,  
Instantly adore him :  
Angel trumpets resound his fame,  
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim  
All the music of his name,  
Heav'n echoing with the theme.

3 Four-and-twenty elders rise  
From their princely station :  
Shout his glorious victories,  
Sing the great salvation :

Cast their crowns before his throne,  
Cry in reverential tone,  
Glory give to God alone ;  
' Holy, holy, holy One !'

4 Hark ! the thrilling symphonies  
Seem, methinks, to seize us  
Join we too their holy lays,  
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus !  
Sweetest sound in seraphs' song—  
Sweetest notes on mortal tongues  
Sweetest carol ever sung—  
Jesus, Jesus, roll along

Treble by William Walker.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex - cellent word ; What more can he say than to you he hath said, You

who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition—in sickness and health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;  
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 " Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd !  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

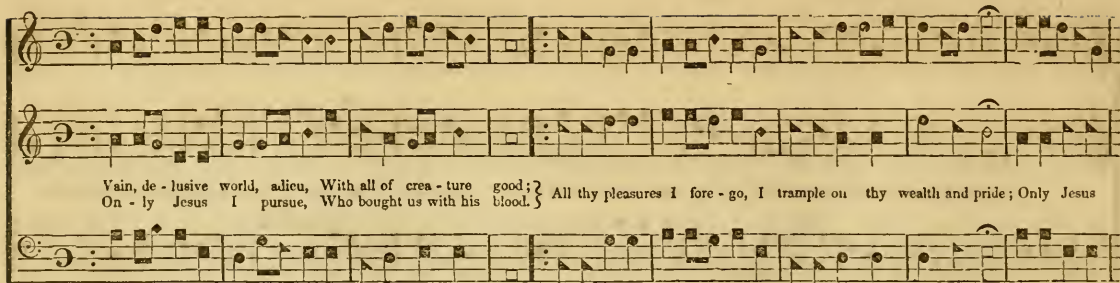
4 " When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of water shall not overflow ;  
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 " When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;  
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

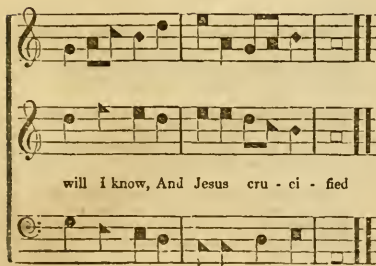
6 " E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love :  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 " The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,  
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes ;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake  
" I'll never, no never, no never forsake "





Vain, de-lusive world, adieu, With all of crea-ture good; }  
On-ly Jesus I pursue, Who bought us with his blood. } All thy pleasures I fore-go, I trample on thy wealth and pride; Only Jesus



will I know, And Jesus cru-ci-fied

- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,  
'Tis all but vanity:  
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,  
He tasted death for me!  
Me to save from endless woe,  
The sin-atoning victim died!  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified!
- 3 Here will I set up my rest;  
My fluctuating heart  
From the haven of his breast  
Shall never more depart:  
Whither should a sinner go?  
His wounds for me stand open wide;  
Only Jesus will I know  
And Jesus crucified

- 4 Him to know is life and peace,  
And pleasure without end;  
This is all my happiness,  
On Jesus to depend;  
Daily in his grace to grow,  
And ever in his faith abide,  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified!
- 5 O that I could all invite,  
This saving truth to prove:  
Show the length, the breadth, the height  
And depth of Jesus' love!  
Fain I would to sinners show  
The blood by faith alone applied!  
Only Jesus will I know  
And Jesus crucified

Brethren, we have met to wor - ship, And a - dore the Lord our God ; }  
 Will you pray with all your power, While we try to preach the word. } All is vain, unless the Spirit Of the Holy One come down ; Brethren, pray, and

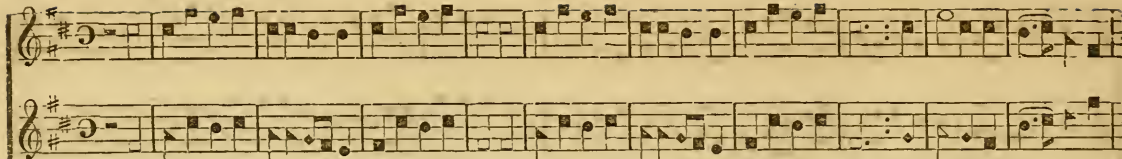
ho - ly man - na Will be shower'd all around

2 Brethren, see poor sinners round you,  
 Trembling on the brink of wo ;  
 Death is coming, hell is moving ;  
 Can you bear to let them go !  
 See our fathers—see our mothers,  
 And our children sinking down ;  
 Brethren, pray, and holy manna  
 Will be shower'd all around.

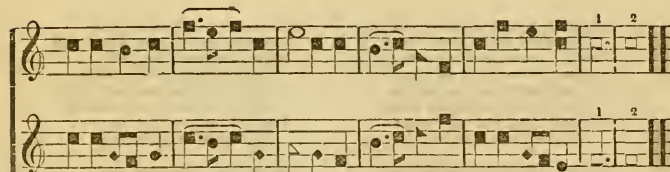
3 Sisters, will you join and help us !  
 Moses' sisters aided him ;  
 Will you help the trembling mourners,  
 Who are struggling hard with sin !  
 Tell them all about the Saviour,  
 Tell them that he will be found ;  
 Sisters, pray, and holy manna  
 Will be shower'd all around.

4 Is there here a trembling jailer,  
 Seeking grace, and fill'd with fears .  
 Is there here a weeping Mary,  
 Pouring forth a flood of tears ?  
 Brethren, join your cries to help them  
 Sisters, let your prayers abound ;  
 Pray, O ! pray, that holy manna  
 May be scatter'd all around.

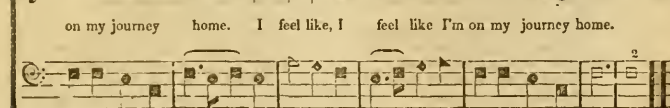
5 Let us love our God supremely,  
 Let us love each other too ;  
 Let us love and pray for sinners,  
 Till our God makes all things new  
 Then he'll call us home to heaven,  
 At his table we'll sit down .  
 Christ will gird himself, and serve us  
 With sweet manna all around.



When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. I feel like, I feel like I'm



on my journey home. I feel like, I feel like I'm on my journey home.



2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
Let storms of sorrow fall,  
So I but safely reach my home  
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest;  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

First system of musical notation, featuring three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Come and taste, a - long with me, Con - so - la - tion run - ning free, Con - so - la - tion running free, And I will give him glo - ry.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

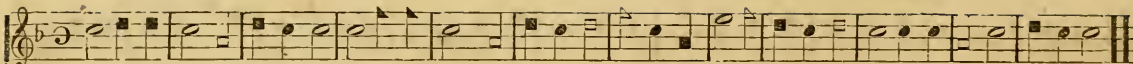
'Tis re - li - gion we be - lieve, O, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Soon it will land our souls up yon - der; Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

2. From our Father's wealthy throne,  
Sweeter than the honey-comb. ♯  
And I will give, &c.
3. Wherefore should I feast alone?  
Two are better far than one. ♯  
And I will give, &c.
4. All that come with free good-will,  
Make the banquet sweeter still. ♯  
And I will give, &c.
5. Now I go to mercy's door,  
Asking for a little more. ♯  
And I will give, &c.

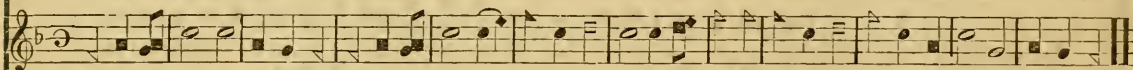
6. Jesus gives a double share,  
Calling me his chosen heir. ♯  
And I will give, &c.
7. Goodness, running like a stream  
Through the New Jerusalem. ♯  
And I will give, &c.
8. By a constant breaking forth,  
Sweetens earth and heaven both. ♯  
And I will give, &c.
9. Saints and angels sing aloud,  
To behold the shining crowd. ♯  
And I will give, &c.

10. Coming in at mercy's door,  
Making still the number more. ♯  
And I will give, &c.
11. Heaven's here, and heaven's there,  
Comfort flowing everywhere. ♯  
And I will give, &c.
12. And I boldly do profess  
That my soul hath got a taste. ♯  
And I will give, &c.
13. Now I'll go rejoicing home  
From the banquet of perfume. ♯  
And I will give, &c.

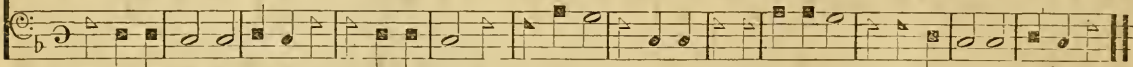
14. Finding manna on the road,  
Dropping from the throne of God. ♯  
And I will give, &c.
15. O, return, ye sons of grace,  
Turn and see God's smiling face. ♯  
And I will give, &c.
16. Hark! he calls backsliders home,  
Then from him no longer roam. ♯  
And I will give, &c.



1. I am a stran-ger here be-low, And what I am 'tis hard to know; I am so vile, so prone to sin, I fear that I'm not born a-gain.



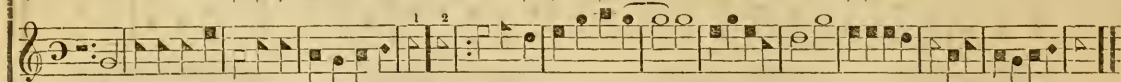
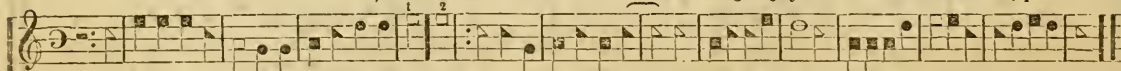
2. When I ex - pe-rience call to mind, My un-der-stand-ing is so blind— All feeling sense seems to be gone, Which makes me think that I am wrong.



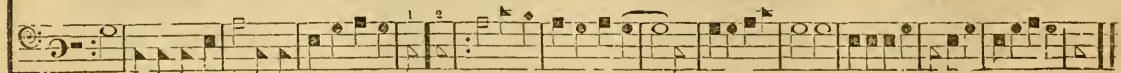
PACOLET. 7, 6.

Wm. Golightly, jun.

Dover Selection, p. 7.



Shall men pretend to pleasure, Who never knew the Lord! } They may obtain this jewel, In what their hearts desire,  
Can all the worldling's treasure True peace of mind afford? } When they, by adding fuel, Can quench the flame of fire.



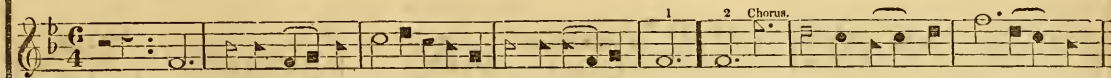
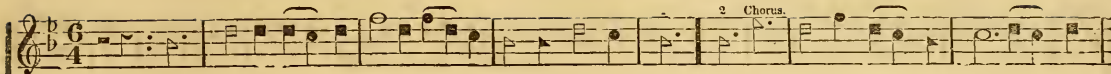


# HALLELUJAH. C. M

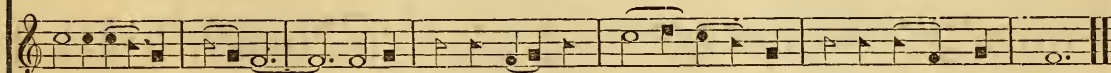
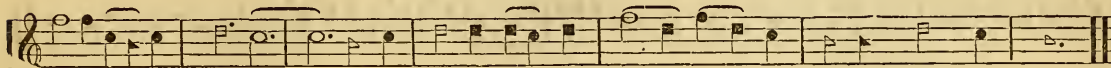
Wm. Walker.

Dover Selection, p. 169.

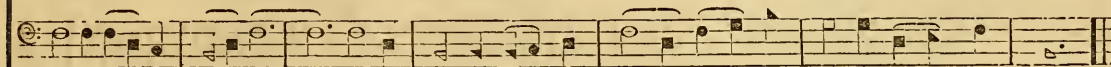
107



And let this fee - ble bo - dy fail, And let our souls die; } And I'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, And  
My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high. }



you'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, And we'll all sing hal - le - lu - jah, When we ar - rive at home.



Earth spreads, &c.

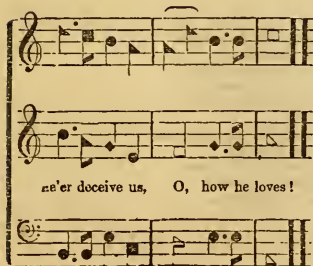
Hark! hark! glad tidings charm our ears, Angelic music fills the spheres; Earth spreads the sound with decent mirth, A God, a God is born

the hills reply; A God, a God on earth is born!

on earth! A God is born! the valleys cry; A God is born! Evening repeats to wondering morn,



There's a friend above all others, O, how he loves! }  
 His is love beyond a brother's, O, how he loves! } Earthly friends may fail and leave us, This day kind, the next bereave us; But this friend will



ne'er deceive us, O, how he loves!

2 Blessed Jesus! wouldst thou know him,

O, how he loves!

Give thyself e'en this day to him,

O, how he loves!

Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?

Unbelief and trials tease thee!

Jesus can from all release thee,

O, how he loves!

3 Love this friend who longs to save thee,

O, how he loves!

Dost thou love? He will not leave thee

O, how he loves!

Think no more then of to-morrow,

Take his easy yoke and follow,

Jesus carries all thy sorrow,

O, how he loves!

4 All thy sins shall be forgiven,

O, how he loves!

Backward all thy foes he draven,

O, how he loves!

Best of blessings he'll provide thee,

Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,

Safe to glory he will guide thee,

O, how he loves!

5 Pause, my soul! adore and wonder,

O, how he loves!

Naught can cleave this love asunder,

O, how he loves!

Neither trial, nor temptation,

Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,

Can bereave us of salvation;

O, how he loves!

6 Let us still this love be viewing:

O, how he loves!

And, though faint, keep on pursuing

O, how he loves!

He will strengthen each endeavour,

And when pass'd o'er Jordan's river

This shall be our song for ever

O, how he loves!

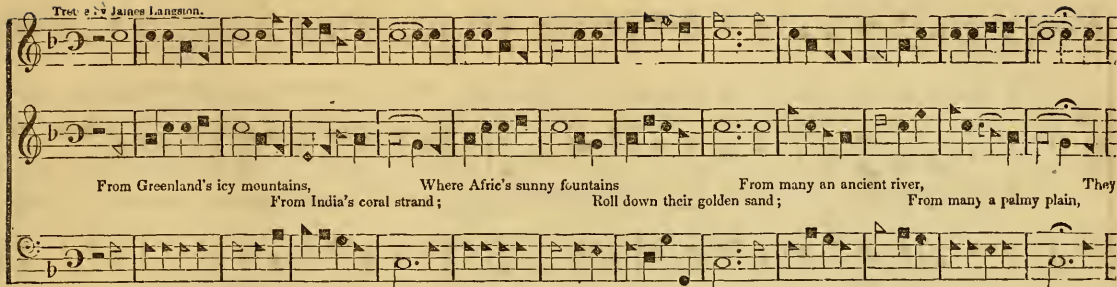
This world's not all a fleet-ing show, For man's il-lu-sion giv'n; He that hath sooth'd a widow's wo, Or

wiped an or-phan's tear, doth know There's something here of heav'n.

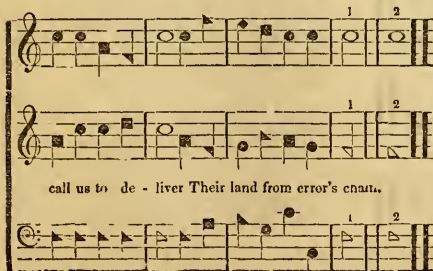
2 And he that walks life's thorny way,  
 With feelings calm and ev'n,  
 Whose path is lit from day to day  
 With virtue's bright and steady ray,  
 Hath something felt of heav'n.

3 He that the Christian's course has run,  
 And all his foes forgiv'n,  
 Who measures out life's little span  
 In love to God and love to man,  
 On earth hath tasted heav'n.

Tret. 2/4 James Langston.



From Greenland's icy mountains,      Where Afric's sunny fountains      From many an ancient river,      They  
From India's coral strand;      Roll down their golden sand;      From many a palmy plain,



call us to de - liver Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breeze  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile;  
In vain, with lavish kindness,  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we, to men benighted,  
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O salvation.  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole  
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator  
In bliss returns to reign.

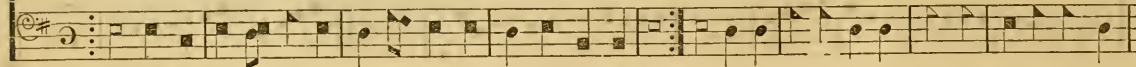




1. Say now, ye love-ly so-cial band, Who walk the way to Ca-naan's land; } Have you just ventured to the field, Well arm'd with helmet,  
Ye who have fled from Sedom's plain, Say, would you now re - turn a-gain?



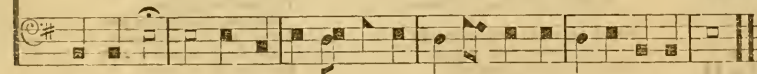
2. Be - ware of plea-sure's si - ren song; A - las! it can-not soothe you long; } O let your thoughts delight to soar Where earth and time shall  
It can-not qui - et Jerdan's wave, Nor cheer the dark and si - lent grave.



sword, and shield, And shall the world, with dread a-larms, Com-pel you now to ground your arms?



be no more; Ex-plore by faith the heavenly fields, And pluck the fruit that Canaan yields.



3. There see the glorious hosts on wing,  
And hear the heav'nly seraphs sing!  
The shining ranks in order stand,  
Or move like lightning at command.  
Jeheva there reigns not alone,  
The Saviour shares his Father's throne,  
While angels circle round his seat,  
And worship prostrate at his feet.

4. Behold! I see, among the rest,  
A host in richer garments dress'd;  
A host that near his presence stands,  
And palms of victory grace their hands.  
Say, who are these I now behold,  
With blood-wash'd robes and crowns of gold?  
This glorious host is not unknown  
To him who sits upon the throne.

5. These are the followers of the Lamb;      And on the hill of sweet repose  
From tribulation great they came;      They bid adieu to all their woes.

Soon on the wings of love you'll fly,      O make it now your chiefest care  
To join them in that world on high;—      The image of your Lord to bear

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The fourth staff is in bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The music is written in a key with one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the staves.

How splendid shines the morning star,  
 God's gracious light from darkness far  
 Thou David's son of Jacob's stem, My bridegroom, king, and wondrous

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The fourth staff is in bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The music continues from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Lamb, Thou hast my heart possessed. Sweetly, friendly, O thou handsome, precious ransom, Full of graces, set and kept in heav'nly places.

Those happy

Counter by William Walker.

Angels in shining order stand, Around the Saviour's throne; They bow with reverence at his feet, and make his glories known. Those happy spirits sing his

1 The cross of Christ inspires my heart  
To sing redeeming grace;  
Awake, my soul, and bear a part  
In my Redeemer's praise.  
O! what can be compar'd to him  
Who died upon the tree!  
This is my dear, delightful theme  
That Jesus died for me.

2 When at the table of the Lord  
We humbly take our place,  
The death of Jesus we record,  
With love and thankfulness

These emblems bring my Lord to view,  
Upon the bloody tree,  
My soul believes and feels it's true,  
That Jesus died for me.

3 His body broken, nail'd, and torn,  
And stain'd with streams of blood,  
His spotless soul was left forlorn,  
Forsaken of his God.  
'Twas then his Father gave the stroke  
That justice did decree;  
All nature felt the dreadful stroke,  
When Jesus died for me.

4 Eli lama sabachthani,  
My God, my God, he cried,  
Why hast thou thus forsaken me!  
And thus my Saviour died.  
But why did God forsake his Son,  
When bleeding on the tree!  
He died for sins, but not his own,  
For Jesus died for me

5 My guilt was on my Surety laid  
And therefore he must die;  
His soul a sacrifice was made,  
For such a woe as I

spirits, &c.

Those,

Those,

praise, To all e - ter - ni - ty, But I can sing redeeming grace, For Jesus died for me.

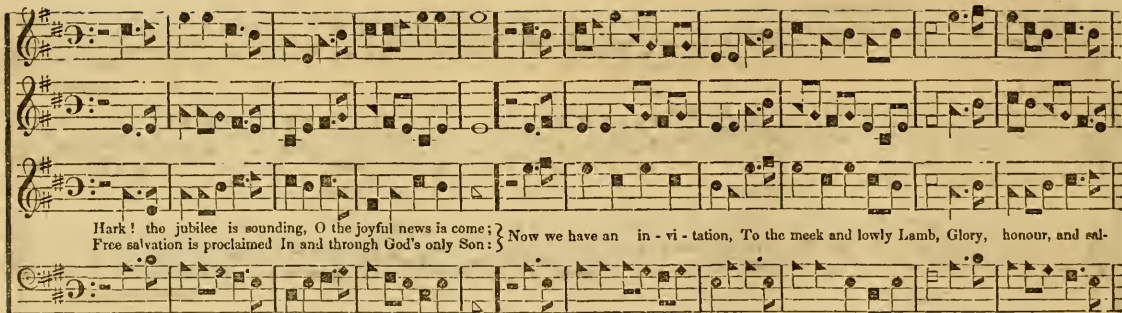
Was ever love so great as this!  
 Was ever grace so free!  
 This is my glory, joy and bliss,  
 That Jesus died for me,

6 He took his meritorious blood,  
 And rose above the skies,  
 And in the presence of his God,  
 Presents his sacrifice.  
 His intercession must prevail  
 With such a glorious plea

My cause can never, never fail,  
 For Jesus died for me

7 Angels in shining order sit  
 Around my Saviour's throne;  
 They bow with reverence at his feet  
 And make his glories known.  
 Those happy spirits sing his praise  
 To all eternity;  
 But I can sing redeeming grace  
 For Jesus died for me.

8 O! had I but an angel's voice  
 To bear my heart along,  
 My flowing numbers soon would raise  
 To an immortal song.  
 I'd charm their harps and golden lyres  
 In sweetest harmony,  
 And tell to all the heavenly choirs  
 That Jesus died for me.



Hark! the jubilee is sounding, O the joyful news is come; } Now we have an in - vi - tation, To the meek and lowly Lamb, Glory, honour, and sal-  
 Free salvation is proclaimed In and through God's only Son: }



vation; Christ, the Lord, is come to reign.

2 Come, dear friends, and don't neglect it,  
 Come to Jesus in your prime;  
 Great salvation, don't reject it,  
 O receive it, now's your time;  
 Now the Saviour is beginning  
 To revive his work again.  
 Glory, honour, &c.

3 Now let each one cease from sinning,  
 Come and follow Christ the way;  
 We shall all receive a blessing,  
 If from him we do not stray;  
 Golden moments we've neglected,  
 Yet the Lord invites again!  
 Glory, honour, &c

4 Come, let us run our race with patience,  
 Looking unto Christ the Lord,  
 Who doth live and reign for ever,  
 With his Father and our God;  
 He is worthy to be praised,  
 He is our exalted king,  
 Glory, honour, &c.

5 Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,  
 Praise him, praise him evermore,  
 May his great love now constrain us,  
 His great name for to adore.  
 O then let us join together,  
 Crowns of glory to obtain!  
 Glory, honour, &c.



# PART II.

CONTAINING

SOME OF THE MORE LENGTHY AND ELEGANT PIECES, COMMONLY USED AT CONCERTS,  
OR SINGING SOCIETIES.

## TRIBULATION. C. M.

*Chapin.* Hymn 55, Book 2, Watts.

Death, 'tis a melan-choly day, To those who have no God, When the poor soul is forced a-way, To seek her last abode.

- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,  
For guilt, a heavy chain,  
Still drags her downward from the skies,  
To darkness, fire, and pain.
- 3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,  
Let stubborn sinners fear;  
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell  
A long for ever there.

- 4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,  
And flashes in your face;  
And thou, my soul, look downward too,  
And sing recovering grace.
- 5 He is a god of sovereign love,  
That promised heaven to me.  
And taught my thoughts to soar above.  
Where happy spirits be.

- 6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,  
Then come the joyful day;  
Come, death, and some celestial hand,  
To bear my soul away.

Let sin - ners take their course, And choose the road to death; But in the wor - ship of my God, I'll spend my dai - ly

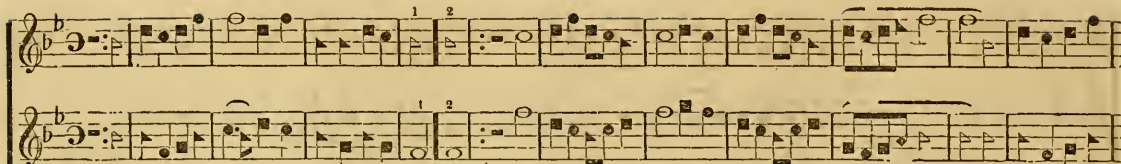
breath, I'll spend my daily breath, But in the worship of my God, I'll spend my dai - ly breath.

God is our refuge in distress, A present help when dangers press; In him undaunted we'll confide, Though earth were from her centre toss'd, And

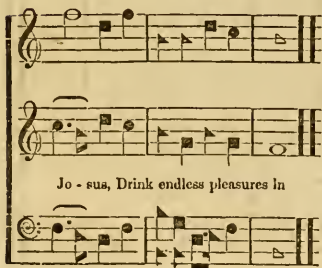
This musical system consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef, and the fourth is in bass clef. The music is written in a common time signature. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with the first line of the system ending with 'And'.

mountains in the o - cean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roar - ing tide, Torn piecemeal by the roar - ing tide.

This musical system consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef, and the fourth is in bass clef. The music is written in a common time signature. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with the second line of the system ending with 'tide.' The system includes first and second endings, indicated by the numbers 1 and 2 above the staves.



O when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above ? } When shall I be de - liver'd From this vain world of sin ? And with my blessed  
And from the flowing fountain, Drink everlasting love ? }



Jo - sus, Drink endless pleasures in

2 But now I am a soldier,  
My Captain's gone before ;  
He's given me my orders,  
And bids me ne'er give o'er ;  
His promises are faithful—  
A righteous crown he'll give,  
And all his valiant soldiers  
Eternally shall live.

3 Through grace I am determined  
To conquer, though I die,  
And then away to Jesus,  
On wings of love I'll fly :  
Farewell to sin and sorrow,  
I bid them both adieu !  
And O, my friends, prove faithful,  
And on your way pursue

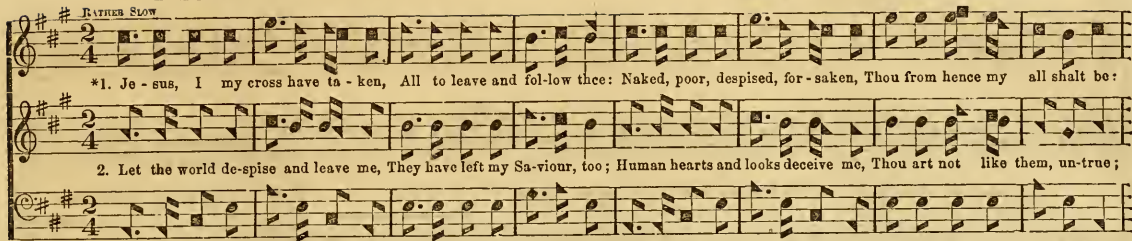
4 Where'er you meet with troubles  
And trials on your way,  
Then cast your care on Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray.  
Gird on the gospel armour  
Of faith, and hope, and love,  
And when the combat's ended,  
He'll carry you above.

5 O do not be discouraged,  
For Jesus is your friend ;  
And if you lack for knowledge,  
He'll not refuse to lend.  
Neither will he upbraid you,  
Though often you request,  
He'll give you grace to conquer,  
And take you home to rest.

6 And when the last loud trumpet  
Shall rend the vaulted skies,  
And bid th' entombed millions  
From their cold beds arise ;  
Our ransom'd dust, revived,  
Bright beauties shall put on,  
And soar to the blest mansions  
Where our Redeemer's gone.

7 Our eyes shall then with rapture,  
The Saviour's face behold ;  
Our feet, no more diverted,  
Shall walk the streets of gold  
Our ears shall hear with transport  
The hosts celestial sing ;  
Our tongues shall chant the glories  
Of our immortal King.

*FASTER SLOW*



\*1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol-low thee: Naked, poor, despised, for - saken, Thou from hence my all shalt be:

2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sa-viour, too; Human hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not like them, un-true;

Per - ish ev' - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known, Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!

And whilst thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wisdom, love, and might, Foes may hate, and friends disown me; Show thy face and all is bright.

3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,  
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;  
In thy service pain is pleasure,  
With thy favour loss is gain.  
I have called thee, Abba, Father,  
I have set my heart on thee:  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
All must work for good to me.

4. Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.  
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While thy love is left to me;  
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

5. Soul, then know thy full salvation;  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
Joy to find, in ev'ry station,  
Something still to do or bear:  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
Think what Father's smiles are thine;  
Think that Jesus died to win thee;  
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

6. Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer!  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there:  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

\* This glorious hymn is said to have been composed by a young English lady, a Methodist, who had suffered much affliction.



How pleasant 'tis to see, Kindred and friends agree, Each in his proper station move, Each in his proper station move,

move, And each fulfil his part, With sympathizing heart, In all the cares of life, In all the cares of life and love.

My gra - vious Redeem - er I love, His praises a - loud I'll pro - claim, } To gaze on the glories di - vine, Shall be my e - ter - nal em -  
 And join with the armies above, To shout his a - do - ra - ble name. }

The first system of the musical score is written on three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a 6/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a 6/4 time signature. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' above the staves.

ploy, And feel them in - ces - sant ly shine, My boundless, in - ef - fa - ble joy.

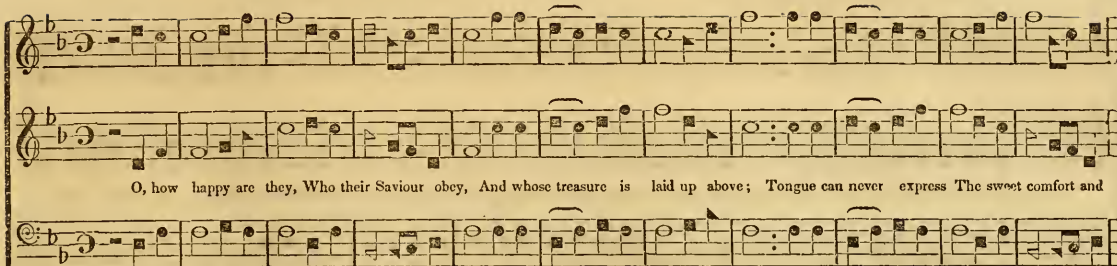
The second system of the musical score continues on three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The time signature remains 6/4. The music concludes with first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' above the staves.

How did his flow - ing tears con - dole, As for a bro - ther dead, And fasting, mortified his soul, While for their lives he pray'd.

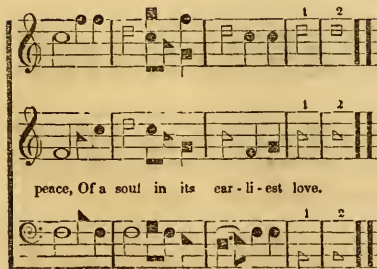
The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is written in common time (C.M.). The lyrics are written below the middle staff, aligned with the notes.

They groan'd and cursed him on their beds, Yet still he pleads and mourns ; And double blessings on his head, The righteous Lord re - turns

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is written in common time (C.M.). The lyrics are written below the middle staff, aligned with the notes.



O, how happy are they, Who their Saviour obey, And whose treasure is laid up above; Tongue can never express The sweet comfort and



peace, Of a soul in its ear-liest love.

2 That comfort was mine,  
When the favour divine.  
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;  
When my heart first believed,  
O! what joy I received!  
What a heaven in Jesus's name.

2 'Twas a heaven below,  
The Redeemer to know,  
And the angels could do nothing more  
Than to fall at his feet,  
And the story repeat.  
And the Saviour of sinners ad...

4 Jesus, all the day long,  
Was my joy and my song;  
O! that all his salvation might see!  
He hath loved me, I cried,  
He hath suffer'd and died,  
To redeem such a rebel as me.

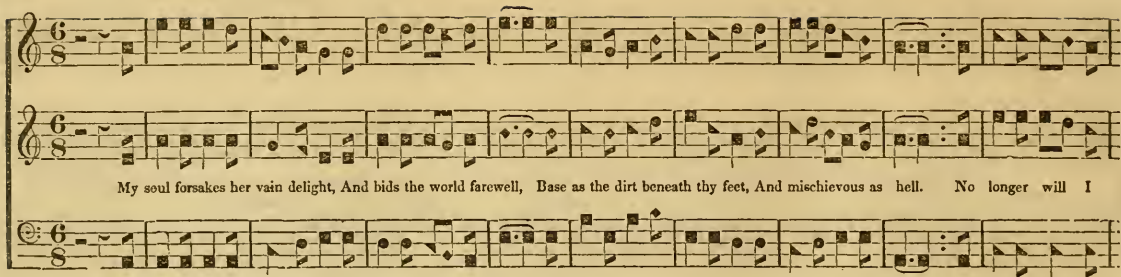
5 On the wings of his love,  
I was carried above  
All sin and temptation, and pain.  
I could not believe  
That I ever should grieve,  
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,  
Freely justified I,  
Nor envied Elisha his seat;  
My soul mounted higher,  
In a chariot of fire,  
And the world was put under my feet

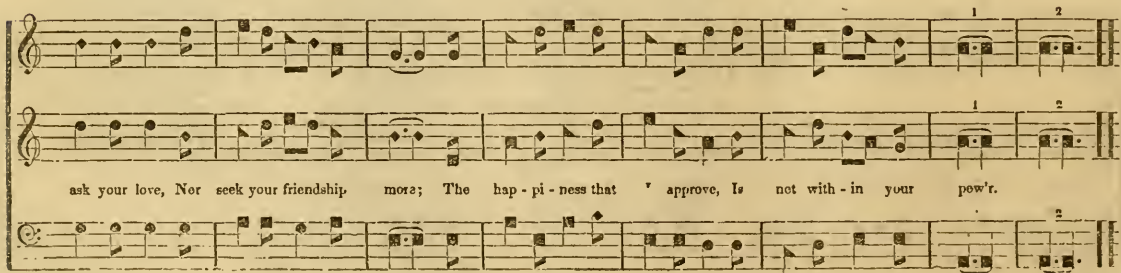
7 O, the capacious height  
Of that holy delight  
Which I felt in the life-giving blood  
Of my Saviour possess'd,  
I was perfectly bless'd,  
Overwhelm'd with the fulness of God.

8 What a mercy is this!  
What a heaven of bliss!  
How unspeakably favour'd am I!  
Gather'd into the fold,  
With believers enroll'd,  
With believers to live and to die!

9 Now my remnant of days  
Would I spend to his praise,  
Who hath died my poor soul to redeem  
Whether many or few,  
All my years are his due;  
May they all be devoted to him

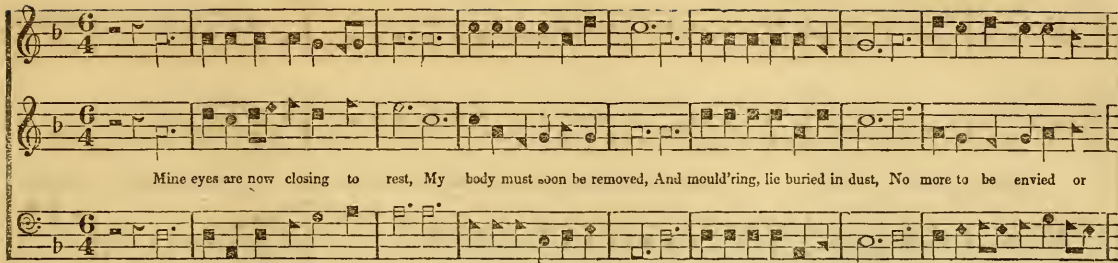


My soul forsakes her vain delight, And bids the world farewell, Base as the dirt beneath thy feet, And mischievous as hell. No longer will I

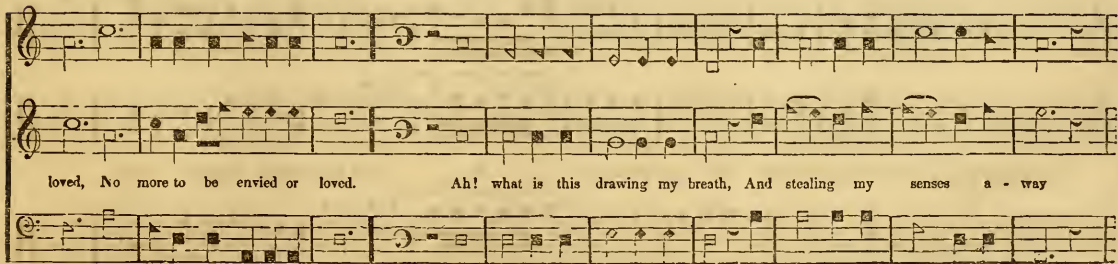


ask your love, Nor seek your friendship more; The hap - pi - ness that ' approve, Is not with - in your pow'r.





Mine eyes are now closing to rest, My body must soon be removed, And mould'ring, lie buried in dust, No more to be envied or



loved, No more to be envied or loved. Ah! what is this drawing my breath, And stealing my senses a - way

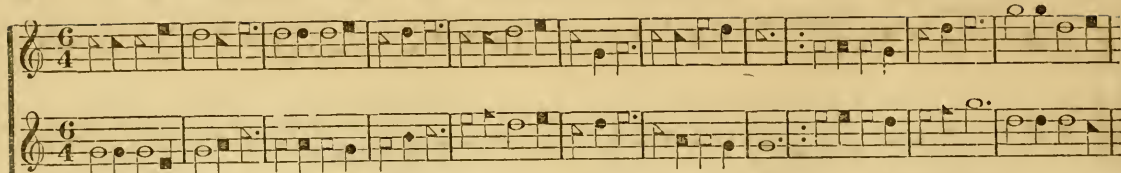
O tell me, O tell me, O tell me, O tell me, my soul, is it death, Releasing me kindly from clay? Now mounting, my soul shall de-

sary The regions of pleasure and love, My spirit triumphant shall fly, And dwell with my Saviour a - bove

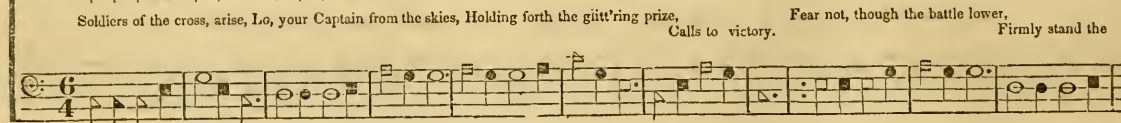

Very Brisk.

See how the wicked kingdom Is falling every day, And still our blessed Jesus Is winning souls a way; But

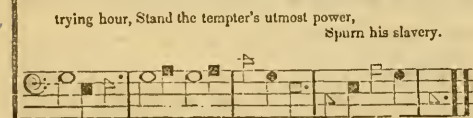
O how I am tempted, No mortal tongue can tell, So often I'm sur - rounded With enemies from hell.



Soldiers of the cross, arise, Lo, your Captain from the skies, Holding forth the glist'ring prize, Fear not, though the battle lower,  
Calls to victory. Firmly stand the

trying hour, Stand the tempter's utmost power,  
Spurn his slavery.



2 Who the cause of Christ would yield !  
Who would leave the battle-field !  
Who would cast away his shield !—  
Let him basely go :  
Who for Zion's King will stand !  
Who will join the faithful band ?  
Let him come with heart and hand,  
Let him face the foe.

3 By the mercies of our God,  
By Emmanuel's streaming blood,  
When alone for us he stood,  
Ne'er give up the strife :

Ever to the latest breath,  
Hark to what your Captain saith ;—  
" Be thou faithful unto death ;  
Take the crown of life."

4 By the woes which rebels prove,  
By the bliss of holy love,  
Sinners, seek the joys above,  
Sinners turn, and live !  
Here is freedom worth the name ;  
Tyrant sin is put to shame ;  
Grace inspires the hallow'd flame  
God the crown will give.

\* 1. In de dark woods, no Indian nigh, Den me look Heb'n, and send up cry, Den me look Heb'n, and send up cry, Up - on my knee an low; But

2. God send he an - gel, take um care, He cum he self and hear um prayer, He cum he self and hear um prayer, (If In - dian heart do pray,) He

God on high, in shiny place, See me at night, wid teary face— See me at night, wid teary face— De preacher tell me so.

see me now, he know me here; He say, Poor In - dian, ne - ver fear, He say, Poor In - dian, ne - ver fear, Me wid you night and day.

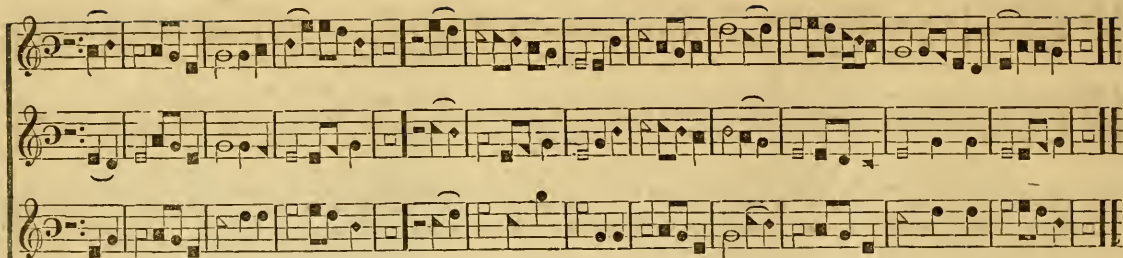
3. So me lub God, wid inside heart,  
He fight for me, he take um part,  
He save um life before;  
God hear poor Indian in de wood;  
So me lub him, and dat he good  
Me prize him evermore.

4. De joy I felt I cannot tell,  
To tink dat I was saved from hell,  
Through Jesus' streaming blood;  
Dat I am saved by grace divine,  
Who am de worst of all mankind,  
O glory be to God;

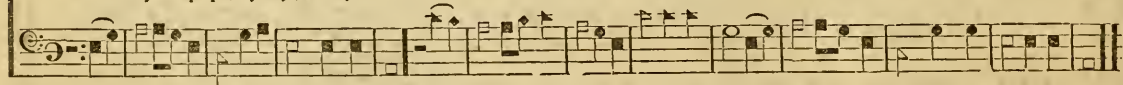
5. Now I be here baptized to be,  
Dat in de water you may see  
De way my Jesus go;  
Dis is de way I do believe  
Dat Jesus here for us did leave,  
To follow nere below

The first three verses of this song were taken almost verbatim, by a Missionary, from an Indian's experience, while he was relating it: the last two verses were composed by DAVID WALKER the Author's brother.





I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my Lord, } With tender emotion I love sinners too, Since Jesus has died to redeem them from wo.  
I love thy dear people, thy ways, and thy word; }



1 O Jesus, my Saviour, I know thou art mine,  
For thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;  
Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best,  
Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm blest.

2 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was blind,  
Then taught me the way of salvation to find:  
And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,  
Thy mercy relieved me, and bid me not fear.

3 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,  
The language of mortals or angels would fail;  
My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame,  
I'm raised to a rapture while praising his name.

4 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer,  
In sweet meditation he always is near;  
My constant companion, O may we ne'er part  
All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.

5 I love thee, my Saviour, &c

6 My Jesus is precious—I cannot forbear,  
Though sinners despise me, his love to declare;  
His love overwhelms me; had I wings I'd fly  
To praise him in mansions prepared in the sky.

7 Then millions of ages my soul would employ  
In praising my Jesus, my love and my joy  
Without interruption, when all the glad throng  
With pleasures unceasing unite in the song.

Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey, Or men as fierce and wild as they, He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair, They sow the fields, and  
And build them towns and cities there.

trees they plant,  
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want; Their race grows up from fruitful stocks, Their wealth increases with their flocks.

Tenor.

Hither, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph, To Bethlehem haste, the Lord of life to meet: To you this day is born a Prince and

Saviour; O come and let us worship, O come and let us wor - ship, O come and let us wor - ship at his feet.

2 O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension,  
Our praises and reverence are an offering meet,  
Now is the Word made flesh and dwells among us  
O come and let us worship at his feet.

3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,  
And let the celestial courts his praise repeat;  
Unto our God be glory in the highest,  
O come and let us worship at his feet

On - Jor - dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye, }  
 To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - sessions lie. }

O the trans - port - ing, rapturous scene, That

The first system of the musical score for 'Sweet Prospect'. It consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a hymn tune with lyrics printed below the staves.

ri - ses to my sight, Sweet fields ar - ray'd in liv - ing green, And re - vers of de - light.

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody from the first system. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef, all with a key signature of one sharp and a 6/4 time signature. The lyrics continue below the staves.

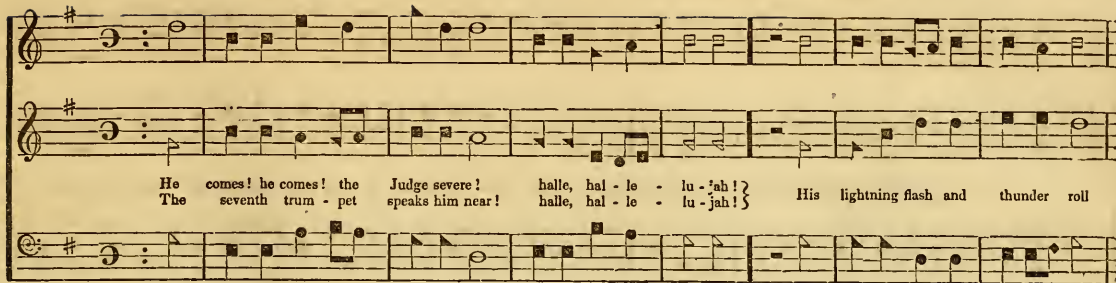
How happy is the pilgrim's lot, How free from anxious care and thought, How free from anxious care and thought, From worldly hope and fear; Con-

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with the first line of the system ending with a hyphenated word 'Con-'.

fin'd to neither court nor cell. His soul disdains on earth to dwell, His soul dis - dains on earth to dwell, He on - ly sojourns here.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves in the same key signature and time signature as the first. The lyrics continue below the staves, with the final line of the system ending with a double bar line. The musical notation remains consistent with the first system, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.



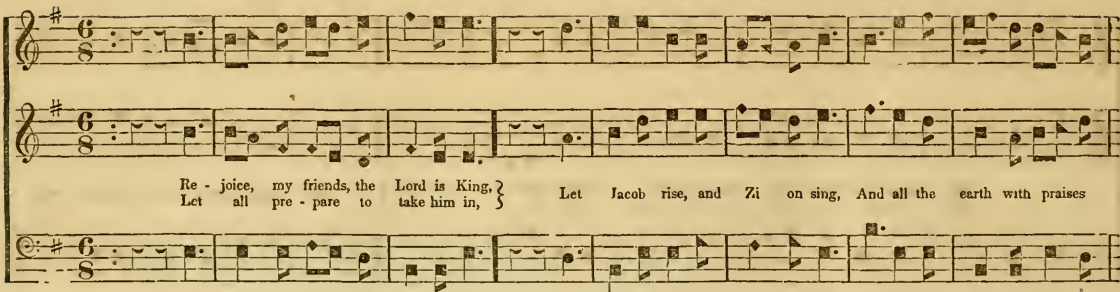


He comes! he comes! the Judge severe! halle, hal - le - lu - jah! }  
 The seventh trum - pet speaks him near! halle, hal - le - lu - jah! }

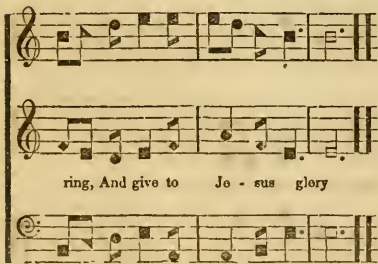
His lightning flash and thunder roll



halle, hal - le - lu - jah! How welcome to the faith - ful soul, O hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah!



Re - joice, my friends, the Lord is King, } Let Jacob rise, and Zi on sing, And all the earth with praises  
Let all pre - pare to take him in, }



ring, And give to Je - sus glory

- 2 O! may the desert land rejoice,  
And mourners hear the Saviour's voice;  
While praise their every tongue employs,  
And all obtain immortal joys,  
And give to Jesus glory.
- 3 O! may the saints of every name  
Unite to praise the bleeding Lamb!  
May jars and discords cease to flame,  
And all the Saviour's love proclaim,  
And give to Jesus glory.
- 4 I long to see the Christians join  
In union sweet, and peace divine;  
When every church with grace shall shine,  
And grow in Christ the living vine,  
And give to Jesus glory.
- 5 Come, parents, children, bond, and free,  
Come, who will go along with me?  
I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see,  
And shout with saints eternally,  
And give to Jesus glory

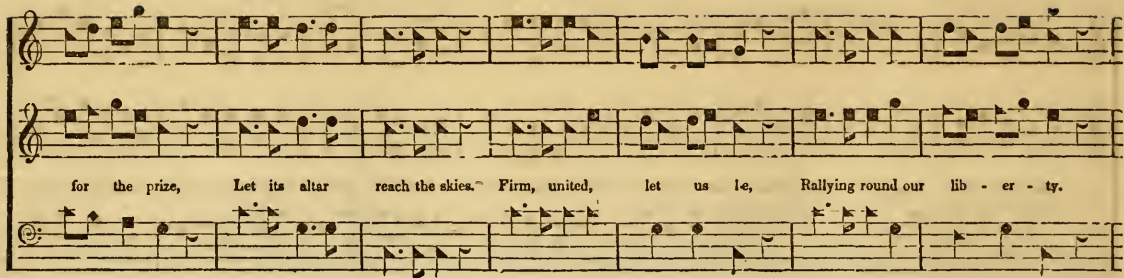
- 6 Those beautiful fields of living green,  
By faith my joyful eyes have seen;  
Though Jordan's billows roll between,  
We soon shall cross the narrow stream,  
And give to Jesus glory.
- 7 A few more days of pain and wo,  
A few more suffering scenes below,  
And then to Jesus we shall go,  
Where everlasting pleasures flow,  
And there we'll give him glory.
- 8 That awful trumpet soon will sound,  
And shake the vast creation round,  
And call the nations under ground,  
And all the saints shall then be crown'd,  
And give to Jesus glory.
- 9 Then shall our tears be wiped away,  
No more our feet shall ever stray;  
When we are freed from cumbrous clay  
We'll praise the Lord in endless day  
And give to Jesus glory

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are printed below the bottom staff.

Hail, Columbia! happy land! Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause.

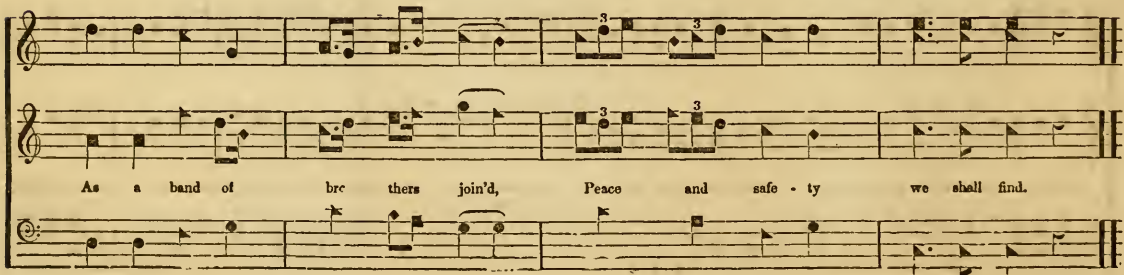
The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music continues from the first system. The bottom staff includes a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3' above it. The lyrics are printed below the bottom staff.

And when the storm of war is gone, Enjoy the peace your valour won; Let independence be your boast, Ever mindful what it cost; Ever grateful



for the prize, Let its altar reach the skies. Firm, united, let us be, Rallying round our lib - er - ty.

This musical system consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a common time signature. The lyrics are placed below the middle staff, aligned with the notes.



As a band of bre thers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

This musical system also consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music continues from the first system. The lyrics are placed below the middle staff, aligned with the notes. There are triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes in the second and third measures of the top two staves.

Good morning, brother pilgrim,  
What, bound for Canaan's coast?

March you towards Jerusalem,  
To join the heav'nly host!

Pray, wherefore are you smiling,  
While tears run down your face?

We

soon shall cease from toiling,  
And reach that heav'nly place;

We soon shall cease from toiling, And reach that heav'nly place.

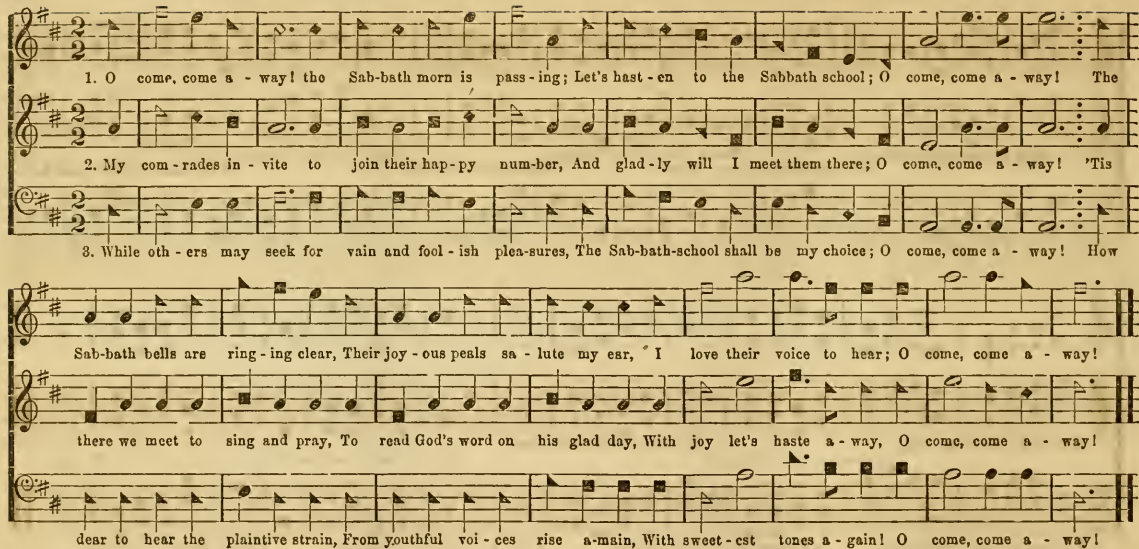
2 To Canaan's coast we'll hasten,  
To join the heavenly throng,  
Hark! from the banks of Jordan,  
How sweet the pilgrims' song!  
Their Jesus they are viewing,  
By faith we see him oo,  
We smile, and weep, and praise him,  
And on our way pursue

3 Though sinners do despise us,  
And treat us with disdain,  
Our former comrades slight us  
Esteem us low and mean  
No earthly joy shall charm us,  
While marching on our way,  
Our Jesus will defend us,  
In the distressing day.

4 The frowns of old companions,  
We're willing to sustain,  
And in divine compassion,  
To pray for them again;  
For Christ, our loving Saviour,  
Our Comforter and Friend,  
Will bless us with his favour,  
And guide us to the end.

4 With streams of consolation,  
We're filled as with new wine -  
We die to transient pleasures,  
And live to things divine -  
We sink in holy raptures  
While viewing things above,  
Why glory to my Saviour  
My soul is full of love





1. O come, come a-way! the Sab-bath morn is pass-ing; Let's hast-en to the Sabbath school; O come, come a-way! The

2. My com-rades in-vite to join their hap-py num-ber, And glad-ly will I meet them there; O come, come a-way! 'Tis

3. While oth-ers may seek for vain and fool-ish plea-sures, The Sab-bath-school shall be my choice; O come, come a-way! How

Sab-bath bells are ring-ing clear, Their joy-ous peals sa-lute my ear, I love their voice to hear; O come, come a-way!

there we meet to sing and pray, To read God's word on his glad day, With joy let's haste a-way, O come, come a-way!

dear to hear the plaintive strain, From youthful voi-ces rise a-main, With sweet-est tones a-gain! O come, come a-way!

4.

'Tis there I may learn the ways of heavenly wisdom,  
To guide my feeble steps on high; O come, &c.  
The flow'ry paths of peace to tread,  
Where rays of heavenly bliss are shed,  
My wand'ring steps to lead: O come, &c.

5.

'Tis there I may hear the voice in heavenly accents speaking,  
"Let little children come to me; O come, &c.  
Forbid them not their hearts to give,  
Let them on me in youth believe,  
And I will them receive:" O come, &c.

6.

With joy I accept the gracious invitation;  
My heart exults with rapturous hope; O come, &c.  
My deathless spirit, when I die,  
Shall, on the wings of angels, fly  
To mansions in the sky: O come, &c.

Thou great, mys - te - rious God unknown, Whose love hath gen - tly led me on, E'en from my in - fant days.

My in - most soul ex - pose to view, And tell me if I e - ver knew Thy jus - ti - fy - ing grace.

Hear the royal procla - mation, The glad tidings of sal - vation, Publish - ing to every creature, To the ruin'd sons of nature ; Jesus

Chorus.

reigns, he reigns victorious, O - ver heav'n and earth most glorious, Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banner flying,  
Hear the heralds loudly crying,  
"Rebel sinners, royal favour  
Now is offer'd by the Saviour."  
Jesus reigns, &c.

3 Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,  
Who have wrought your own undoing,  
Here is life and free salvation,  
Offer'd to the whole creation.  
Jesus reigns, &c.

4 Turn unto the Lord most holy,  
Shun the paths of vice and folly ;  
Turn, or you are lost for ever,  
O ! now turn to God the Saviour.  
Jesus reigns, &c.

What sorrowful sounds do I hear Move slowly along in the gale? How solemn they fall on my ear, As softly they pass through the vale. Sweet

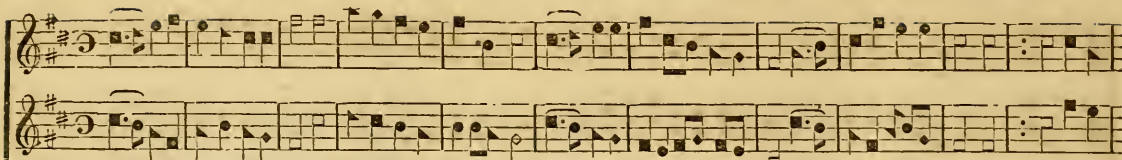
Corydon's notes are all o'er, Now lonely he sleeps in the clay, His cheeks bloom with roses no more, Since death call'd his spirit away.

4 Sweet woodbines will rise round his feet,  
And willows their sorrowing wave;  
Young hyacinths freshen and bloom,  
While hawthorns encircle his grave.  
Each morn when the sun gilds the east,  
(The green grass bespangled with dew,)  
He'll cast his bright beams on the west,  
To charm the sad Caroline's view.

3 O Corydon! hear the sad cries  
Of Caroline, plaintive and slow;  
O spirit! look down from the skies,  
And pity thy mourner below;  
'Tis Caroline's voice in the grove,  
Which Philomel hears on the plain.  
Then striving the mourner to soothe,  
With sympathy joins in her strain.

4 Ye shepherds so blithesome and young,  
Retire from your sports on the green,  
Since Corydon's deaf to my song,  
The wolves tear the lambs on the plain;  
Each swain round the forest will stray  
And sorrowing hang down his head,  
His pipe then in symphony play,  
Some dirge to sweet Corydon's shade.

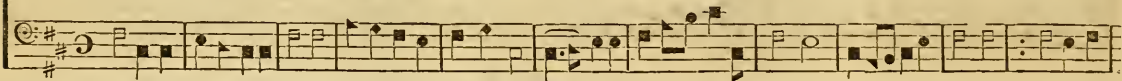
5 And when the still night has unfur'd  
Her robes o'er the hamlet around,  
Gray twilight retires from the world,  
And darkness uncumbers the ground,  
I'll leave my own gloomy abode,  
To Corydon's urn will I fly.  
There kneeling will bless the just God  
Who dwelleth in mansions on high.



When Gabriel's awful trump shall sound, And rend the rocks, convulse the ground,

Ye dead, arise to judgment; See lightnings

And give to time her ut - most bound,



flash and thunders roll, See earth wrapt up like parchment scoll;

Dread amaze,

The guilty sons of Adam's race, Unsav'd from sin by Jesus.

Comets blaze, Sinners raise,

Horrors seize

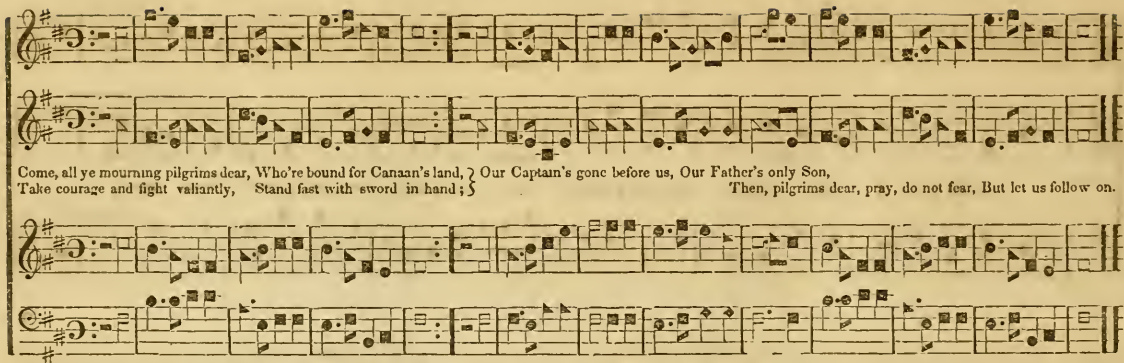


The Christian fill'd with rapturous joy, Midst flaming worlds he mounts on high, To meet the Saviour in the sky, And see the face of Jesus;  
The soul and body reunite, And fill'd with glory infinite. Blessed day, Christians say! Will you pray, That we may All join the happy company, To praise the name of Jesus



See the Lord of glory dying! See him gasping! hear him crying! See his burden'd bosom heave!

Look, ye sinners, ye that hung him; Look, how deep your sins have stung him; Dy - ing sin ners, look and live.



Come, all ye mourning pilgrims dear, Who're bound for Canaan's land, ? Our Captain's gone before us, Our Father's only Son,  
Take courage and fight valiantly, Stand fast with sword in hand ; } Then, pilgrims dear, pray, do not fear, But let us follow on.

2 We have a howling wilderness,  
To Canaan's happy shore,  
A land of dearth, and pits, and snares,  
Where chilling winds do roar.  
But Jesus will be with us,  
And guard us by the way ;  
Though enemies examine us,  
He'll teach us what to say

3 The pleasant fields of paradise,  
So glorious to behold,  
The valleys clad in living green,  
The mountains paved with gold :  
The trees of life with heavenly fruit,  
Behold how rich they stand

Blow, gentle gales, and bear my soul  
To Canaan's happy land.

4 Sweet rivers of salvation all  
Through Canaan's land do roll,  
The beams of day bring glittering scenes  
Illuminate my soul ;  
There's ponderous clouds of glory,  
All set in diamonds bright ;  
And there's my smiling Jesus,  
Who is my heart's delight.

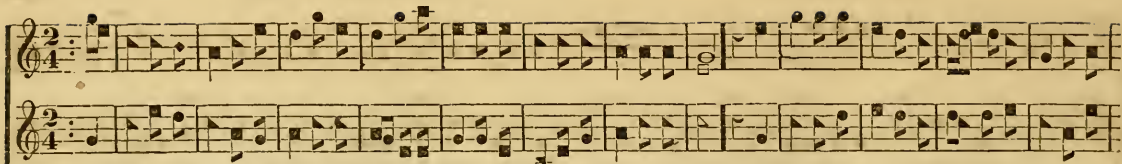
5 Already to my raptured sight,  
The blissful fields arise,  
And plenty spreads her smiling stores,  
Inviting to my eve.

O sweet abode of endless rest,  
I soon shall travel there,  
Nor earth nor all her empty joys  
Shall long detain me here

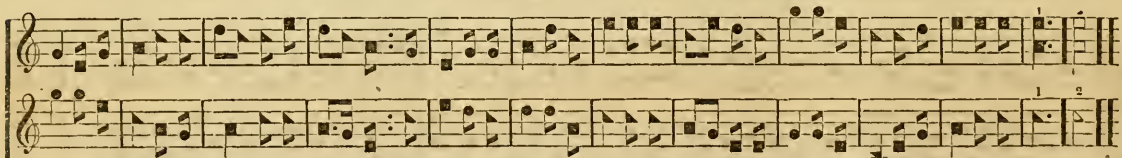
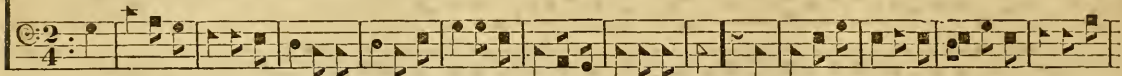
6 Come, all you pilgrim travellers,  
Fresh courage take by me ;  
Meantime I'll tell you how I came,  
This happy land to see ;  
Through faith the glorious telescope  
I view'd the worlds above,  
And God the Father reconciled  
Which fills my heart with love

The Lamb appears to wipe our tears, And to complete our glory; Then shall we rest with all the blest, And tell the lovely story. To

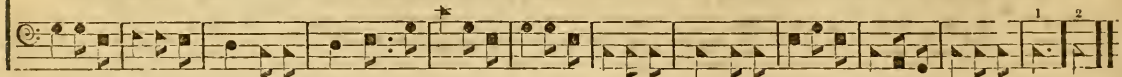
sit and tell Christ loved us well, And that when we were sin - ners; Heaven will ring, while saints do sing, "Glory to the Redcem - er"



Ye children of Jesus, who're bound for the kingdom, Attune all your voices, and help me to sing  
Sweet anthems of praises to my loving Jesus, For he is my prophet, my priest, and my king; } When Jesus first found me astray I was going, His

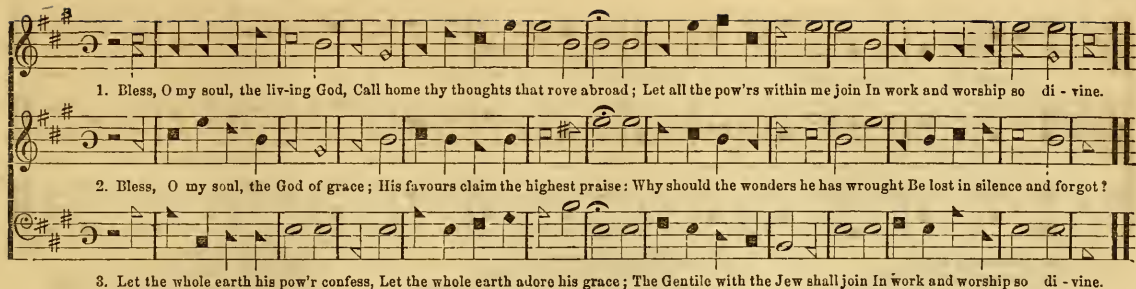


love did surround me, and saved me from ruin, He kindly embraced me, and freely he bless'd me, And taught me aloud his sweet praises to sing.



2 Why should you go mourning from such a physician,  
Come to him believing, though bad your condition,  
My soul he hath healed, my heart he rejoices,  
"I'll serve him, and praise him, and always adore him

Who's able and willing your sickness to cure.  
His Father has promised your case to ensure;  
He brought me to Zion, to hear the glad voices,  
Till we meet in heaven where parting's no more



1. Bless, O my soul, the liv-ing God, Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ; Let all the pow'rs within me join In work and worship so di - vine.

2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ; His favours claim the highest praise : Why should the wonders he has wrought Be lost in silence and forgot ?

3. Let the whole earth his pow'r confess, Let the whole earth adore his grace ; The Gentile with the Jew shall join In work and worship so di - vine.

WELTON. L. M.

*Theme by Malan.*



1 Thou great In-struc-tor, lest I stray, Oh ! teach my err - ing feet thy way : Thy truth, with ever fresh delight, Shall guide my doubtful steps aright.

2. How oft my heart's af-fec-tions yield, And wander o'er the world's wide field, My rov-ing passions, Lord, reclaim, Unite them all to fear thy name.

3 Then, to my God, my heart and tongue, With all their pow'rs, shall raise the song : On earth thy glories I'll de-clare, Till heav'n th' immortal notes shall hear.



1. Lord, what a fee-ble piece Is this our mor-tal frame! Our life, how poor a tri-ble 'tis, That scarce de-serves the name!

2. A-las! 'twas brit-tle clay That built our bo-dy first! And ev'-ry month and ev'-ry day 'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

3. Our moments fly apace,  
Our feeble powers decay;  
Swift as a flood our hasty days  
Are sweeping us away.

4. Yet if our days must fly,  
We'll keep their end in sight,  
We'll spend them all in wisdom's ways,  
And let them speed their flight.

5. They'll waft us sooner o'er  
This life's tempestuous sea:  
Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore,  
Of blest eternity.

## LISBON. S. M.

*Theme by Read.*

1. Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a-rise; Wel-come to this re-vi-ving breast, And these re-joie-ing eyes.

2. The king him-self comes near, To fesst his saints to-day; Here we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.

3. One day a-mid the place Where my dear God hath been, Is sweet-er than ten thou-sand days Of plea-sur-a-ble sin.

4 My will-ing soul would stay In such a frame as this, And sit and sing her-self a-way To ev-er-last-ing bliss

Hail, solitude ! thou gentle queen, Of modest air and brow serene, 'Tis thou inspires the poet's theme, Wrapp'd in sweet vision's airy dream ; Wrapp'd

in sweet vision's airy dream, Wrapp'd in sweet vision's airy dream.

- 2 Parent of virtue, muse of thought,  
 By thee are saints and patriots taught  
 Wisdom to thee her treasures owe,  
 And in thy lap fair science grow.
- 3 What'er's in thee, refines and charms,  
 Excites to thought, to virtue warms ;  
 What'er is perfect, firm and good,  
 We owe to thee, sweet solitude.
- 4 With thee the charms of life shall last,  
 E'en when the rosy bloom is past ;  
 When slowly pacing time shall spread  
 Thy silver blossoms o'er my head.
- 5 No more with this vain world perplex'd,  
 Thou shalt prepare me for the next  
 The spring of life shall gently cease,  
 And angels wait my soul to peace.

Lift up your heads, Immanuel's friends, O    halle,    halle - lujah, }  
 And taste the pleasure Jesus sends, O    halle,    halle - lujah. }    Let nothing cause you to delay, O halle, halle - lu - jah,

But hasten on the good old way, O halle, halle - lu - jah !

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,  
Shall not prevent our victory,  
If we but watch, and strive, and pray,  
Like soldiers in the good old way.

ere, though great they be,  
ent our victory,  
ch, and strive, and pray,  
n the good old way.

CHOIRS.  
5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,  
And view by faith the promised land,  
Then we may sing, and shout, and pray  
And march along the good old way.  
And I'll sing, &c.

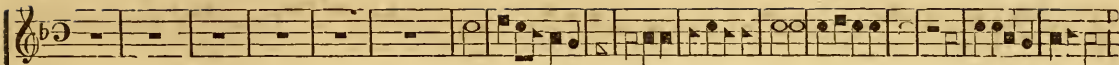
And I'll sing hallelujah,  
And glory be to God on high ;  
And I'll sing hallelujah,  
There's glory beaming from the sky.

6 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend ;  
Remember glory's at the end ;  
Our God will wipe all tears away,  
When we have run the good old way.  
And I'll sing, &c.

3 O good old way, how sweet thou art!  
May none of us from thee depart,  
But may our actions always say,  
We're marching on the good old way.  
And I'll sing, &c.

7 Then far beyond this mortal shore,  
We'll meet with those who're gone before,  
And him we'll praise in endless day,  
Who brought us on the good old way  
And I'll sing, &c.

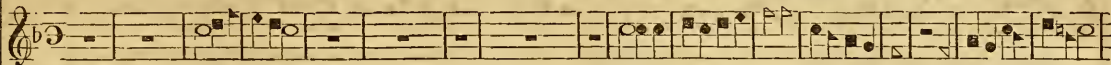
4 Though Satan may his power employ,  
Our peace and comfort to destroy,  
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,  
And triumph in the good old way  
And I'll sing, &c.



And words of peace reveal, Who, &c.

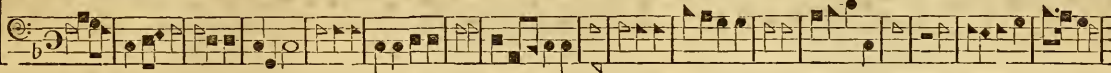
And, &c.

How, &c.



How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zion's hill ; Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal.

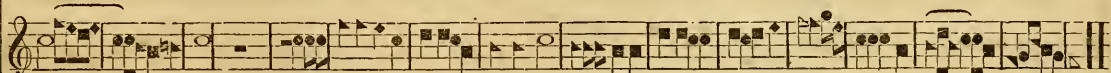
How charming is their voice.



**Zion**

He

**Zion**

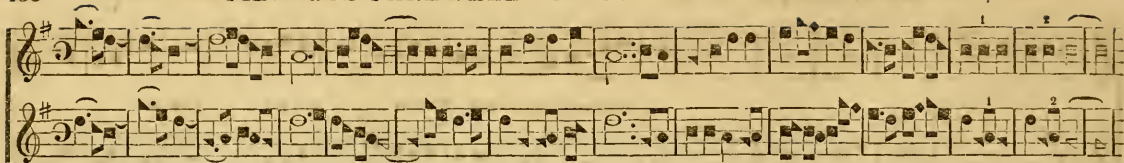


How sweet the tidings are, Zion, behold thy Saviour king, He reigns and triumphs here. Zion      He

He

## Zion

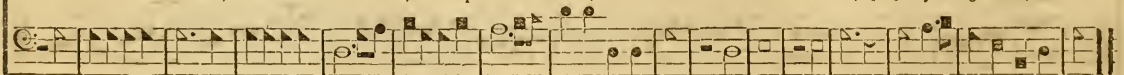




Farewell, farewell, farewell, my friends, I must be gone, I have no home or stay with you; I'll take my staff and travel on, Till I a better world can view.



I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, And troubles come no more. Farewell, :|| :|| my loving friends, farewell.



2 Farewell, &c. my friends, time rolls along,  
Nor waits for mortal cares or bliss,  
I'll leave you here, and travel on  
Till I arrive where Jesus is.  
I'll march, &c.  
Farewell, &c

3 Farewell, &c. dear brethren in the Lord,  
To you I'm bound with cords of love  
But we believe his gracious word,  
We all ere long shall meet above,  
I'll march, &c.  
Farewell, &c

4 Farewell, &c. ye blooming sons of God,  
Sore conflicts yet remain for you;  
But dauntless keep the heavenly road  
Till Canaan's happy land you view  
I'll march, &c.  
Farewell, farewell, farewell, my loving,



Vigorous.



1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a-rise; And hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies, To draw thee from the skies.

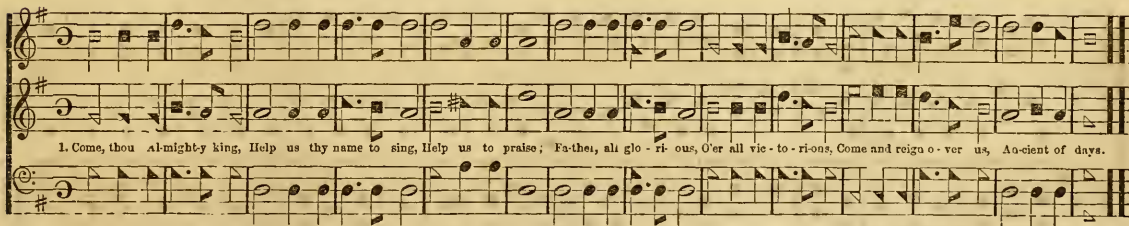
2. O watch, and fight, and pray,  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it loudly every day,  
And help divine implore. †

3. Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor once at ease sit down;  
Thy arduous work will not be done  
Till thou hast got the crown. †

4. Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,  
Up to his rest above. †

## NEW HAVEN. 6,6,4,6,6,4.

Hastings.



1. Come, thou Al-might-y king, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa-ther, al-lig-lo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, Aa-cient of days.

2. Come, thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword,  
Our prayer attend;  
Come, and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success:  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend.

3. Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear  
In this glad hour:  
Thou who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power!

4. To the great One and Three  
The highest praises be,  
Hence—evermore!  
His sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see.  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

Slowly and tenderly.



Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not de-plore thee; Tho' sor-rows and darkness en - com-pass the tomb; The Sa-viour has

pass'd thro' its portals be-fore thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom, And the lamp of his life is thy guide thro' the gloom.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the bottom staff.

O, if my soul was form'd for wo, How would I vent my sighs! Repentance should like rivers flow, From both my streaming eyes. 'Twas for my sins my

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the bottom staff.

dearest Lord Hung on that cursed tree, Hung, &c. And groan'd away his dying life, And groan'd, &c. For thee, my soul, for thee, For thee, &c.

Great God, at - tend while Zion sings The joy that from thy presence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the musical notes.

days of mirth. To spend, &c. To spend, &c.

This system contains the second two staves of the musical score. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the musical notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.



Young people all, attention give, And hear what I do say ; I want your souls in Christ to live, In eve-lasting day ; Remember, you are hast'ning on, To death's dark, gloomy

shade Remember, you, &c. Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh in dust be laid



A - long the banks where Babel's cur - rent flows, Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd, While Zi on's

tall in sad re - mem - brance rose, Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

1. Children of the heavenly King, As ye jour-ney, sweetly sing: Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

2. Ye are travelling home to God, In the way the fathers trod; They are hap-py now, and ye Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.

WILMOT. 7s.

Slow. With tenderness and delicacy.

1. Sin-ner, art thou still se-cure? Wilt thou still re-fuse to pray? Can thy heart or hand en-dure, In the Lord's a - veng-ing day.

2. At his presence nature shakes,  
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;  
Solid mountains melt like wax,  
What will then become of thee?

3. Who his coming may abide?  
You that glory in your shame,  
Will you find a place to hide  
When the world is wrapp'd in flame?

4. Lord, prepare us by thy grace,  
Soon we must resign our breath;  
And our souls be call'd to pass  
Through the iron gate of death.

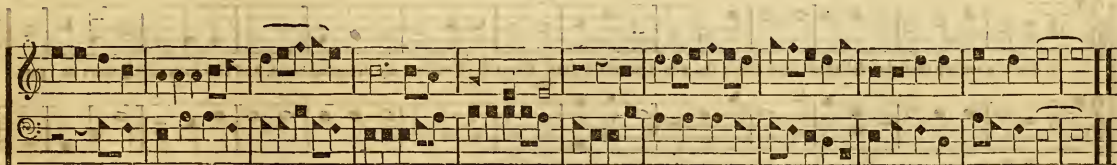
Sweet ri vers of re - deem - ing love, Lie just be - fore mine eyes, }  
 Had I the pi - nions of a dove, I'd to those ri - vers fly; }

I'd rise su - pe - rior to my pain.

With joy ou! - strip the wind, I'd cross o'er Jordan's storm - v - waves, And leave the world be - hind.

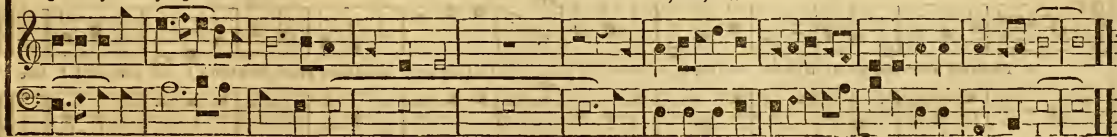


No burning heats by day, Nor blasts of evening air, Shall take my health a - way, If God be with me there. Thou art my sun and thou my shade, To



guard my head by night or noon.

Thou art my sun, &c.







1. Thy praise, O Lord, shall tune the lyre, Thy love our joy-ful songs in-spire; To thee our cordial thanks be paid, Our sure defence, our constant aid.

2. Why then cast down, and why distress'd? And whence the grief that fills our breast? In God we'll hope, to God we'll raise Our songs of gra-ti-tude and praise.

## LINDAN. L. M.



1. Lord, when my thoughts delighted rove A-mid the won-ders of thy love, Sweet hope revives my drooping heart, And bids in-trud-ing fears de-part.

2. Re-pent-ant sorrow fills my heart, But mingling joy al-lays the smart; O may my fu-ture life de-clare The sor-row and the joy sin-cere.

3. Be all my heart and all my days De-vo-ted to my Saviour's praise; And let my glad o-bedi-ence prove How much I owe, how much I love.



Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn, and murmur, and re-pine; To see the wicked placed on high, In

This musical system consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment, with a bass clef and the same key signature. The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

pride and robes of honour shine. But O their end! their dreadful end! Thy sanctuary taught me so;

This musical system also consists of four staves, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The system concludes with first and second endings, indicated by the numbers 1 and 2 above the notes.

HUNTINGTON. *Concluded*

On slip - pery rocks I see them stand, And fiery billows roll below.

The musical score for 'Huntington' is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, with the lyrics 'On slip - pery rocks I see them stand, And fiery billows roll below.' written below the second staff. The third and fourth staves provide a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## MONTGOMERY. C. M.

*More.*

Early, my God, without delay, I haste to seek thy face, My thirsty spirit fairs a - - way, With

The musical score for 'Montgomery' is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, with the lyrics 'Early, my God, without delay, I haste to seek thy face, My thirsty spirit fairs a - - way, With' written below the second staff. The third and fourth staves provide a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

out thy cheering grace;      So pilgrims on the scorching sand,      Beneath a burning sky,      Long for a

This system consists of four staves. The first three staves are vocal parts in treble clef, and the fourth is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the first three staves.

cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

This system also consists of four staves, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics continue below the first three staves. The system concludes with first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' above the final notes.

1. Show pi-ty, Lord, O Lord, for-give, O pi-ty me, dear Sa-viour! Is there a-ny mer-cy here, O  
 Let a re-pent-ing re-bel live; O pi-ty me, dear Sa-viour! Chorus.

2. Are not thy mer-cies large and free? O pi-ty me, dear Sa-viour! Is there a-ny mer-cy here, &c.  
 May not a sin-ner trust in thee? O pi-ty me, dear Sa-viour! Chorus.

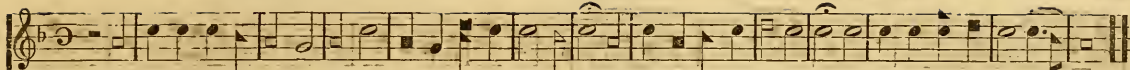
pi-ty me, dear Lord, and I'll sing hal-le-lu-jah!

pi-ty me, dear Lord, and I'll sing hal-le-lu-jah!

3. My crimes are great, but don't surpass  
 O pity me, dear Saviour,  
 The power and glory of thy grace;  
 O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.
4. Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
 O pity me, dear Saviour,  
 So let thy pard'ning love be found,  
 O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.
5. O! wash my soul from every sin!  
 O pity me, dear Saviour,  
 And make my guilty conscience clean!  
 O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.
6. Here on my heart the burden lies,  
 O pity me, dear Saviour,  
 And past offences pain my eyes,  
 O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.
7. My lips with shame my sins confess,  
 O pity me, dear Saviour,  
 Against thy law, against thy grace;  
 O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.

8. Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,  
 O pity me, dear Saviour,  
 I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.  
 O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.
9. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
 O pity me, dear Saviour,  
 I must pronounce thee just in death  
 O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.
10. And if my soul were sent to hell,  
 O pity me, dear Saviour,  
 Thy righteous law approves it well,  
 O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.
11. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
 O pity me, dear Saviour,  
 Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,  
 O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.
12. Would light on some sweet promise there,  
 O pity me, dear Saviour,  
 Some sure support against despair,  
 O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.

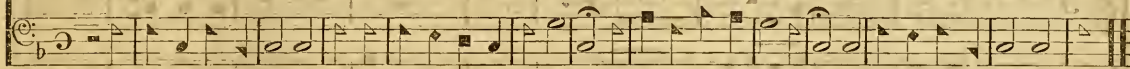




Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing, To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truths at night.

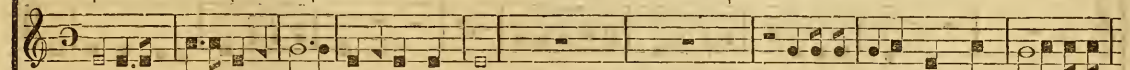


2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast: O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of so-lemn sound!

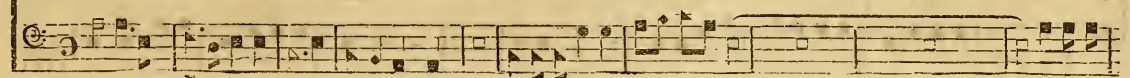
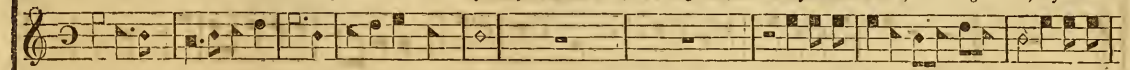


3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word: Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep thy counsels! how divine!

## SOLITUDE NEW. C. M.



My refuge is the God of love; My foes insult and cry, Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove, Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove, Fly like a





trembling, tim'rous dove, To dis - tant moun - tains fly, Since I have placed my trust in God, A refuge always nigh.

This system contains the first four staves of the musical score. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

Why should I like a tim'rous bird, To dis - tant mountains fly,

This system contains the next four staves of the musical score. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The bottom two staves are in bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The bottom two staves are in bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

Then let your songs abound, And ev'ry tear be dry; We're marching through Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high.

First system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The bottom two staves are in bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are: "We're marching through Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high, To".

We're marching through Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high, To

Second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The bottom two staves are in bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are: "fair - er worlds on high. We're marching through Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high." The first ending is marked with a "1" and the second ending with a "2".

fair - er worlds on high. We're marching through Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

With songs and honours sounding loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high, Over the heav'ns he spreads his clouds, And waters veil the

sky, And wa - ters veil the sky. He sends his show'rs of bless - ings down To cheer the plains be -

EDOM *Concluded.*

low; He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in valleys grow. He makes, &c. And corn, &c.

This musical score is for the hymn 'EDOM Concluded.' It consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in alto clef, and the bottom in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written on the top staff, with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'low; He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in valleys grow. He makes, &c. And corn, &c.' The music features various note values including eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes, as well as rests and accidentals.

## SCHENECTADY. L. M.

*Shumway.*

From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre - ator's praise arise; Let the Redeem - er's name be sung, Through ev'ry land by ev'ry

This musical score is for the hymn 'SCHENECTADY. L. M.' by Shumway. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom two are in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written on the top staff, with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre - ator's praise arise; Let the Redeem - er's name be sung, Through ev'ry land by ev'ry'. The music features various note values including eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes, as well as rests and accidentals.



tongue. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord, Eternal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till sun

shall rise and set no more, Till sun shall rise and set no more.

Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, That rul'st the hoist'rous sea, The sons of courage shall record, Who tempt the dang'rous way. At thy command the winds arise, And

swell the tow'ring waves, The men astonish'd mount the skies, And sink in gap - ing graves.

*Coda.*—Do not sing the coda to the 1st and 3d verses.

1. Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sinners lay, With-out one cheering beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day.

*Coda.*

2. With pitying eyes the Prince of Peace Be-held our helpless grief: He saw, and (Oh, a-maz-ing love!) He ran to our re-lief. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah.

3. Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste he fled,  
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.

4. Oh! for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.

5. Angels, assist our mighty joys:  
Strike all your harps of gold;  
But when you raise your highest notes  
His love can ne'er be told.

## ETON. 7s. (Double.)

*Firm and distinct.*

*D.C. Coda.*

1. Wide, ye heavenly gates, unfold, Closed no more by death and sin; Lo! the conq'ring Lord be-hold, Let the King of glo-ry in. Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!  
Hark! th' angelic host in-quire, Who is he th' almighty King? Hark, again, the answering choir, Thus in songs of tri-umph sing.

*D.C.*

2. He, whose powerful arm a-lone, On his foes de-struc-tion hurl'd; He who hath the victory won, He who saved a ruin-ed world;— } Halle-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!  
He, who God's pure law ful-fill'd, Je-sus, the incar-nate Word; He, whose truth with blood was seal'd; He is heav'n's all-glorious Lord. }

*D.C.*

Chorus.

1. When for e - ter - nal worlds we steer, And seas are calm, and skies are clear, } The soul, for joy then claps her wings, And loud her  
And faith in live - ly ex - er - cise, And dis - tant hills of Ca-naan rise. }

2. With cheer - ful hope, his eyes ex - plore Each land - mark on the dis - tant shore; } A - gain for joy she plumes her wings, And loud her  
The trees of life - the pas - ture green, The crys - tal stream, do - light - ful scene: }

3. The near - er still she draws to land, More eag - er all her pow'rs ex - pand; } And now for joy she folds her wings, And her ce -  
With stead - y helm, and free bent sail, Her an - chor drops with - in the veil: }

love - ly son - net sings, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, And loud her love - ly son - net sings, I'm go - ing home.

love - ly son - net sings, I'm al - most home, I'm al - most home, And loud her love - ly son - net sings, I'm al - most home.

les - ti - al son - net sings, I'm home at last, I'm home at last, And her ce - les - ti - al son - net sings, I'm home at last

4. She meets with those who are gone before, Around the dear Redeemer's feet, And ceaseless hallelujahs sing,  
On heaven's high and joyful shore, And loud they shout, Our God and King, "We're safe at last, we're safe at last," And ceaseless hallelujahs sing  
We're safe at last.

1. Approach, my soul, the mer - cy seat, Where Je - sus an - swers prayer; There hum-bly fall be - fore his feet, For none can per - ish there.

2. Thy promise is my on - ly plea, With this I ven - ture nigh: Thou call'st the burden'd soul to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.

3. Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely prest,  
By wars without, and fears within,  
I come to thee for rest.

4. Be thou my shield and hiding-place,  
That, shelter'd near thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him thou hast died.

5. O, wondrous love! to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead his gracious name.

6. "Poor tempest-toss'd soul, be still,  
My promised grace receive;"  
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,  
I can, I do believe.

CLAREMONT.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, O quit this mortal frame; Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying, fly - ing, O! the pain, the bliss of dying.



Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life; And let me languish into life.

Hark! Hark!

Hark! they whisper; angels say, Sister spirit, come away

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef melody with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff is a treble clef accompaniment with chords and some single notes. The third staff continues the treble melody. The fourth staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with 'Hark!' appearing twice above the third staff.

Hark! they whisper; angels say, Sister spirit, come away; Sister spirit, come away. What is this absorbs me quite—Steals my senses, shuts my sight?

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef melody. The second staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The third staff continues the treble melody. The fourth staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The lyrics are placed below the staves. A time signature change to 6/4 is indicated at the beginning of the second staff in this system.

*Loud*

Drowns my spirit, draws my breath, Tell me, my soul, can this be death? :||

*Soft.*

The world recedes, it dis - ap - pears, Heav'n opens on my eyes, My ears with sounds seraphic ring, My ears with sounds seraphic

CLAREMONT, *Continued*  
Lively

Slow

ring, My cars, &c. Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly! I mount! I fly! O grave! where is thy

victory! thy vic-to-ry! O grave! where is thy victory! thy vic-to-ry! O death! where is thy sting! Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! I mount! I fly! I

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of two systems of four staves each. The first system begins with a 'Slow' tempo marking. The first two staves of the first system contain the vocal melody, with lyrics written below. The third and fourth staves of the first system contain the piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piece with a 'Lively' tempo marking. The vocal melody continues on the first two staves, and the piano accompaniment is on the third and fourth staves. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

mount! I fly, I fly! O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? I mount, I fly, I mount, I fly! O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?

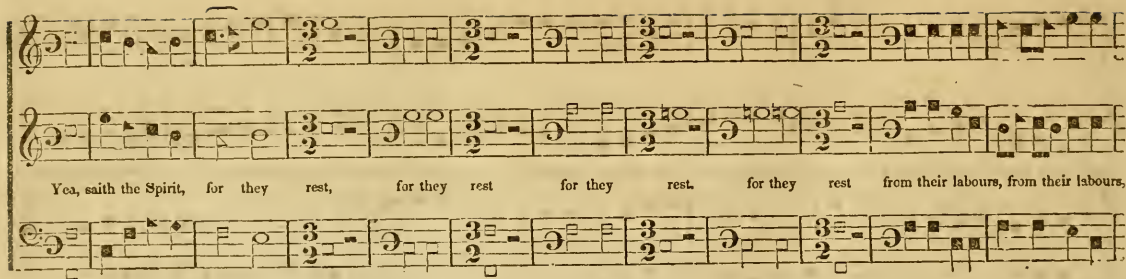
This musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the last two are in bass clef. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The melody is characterized by frequent eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, creating a sense of movement and urgency. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing on the first staff and others on the second.

## FUNERAL ANTHEM.

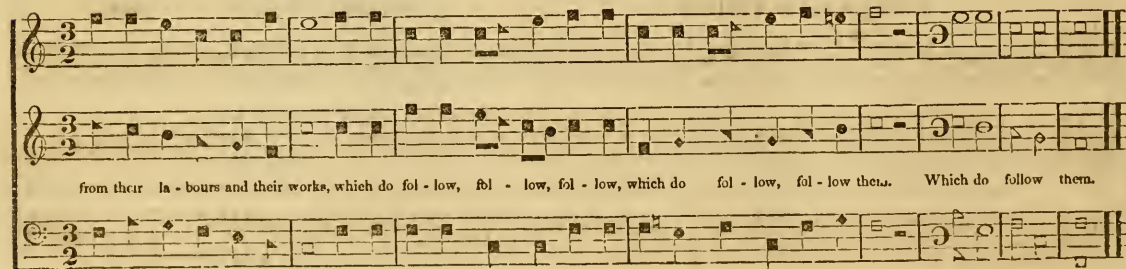
Rev. chap. xiv. ver. 13. *Billings.*

I heard a great voice from heav'n, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth, write, from, &c., write, From, &c. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.

This musical score consists of three staves. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the last is in bass clef. The music is written in a 3/2 time signature. The melody is characterized by a mix of quarter and half notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing on the first staff and others on the second.

FUNERAL ANTHEM. *Concluded*


Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest, for they rest for they rest. for they rest from their labours, from their labours,

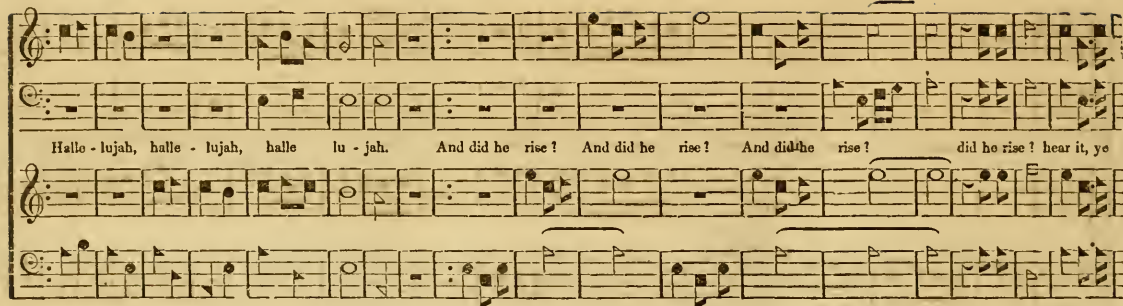


from their la - bours and their works, which do fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, which do fol - low, fol - low them. Which do follow them.

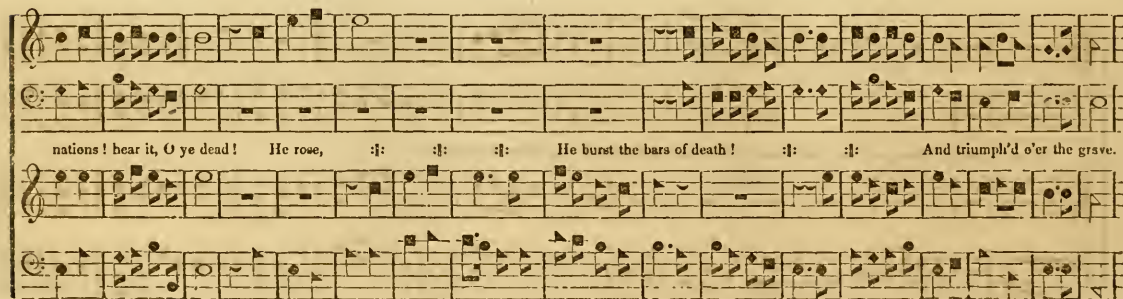


The Lord is ris'n in - deed! Hal - le - lu - jah! The Lord is ris'n in - deed! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Now is Christ ris'n from the dead, And become the first-fruit of them that slept. Now is Christ, &c.



Halle - lujah, halle - lujah, halle lu - jah. And did he rise? And did he rise? And did he rise? did he rise? hear it, ye



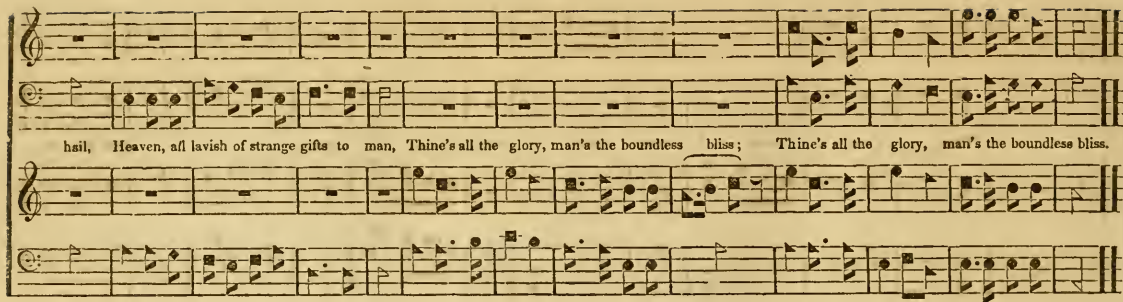
nations! hear it, O ye dead! He rose, :|: :|: :|: He burst the bars of death! :|: :|: And triumph'd o'er the grave.

Then, then, then I rose, then I rose, then I rose, then first hu-

This system contains the first eight measures of the musical score. It features a vocal melody in the upper staves and a piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

manity triumphant past the crystal ports of light, and seiz'd e - ter - nal youth. Man all im - mortal hail,

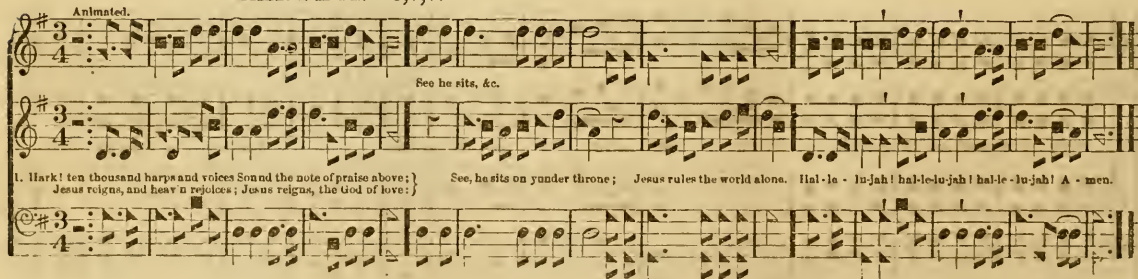
This system contains the next eight measures of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. There are first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' above the notes.

EASTER ANTHEM, *Concluded.*


hsil, Heaven, all lavish of strange gifts to man, Thine's all the glory, man's the boundless bliss; Thine's all the glory, man's the boundless bliss.

## HARWELL. 8,7,7.

*Animated.*



See he sits, &c.

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above; Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices; Jesus reigns, the God of love: See, he sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world alone. Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

Oh when shall I see Je-sus, And reign with him a-bove?  
And from the flowing fountain, Drink ever - last-ing love?

I'm on my way to Canaan, I'm on my way to Canaan, I'm on my way to Canaan, To the New Je-ru - sa-lem.

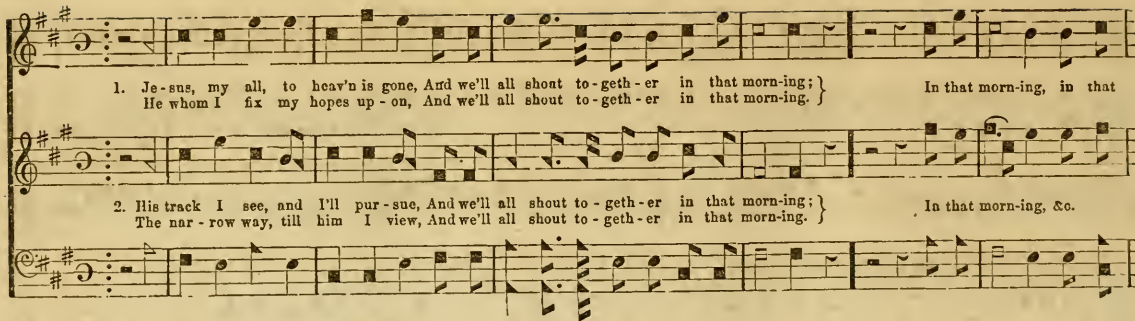
INVOCATION. 8,7.

1. Je-sus, grant us all a bless-ing, Send it down, Lord, from a-bove; } Farewell, brethren; farewell sis-ters, Till we all shall meet a-gain.  
May we all re-turn home pray-ing, And re-joic-ing in thy love: }

2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,  
Since together we have been;  
Make us humble, make us holy,  
Cleanse us all from every sin:  
Farewell, brethren; farewell, sisters,  
Till we all shall meet above.

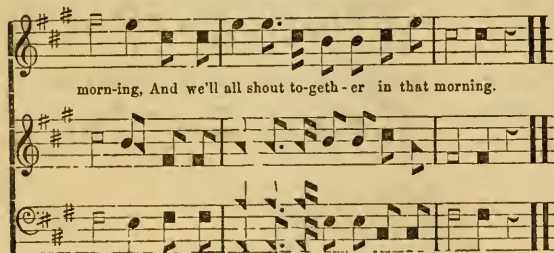
3. May thy blessing, Lord, go with us  
To each one's respective home:  
And the presence of our Jesus  
Rest upon us every one:  
Farewell, brethren; farewell, sisters,  
Till we all shall meet at home.





1. Je-sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, And we'll all shout to-gether in that morn-ing; } In that morn-ing, in that  
He whom I fix my hopes up-on, And we'll all shout to-gether in that morn-ing.

2. His track I see, and I'll pur-sue, And we'll all shout to-gether in that morn-ing; } In that morn-ing, &c.  
The nar-row way, till him I view, And we'll all shout to-gether in that morn-ing.

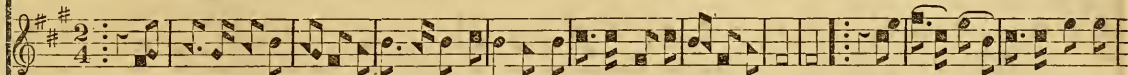


morn-ing, And we'll all shout to-gether in that morning.

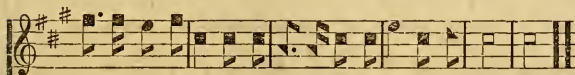
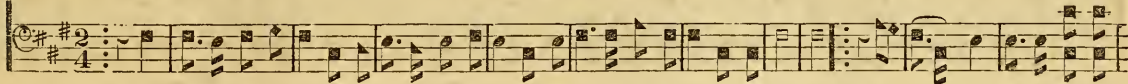
3. The way the holy prophets went,  
And we'll all shout together, &c.  
The road that leads from banishment,  
And we'll all shout together, &c.
4. The King's highway of holiness,  
And we'll all shout together, &c.  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace,  
And we'll all shout together, &c.
5. This is the way I long have sought,  
And we'll all shout together, &c.  
And mourn'd because I found it not;  
And we'll all shout together, &c.
6. My grief a burden long has been,  
And we'll all shout together, &c.  
Because I was not saved from sin;  
And we'll all shout together, &c.
7. The more I strove against its power,  
And we'll all shout together, &c.  
I felt its weight and guilt the more;  
And we'll all shout together, &c.
8. Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
And we'll all shout together, &c.  
"Come hither, soul, I am the way,"  
And we'll all shout together, &c.
9. Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,  
And we'll all shout together, &c.  
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;  
And we'll all shout together, &c.
10. Nothing but sin have I to give,  
And we'll all shout together, &c.  
Nothing but love shall I receive:  
And we'll all shout together, &c.
11. Then will I tell to sinners round,  
And we'll all shout together, &c.  
What a dear Saviour I have found;  
And we'll all shout together, &c.
12. I'll point to thy redeeming love,  
And we'll all shout together, &c.  
And say, "Behold the way to God!  
And we'll all shout together, &c."



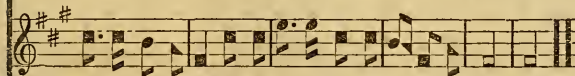
1. Oh when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above? And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning. } Shout, O glo-ry! for I shall  
And from the flowing fountain, Drink everlasting love? And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning. }



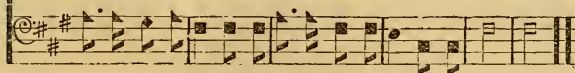
When shall I be de-li-ver'd From this vain world of sin? And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning. } Shout, O glo-ry! for I shall  
And with my blessed Jesus Drink endless pleasures in? And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning. }



mount above the skies, When I hear the trumpet sound in that morning.



mount above the skies, When I hear the trumpet sound in that morning.



2. But now I am a soldier,  
My Captain's gone before;  
He's given me my orders,  
And bids me ne'er give o'er;  
His promises are faithful—  
A righteous crown he'll give,  
And all his valiant soldiers  
Eternally shall live,  
Shout, &c.

3. Through grace I feel determined  
To conquer, though I die,  
And then away to Jesus,  
On wings of love I'll fly:  
Farewell to sin and sorrow,  
I bid them both adieu!  
And O my friends, prove faithful,  
And on your way pursue.  
Shout, &c.

4. Whene'er you meet with troubles  
And trials on your way,  
Then cast your care on Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray.  
Gird on the gospel armour  
Of faith, and hope, and love,  
And when the combat's ended,  
He'll carry you above.  
Shout, &c.

5. Oh do not be discouraged,  
For Jesus is your friend;  
And if you lack for knowledge,  
He'll not refuse to lend.  
Neither will he upbraid you,  
Though often you request,  
He'll give you grace to conquer,  
And take you home to rest.  
Shout, &c.

"Tell my brethren that I died at my post."—*Last words of Rev. Thomas Drummond.*

1. A - way from his home and the friends of his youth, He hast - ed, the her - ald of mer - cy and truth, For the love of his

2. The stran-ger's eye wept, that in life's brightest bloom One gift - ed so high - ly should sink to the tomb; For in or - der he

3. He wept not him - self that his war - fare was done; The bat - tle was fought, and the vic - to - ry won: But he whis-per'd of  
4 He ask'd not a stone to be sculptured with verse; He ask'd not that fame should his me - rits rehearse; But he ask'd, as a

Lord, and to seek for the lost; Soon, a - las! was his fall—but he died at his post, Soon, a - las! was his fall—but he died at his post.

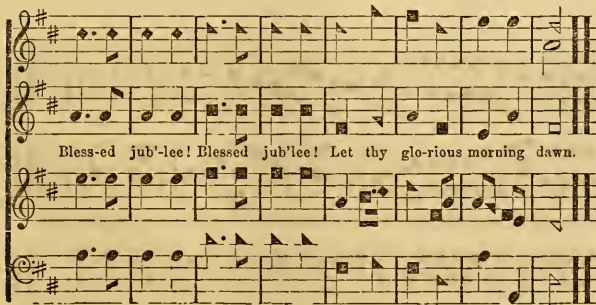
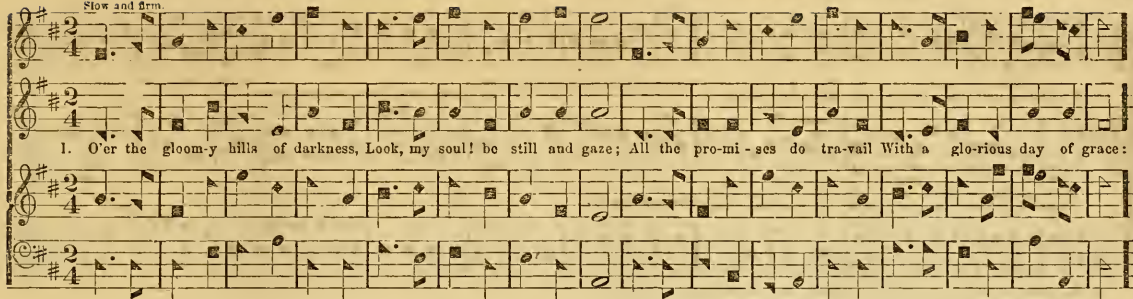
led in the van of the host, And he fell like a sol-dier—he died at his post, And he fell like a sol-dier—he died at his post.

those whom his heart clung to most, "Tell my brethren, for me, that I died at my post," "Tell my brethren, for me, that I died at my post." boon, when he gave up the ghost, That his brethren might know that he died at his post, That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5. Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,  
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;  
He has pass'd o'er the stream, and has reach'd the bright coast,  
For we fell like a martyr—he died at his post.

6. And can we the words of his exit forget?  
Oh, no! they are fresh in our memory yet:  
An example so brilliant shall never be lost,  
We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.

Slow and firm.



2.

Let the Indian, let the Negro,  
Let the rude barbarian see  
That divine and glorious conquest  
Once obtain'd on Calvary;  
Let the gospel,  
Loud resound from pole to pole.

4.

May the glorious day approaching,  
On the grossest darkness dawn;  
And the everlasting gospel  
Spread abroad thy holy name—  
All the borders  
Of the great Emmanuel's land.

3.

Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,  
And from eastern coast to western  
May the morning chase the night:  
And redemption  
Freely purchased, win the day.

5.

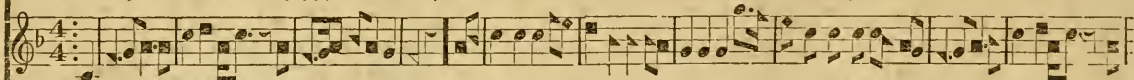
Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,  
Win and conquer, never cease;  
May thy lasting, wide dominions  
Multiply and still increase;  
Sway the sceptre,  
Saviour, all the world around

## NEVER PART AGAIN. C. M.

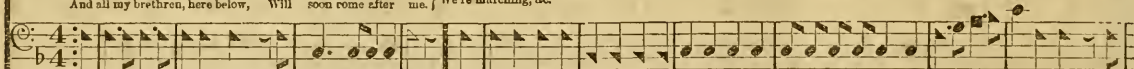
Chorus.



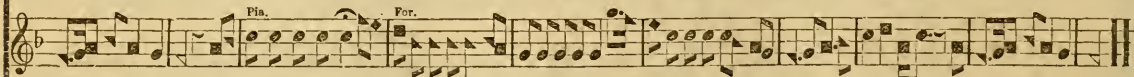
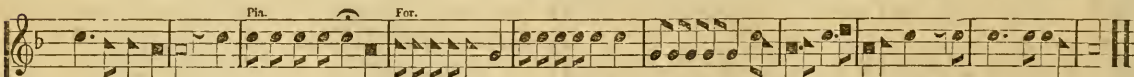
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my happy home, Oh how I long for thee! } We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground; Oh, there we shall with Jesus dwell, And  
When will my sorrows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see? } We soon shall hear the welcome trumpet sound.—



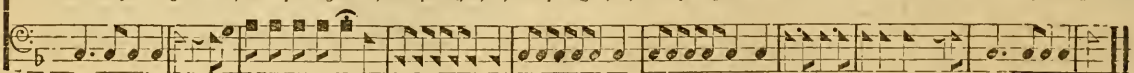
2. Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone; Him will I go and see; } We're marching, &c.  
And all my brethren, here below, Will soon come after me. }



3. Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace, And cause me to ascend } We're marching, &c.  
Where congregations ne'er break up, And Sab-baths never end. }



nev - er part a - gain: What, nev - er part a - gain? No, never part a - gain, No, never part a - gain, No, nev - er part a - gain: Oh, there we shall with Jesus dwell, And nev - er part a - gain.





1. Hark! the glad sound, the Sa - viour comes, The Sa - viour prom - ised long! } On him the Spi - rit large - ly  
 Let ev' - ry heart pro - pare a throne, And ev' - ry voice a song. }

2. He comes, the pris' - ners to re - lease, In Sa - tan's bond - age held; } He comes, from thick - est films of  
 The gates of brass be - fore him burst, The i - ron fet - ters yield. }

3. He comes, the bro - ken heart to bind, The bleed - ing soul to cure, } Our glad ho - san - nals, Prince of  
 And with the trea - sures of his grace, T' en - rich the hum - ble poor. }

pour'd, Ex - erts his sa - cred fire; Wis - dom and might, and zeal and love His ho - ly breast in - spire.

vice, To clear the men - tal ray; And on the eyes op - press'd with night To pour ce - les - tial day.

peace, Thy wel come shall pro - claim, And heav'n's e - ter - nal arch - es ring With thy be - lov - ed name.

1. Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream Our Saviour at midnight, when moonlight's pale beam  
Shone bright on thy wa-ters, would frequently stray, And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

2. How damp were the vapors that fell on his head! How hard was his pillow! how humble his bed!  
The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the sight, And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.

3. O garden of Olivet, dear honour'd spot!  
The fame of thy wonder shall ne'er be forgot;  
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,  
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

4. Come, saints and adore him; come, bow at his feet!  
Oh, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;  
Let joyful hosannas unceasingly rise,  
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

## ROSE OF SHARON.

Sol. Song ii.

Billings.

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley; I am the rose of Sharon, and the li - ly of the valley,

As the lily among the thorns, so is my love among the daughters ; As the apple tree, the apple tree a - mong the trees of the wood,

This musical system consists of four staves. The first two staves (treble and bass clef) contain whole rests for the first 12 measures. The third staff (treble clef) begins the melody in measure 13 with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, A5, B5, C6, D6, E6, F6, G6, A6, B6, C7, D7, E7, F7, G7, A7, B7, C8, D8, E8, F8, G8, A8, B8, C9, D9, E9, F9, G9, A9, B9, C10, D10, E10, F10, G10, A10, B10, C11, D11, E11, F11, G11, A11, B11, C12, D12, E12, F12, G12, A12, B12, C13, D13, E13, F13, G13, A13, B13, C14, D14, E14, F14, G14, A14, B14, C15, D15, E15, F15, G15, A15, B15, C16, D16, E16, F16, G16, A16, B16, C17, D17, E17, F17, G17, A17, B17, C18, D18, E18, F18, G18, A18, B18, C19, D19, E19, F19, G19, A19, B19, C20, D20, E20, F20, G20, A20, B20, C21, D21, E21, F21, G21, A21, B21, C22, D22, E22, F22, G22, A22, B22, C23, D23, E23, F23, G23, A23, B23, C24, D24, E24, F24, G24, A24, B24, C25, D25, E25, F25, G25, A25, B25, C26, D26, E26, F26, G26, A26, B26, C27, D27, E27, F27, G27, A27, B27, C28, D28, E28, F28, G28, A28, B28, C29, D29, E29, F29, G29, A29, B29, C30, D30, E30, F30, G30, A30, B30, C31, D31, E31, F31, G31, A31, B31, C32, D32, E32, F32, G32, A32, B32, C33, D33, E33, F33, G33, A33, B33, C34, D34, E34, F34, G34, A34, B34, C35, D35, E35, F35, G35, A35, B35, C36, D36, E36, F36, G36, A36, B36, C37, D37, E37, F37, G37, A37, B37, C38, D38, E38, F38, G38, A38, B38, C39, D39, E39, F39, G39, A39, B39, C40, D40, E40, F40, G40, A40, B40, C41, D41, E41, F41, G41, A41, B41, C42, D42, E42, F42, G42, A42, B42, C43, D43, E43, F43, G43, A43, B43, C44, D44, E44, F44, G44, A44, B44, C45, D45, E45, F45, G45, A45, B45, C46, D46, E46, F46, G46, A46, B46, C47, D47, E47, F47, G47, A47, B47, C48, D48, E48, F48, G48, A48, B48, C49, D49, E49, F49, G49, A49, B49, C50, D50, E50, F50, G50, A50, B50, C51, D51, E51, F51, G51, A51, B51, C52, D52, E52, F52, G52, A52, B52, C53, D53, E53, F53, G53, A53, B53, C54, D54, E54, F54, G54, A54, B54, C55, D55, E55, F55, G55, A55, B55, C56, D56, E56, F56, G56, A56, B56, C57, D57, E57, F57, G57, A57, B57, C58, D58, E58, F58, G58, A58, B58, C59, D59, E59, F59, G59, A59, B59, C60, D60, E60, F60, G60, A60, B60, C61, D61, E61, F61, G61, A61, B61, C62, D62, E62, F62, G62, A62, B62, C63, D63, E63, F63, G63, A63, B63, C64, D64, E64, F64, G64, A64, B64, C65, D65, E65, F65, G65, A65, B65, C66, D66, E66, F66, G66, A66, B66, C67, D67, E67, F67, G67, A67, B67, C68, D68, E68, F68, G68, A68, B68, C69, D69, E69, F69, G69, A69, B69, C70, D70, E70, F70, G70, A70, B70, C71, D71, E71, F71, G71, A71, B71, C72, D72, E72, F72, G72, A72, B72, C73, D73, E73, F73, G73, A73, B73, C74, D74, E74, F74, G74, A74, B74, C75, D75, E75, F75, G75, A75, B75, C76, D76, E76, F76, G76, A76, B76, C77, D77, E77, F77, G77, A77, B77, C78, D78, E78, F78, G78, A78, B78, C79, D79, E79, F79, G79, A79, B79, C80, D80, E80, F80, G80, A80, B80, C81, D81, E81, F81, G81, A81, B81, C82, D82, E82, F82, G82, A82, B82, C83, D83, E83, F83, G83, A83, B83, C84, D84, E84, F84, G84, A84, B84, C85, D85, E85, F85, G85, A85, B85, C86, D86, E86, F86, G86, A86, B86, C87, D87, E87, F87, G87, A87, B87, C88, D88, E88, 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And his fruit was sweet to my taste; And his fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

And his fruit was sweet to my taste.

And his fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste, And his fruit, and his fruit, &c.

his banner over me was love, He brought me to the banqueting house, his banner over me was love. Stay me with flagons, comfort me with

aj ples, For I am sick, for I am sick, for I am sick of love: I charge you, O ye daughters of Je - rusalem,

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is a bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The first staff has a melodic line with many eighth and sixteenth notes, and some rests. The second staff has a bass line with many eighth and sixteenth notes, and some rests. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

By the roes, and by the hinds of the field, That you stir not up, that you stir not up, that you stir not up, that you stir not up, nor a-

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is a bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The first staff has a melodic line with many eighth and sixteenth notes, and some rests. The second staff has a bass line with many eighth and sixteenth notes, and some rests. The lyrics are written below the first staff.



wake, awake, a - wake, a - wake, my love, till he please. The voice of my be - loved, Be - hold! he cometh,

leaping upon the mountains, skipping, :||: leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. My beloved spake, and

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff is a bass clef. The third staff is a treble clef, and the fourth staff is a bass clef. The music is in 6/4 time, as indicated by the time signature at the end of each staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

said unto me, Rise up, rise up, rise up, rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The time signature remains 6/4. The lyrics continue below the staves.

past, the rain is over and gone. For lo, &c. the rain is over, the

ROSE OF SHARON. *Concluded.*

rain is over, the rain is over and gone. For lo, &c.

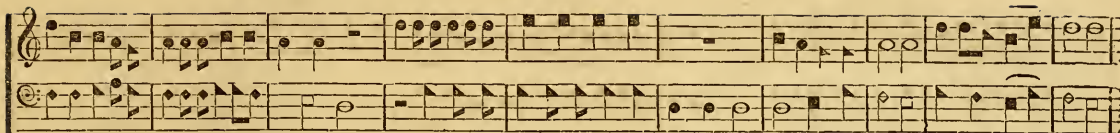
This musical score is for the song 'ROSE OF SHARON. Concluded.' It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system contains the first line of the melody and its accompaniment. The second system contains the second line, which includes the lyrics 'rain is over, the rain is over and gone. For lo, &c.' written below the treble staff. The music is written in a common time signature (C) and features various note values including eighth, quarter, and half notes, as well as rests.

## HEAVENLY VISION.

Taken from Rev. v. 11. *Billings.*

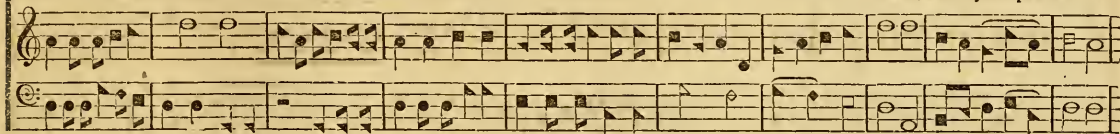
I beheld, and lo a great multitude, which no man could number, 'Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, thousands, &c.

This musical score is for the song 'HEAVENLY VISION.' It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system contains the first line of the melody and its accompaniment. The second system contains the second line, which includes the lyrics 'I beheld, and lo a great multitude, which no man could number, 'Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, thousands, &c.' written below the treble staff. The music is written in a common time signature (C) and features various note values including eighth, quarter, and half notes, as well as rests.



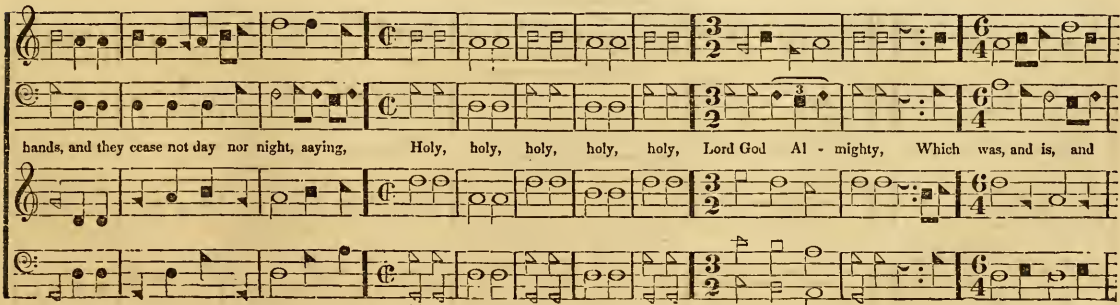
thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, Thousands, &c.

Stood before the Lamb, and they had palms in their



hands, and they cease not day nor night, saying,

Holy, holy, holy, holy, holy, Lord God Al - mighty, Which was, and is, and



is to come, Which was, &c. And I heard a mighty angel fly - - ing through the midst of heav'n,

erying with a loud voice, We wo, wo, wo, Be unto the earth by reason of the trumpet which is

The musical score is written for four staves, two systems of two staves each. The first system contains the first two systems of the score. The second system contains the last two systems. The music is in 3/2 time. The first system begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The second system begins with a bass clef and a common time signature. The third system begins with a treble clef and a 3/2 time signature. The fourth system begins with a bass clef and a 3/2 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first system contains the lyrics 'is to come, Which was, &c. And I heard a mighty angel fly - - ing through the midst of heav'n,'. The second system contains the lyrics 'erying with a loud voice, We wo, wo, wo, Be unto the earth by reason of the trumpet which is'. The music features various melodic lines, including a prominent one in the treble clef of the first system, and a bass line in the bass clef of the first system. The second system features a treble line and a bass line. The third system features a treble line and a bass line. The fourth system features a treble line and a bass line. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first system contains the lyrics 'is to come, Which was, &c. And I heard a mighty angel fly - - ing through the midst of heav'n,'. The second system contains the lyrics 'erying with a loud voice, We wo, wo, wo, Be unto the earth by reason of the trumpet which is'. The music features various melodic lines, including a prominent one in the treble clef of the first system, and a bass line in the bass clef of the first system. The second system features a treble line and a bass line. The third system features a treble line and a bass line. The fourth system features a treble line and a bass line.



yet to sound. And when the last trumpet sounded, the great men and nobles, rich men and poor, bond and free, gathered themselves to-

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is primarily in the upper staff, with the lower staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are printed below the staves, aligned with the musical notes.

gether, and cried to the rocks and mountains to fall up - on them, and hide them from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne,

The second system of the musical score continues the composition. It also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs. The musical notation continues with various note values and rests, maintaining the melodic and harmonic structure established in the first system. The lyrics are printed below the staves, continuing the narrative of the hymn.

HEAVENLY VISION. *Concluded.*

For the great day of the Lord is come, and who shall be able to stand? And who shall be a - ble to stand?

This musical score is for a hymn titled 'HEAVENLY VISION. Concluded.' It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, with the first staff in treble clef and the second in bass clef. The last two staves are for the piano accompaniment, also in treble and bass clefs respectively. The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are: 'For the great day of the Lord is come, and who shall be able to stand? And who shall be a - ble to stand?'. There are first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' above the notes.

## ODE ON SCIENCE. Sharp Key on G.

The morn - ing sun shines from the east, And spreads his glo - ries to the west, All nations with his beams are

This musical score is for a hymn titled 'ODE ON SCIENCE. Sharp Key on G.' It consists of three staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, both in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third staff is for the piano accompaniment in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are: 'The morn - ing sun shines from the east, And spreads his glo - ries to the west, All nations with his beams are'. The score ends with a double bar line.

blest, Where'er the ra - diant light appears. So sci - ence spreads her lu - cid ray O'er lands which long in

This musical system consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a common time signature. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first two staves and the second line corresponding to the third staff.

darkness lay She vi - sits fair Co - lum - bi - a, And sets her sons a - mong the stars. Fair

This musical system also consists of three staves, with the top two in treble clef and the bottom in bass clef. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first two staves and the second line corresponding to the third staff. The music continues from the previous system, with some measures marked with first and second endings (1 and 2).

freedom her at - tendant waits, To bless the por - tals of her gates, To crown the young and rising states With laurels of im - mortal day : The

This musical system consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a common time signature. The lyrics are placed below the middle staff, aligned with the notes.

British yoke, the Gallic chain, Was urged upon our necks in vain, All haughty tyrants we disdain, And shout, Long live A - me - ri - ca.

This musical system also consists of three staves, with the same clef and time signature as the first system. The lyrics are placed below the middle staff. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs on the final notes of the top two staves.

David the king was grieved and moved, He went to his chamber, his chamber, and wept; And as he went he wept, and said,

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the other three staves. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

O my son! :|| Would to God I had died, :|| :|| For thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the other three staves. The lyrics are written below the top staff. There are repeat signs (double bar lines with dots) after the first and second phrases of the lyrics.



## FAREWELL ANTHEM.

My friends, I am going, I am going a long and

My friends, I am going a long and tedious jour - ney, Never to return ; I am going a long journey, never to return. I am

tedious journey, Never to return. I am going a long journey, Never to re - turn. Never to re - turn. Never to re turn. Never to re -

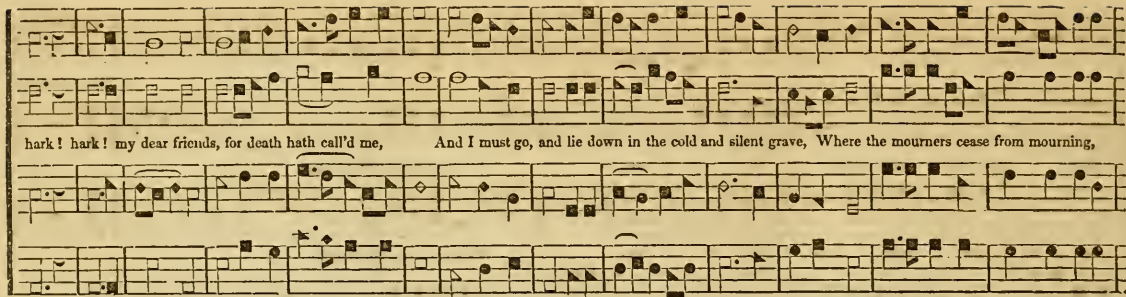
going a long journey, Never to return. I am going a long journey, Never to re - turn. Never to return.

turn ; never, never, never, never, to re - turn ; Fare you well, my friends. :|:

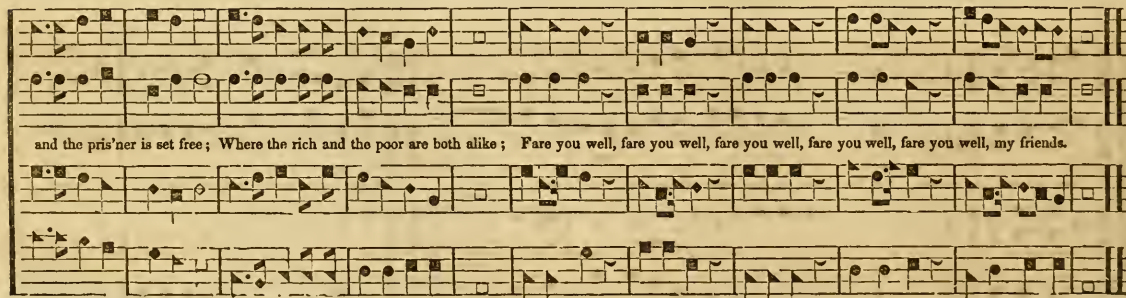
never to re - turn. never, never to re - turn ; Fare you well, my friends.

Fare you well, my friends, And God grant we may meet together in that world a - bove, Where trouble shall cease and harmony shall abound,

FAREWELL ANTHEM. *Concluded*



hark ! hark ! my dear friends, for death hath call'd me,      And I must go, and lie down in the cold and silent grave, Where the mourners cease from mourning,



and the pris'ner is set free ; Where the rich and the poor are both alike ; Fare you well, fare you well, fare you well, fare you well, fare you well, my friends.

# APPENDIX:

CONTAINING

SEVERAL TUNES ENTIRELY NEW.

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INTERROGATION. 7's.

*Christopher.*

Baptist Harmony, 141.

Hark! my soul, is the Lord; 'Tis the Saviour, hear his word; Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee— Say, poor sinner, :|: Say, poor sinner, Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me |

When I can read my ti - tle clear to man - sions in the skies, I'll bid fare - well to ev - ry

The first system of the musical score for 'DUDLEY. C. M.' consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melody with various note values including half notes, quarter notes, and eighth notes, with some notes beamed together. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes. I'll bid fare - well to ev - ry fear, I'll bid fare - well to ev - ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody from the first system. It also consists of three staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp and a 6/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall;  
May I but safely reach my home  
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.



'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and crea-ture complaints, How sweet to my soul is com-mu-nion with saints; To find at the banquet of mer-cy there's room, And feel in the

pre-sence of Je-sus, at home, Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Pre-pare me, dear Sa-viour, for glo-ry, my home.

2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace!  
And thine precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!  
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,  
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.  
Home, home, &c.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;  
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,  
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.  
Home, home, &c.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,  
O give me submission, and strength as my day;  
In all my afflictions to thee I would come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.  
Home, home, &c.

5 What'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,  
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;  
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,  
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.  
Home, home, &c.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,  
No more, as an exile in sorrow to pine,  
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,  
With glorified millions to praise thee, at home.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet, home,  
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home

What won-drous love is this, oh! my soul! oh! my soul! What won-drous love is this, oh! my soul! What won-drous love is this! That

caused the Lord of bliss, To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul, for my soul, To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul.

On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my possessions lie.  
To see the right-eous a march-ing home and the

Chorus.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. The first system has two staves (treble and bass clef). The second system has two staves (treble and bass clef). The third system has two staves (treble and bass clef). The music is in 2/4 time and features a variety of note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing above the notes in the first system.

an-gels bid them come,  
And Je-sus stands a wait-ing, to wel-come trav'-lers home,  
To wel-come trav'-lers home, to wel-come trav'-lers home.  
And Je-sus stands a wait-ing, to wel-come trav'-lers hom

The musical score continues with two more systems of staves. The fourth system has two staves (treble and bass clef). The fifth system has two staves (treble and bass clef). The music continues with the same notation as the previous systems, featuring a variety of note values and rests. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing above the notes in the fourth system.

1 Since man by sin has lost his God, He seeks cre - a - tion through ; And vain - ly strives for so - lid bliss, In try - ing some - thing new, In

try - ing some - thing new, And vain - ly strives for so - lid bliss, In try - ing some - thing new.

2 The new possessed like fading flowers,  
Soon loses its gay hue ;  
The bubble now no longer stays,  
The soul wants something new

3 Now could we call all Europe ours,  
With India and Peru ;  
The mind would feel an aching void,  
And still want something new.

4 But when we feel the power of Christ,  
All good in him we view ;  
The soul forsakes her vain pursuits,  
In Christ finds something new.

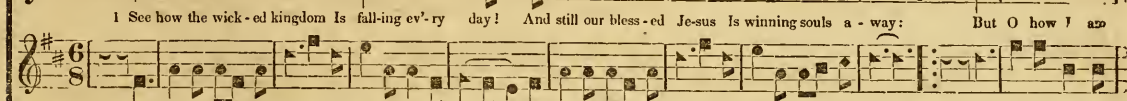
5 The joy the dear Redeemer gives,  
Will bear a strict review -  
Nor need we ever change again,  
For Christ is always new

6 Come, sinners, then and seek the joys  
Which Christ bids you pursue ;  
And keep the glorious theme in view,  
In Christ seek something new

7 But soon a change awaits us all.  
Before the great review ;  
And at his feet with rapture fall,  
And Heaven brings something new

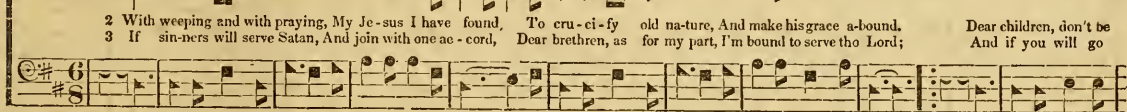
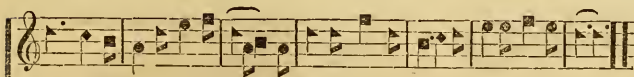


1 See how the wick-ed kingdom Is fall-ing ev'-ry day! And still our bless-ed Je-sus Is winning souls a-way: But O how I an-

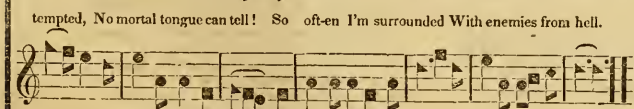


2 With weeping and with praying, My Je-sus I have found, To cru-ci-fy old na-ture, And make his grace a-bound. Dear children, don't be

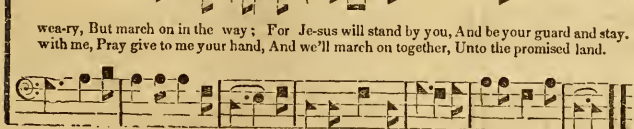
3 If sin-ners will serve Satan, And join with one ac-cord, Dear brethren, as for my part, I'm bound to serve tho Lord; And if you will go

tempted, No mortal tongue can tell! So oft-en I'm surrounded With enemies from hell.



wea-ry, But march on in the way; For Je-sus will stand by you, And be your guard and stay. with me, Pray give to me your hand, And we'll march on together, Unto the promised land.



- 4 Through troubles and distresses,  
We'll make our way to God;  
Though earth and hell oppose us,  
We'll keep the heavenly road.  
Our Jesus went before us,  
And many sorrows here,  
And we who follow after,  
Can never meet with more.
- 5 Thou dear to me, my brethren,  
Each one of you I find.  
My duty now compels me  
To leave you all behind:  
But while the parting grieves us,  
I humbly ask your prayers,  
To bear me up in trouble,  
And conquer all my fears.
- 6 And now, my loving brothers,  
I bid you all farewell!  
With you my loving sisters,  
I can no longer dwell.

- Farewell to every mourner!  
I hope the Lord you'll find,  
To ease you of your burden,  
And give you peace of mind
- 7 Farewell, poor careless sinners!  
I love you dearly well;  
I've labour'd much to bring you  
With Jesus Christ to dwell,  
I now am bound to leave you—  
O tell me, will you go!  
But if you won't decide it,  
I'll bid you all adieu!
- 8 We'll bid farewell to sorrow,  
To sickness, care, and pain,  
And mount aloft with Jesus  
For evermore to reign;  
We'll join to sing his praises  
Above the ethereal blue.  
And then, poor careless sinners,  
What will become of you?



1. I came to the place where the lone pil-grim lay, And pen-sive-ly stood by the tomb, When in a low whis-per I

heard some-thing say, How sweet-ly I sleep here a-lone!

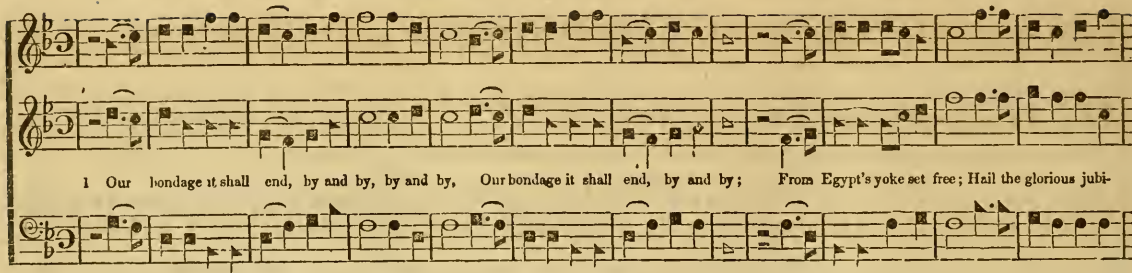
2. The tempest may howl, and the loud thunder roar,  
And gathering storms may arise,  
Yet calm is my feeling, at rest is my soul,  
The tears are all wiped from my eyes.
3. The cause of my Master compell'd me from home,  
I bade my companions farewell;  
I blest my dear children, who now for me mourn—  
In far distant regions they dwell.
4. I wander'd an exile and stranger from home,  
No kindred or relative nigh;  
I met the contagion, and sank to the tomb,  
My soul flew to mansions on high.
5. Oh tell my companion and children most dear,  
To weep not for me now I'm gone;  
The same hand that led me through scenes most severe,  
Hac kindly assisted me home.
- \*6. And there is n'crown that doth glitter and shine,  
That I shall for evermore wear:  
Then turn to the Saviour, his love's all divine,  
And you that would dwell with me there.

\* The sixth verse was composed by J. J. Hicks, of North Carolina

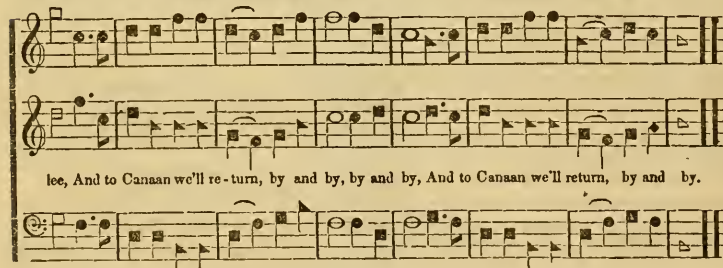
Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee, Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ; The Saviour has pass'd through its por-tals before thee, And the

lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

- 2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,  
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side,  
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee  
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave—and thy cradle's forsaken,  
With us thy fond spirit did not tarry long,  
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,  
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee  
When God was thy ransom, and guardian, and guide.  
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,  
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died



1 Our bondage it shall end, by and by, by and by, Our bondage it shall end, by and by; From Egypt's yoke set free; Hail the glorious jubi-



lee, And to Canaan we'll re-turn, by and by, by and by, And to Canaan we'll return, by and by.

2 Our deliverer he shall come, by and by,  
And our sorrows have an end,  
With our three-score years and ten,  
And vast glory crown the day, by and by

3 Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on  
Though our hearts dissolve with fear,  
Lo, Sinai's God is near,  
While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on.

4 Though Marah has bitter streams, we'll go on;  
Though Baca's vale be dry,  
And the land yield no supply;  
To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on.

5 And when to Jordan's floods, we are come,  
Jehovah rules the tide,  
And the waters he'll divide,  
And the ransom'd host shall shout, we are come,

6 Then friends shall meet again, who have loved,  
Our embraces shall be sweet  
At the dear Redeemer's feet,  
When we meet to part no more, who have loved.

7 Then with all the happy throng, we'll rejoice  
Shouting glory to our King,  
Till the vaults of heaven ring,  
And through all eternity we'll rejoice

I. the floods of tri-bu - la-tion, While the bil-lows o'er me roll, Hal-le - 'u-jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, praise the Lord, Hal-le - lu-jah,  
Je-sus whis-pers con-so-la-tion, And sup-ports my faint-ing soul,

Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, praise the Lord.

2 Thus the lion yields me honey  
From the eater food is given,  
Strengthen'd thus, I still press forward,  
Singing as I wade to heaven:  
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,  
And my sins are all forgiven. Sweet. &c.

3 Mid the gloom the vivid lightning,  
With increasing brightness play  
Mid the thorn bright beauteous flowrets  
Look more beautiful and gay.  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, praise the Lord. Hallelujah, &c.

4 So in darkest dispensations  
Doth my faithful Lord appear,  
With his richest consolations  
To reanimate and cheer.  
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,  
Thus to bring my Saviour near. Sweet, &c.

5 Floods of tribulations brighten,  
Billows still around me roar;  
Those that know not Christ ye frighten,  
But my soul defies your power.  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, praise the Lord. Hallelujah, &c.

6 In the sacred page recorded;  
Thus the word securely stands, -  
Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,  
Nought shall pluck thee from my hands.  
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,  
Every word my love demands. Sweet, &c.

7 All I meet I find assist me,  
In my path to heavenly joy;  
Where the trials now attend me,  
Trials never more annoy.  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, praise the Lord. Hallelujah, &c.

8 Wearing there a weight of glory,  
Still the path I'll near forget  
But exulting cry it led me  
To my blessed Saviour's feet.  
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,  
Which has brought to Jesus' feet. Sweet. &c.

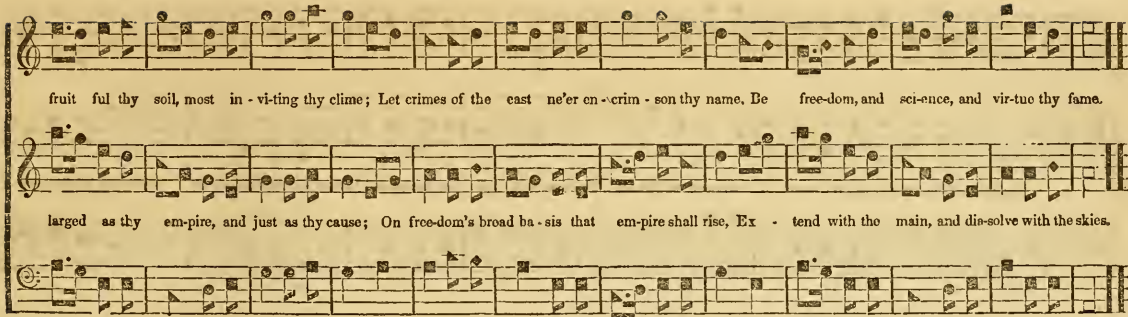
1 Co - lum-bia! Co - lum-bia! to glo - ry a-rise, The queen of the world, and the child of the skies, Thy ge-nius com-mands thee, with

2 To con-quest and slaugh-ter let Eu-rope as-pire, Whelm na - tions in blood, or wrap ei-ties in fire; Thy he-roes the rights of man-

rap-tures be-hold, While a - ges on a - ges thy splen-dours un-fold: Thy reign is the last and the no - blest of time, Most

kind shall de-fend, And tri-umph pur - sue them and glo-ry at - tend. A world is thy realm, for a world be thy laws, En-





3 Fair science her gate to thy sons shall unbar,  
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star;  
New bards and new sages unrivall'd shall soar  
To fame unextinguish'd, when time is no more.  
'To the last refuge of virtue design'd,  
Shall fly from all nations, the best of mankind,  
There, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall bring  
'Their incense, more fragrant than odours of spring.

4 Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,  
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;  
Their graces of form shall awake pure desire,  
And the charms of the soul still enliven the fire:  
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,  
And virtue's bright image enstamp'd on the mind;  
With peace and sweet rapture shall teach life to glow  
And light up a smile in the aspect of wo

5 Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display  
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;  
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,  
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold,  
As the day-spring unbounded thy splendours shall flow,  
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,  
While the ensigns of union in triumph unfurl'd,  
Hush anarchy's sway, and give peace to the world.

6 Thus down a lone valley with cedars o'erspread,  
From the noise of the town I pensively stray'd,  
The bloom from the face of fair heaven retired,  
The wind ceas'd to murmur, the thunders expired  
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,  
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,  
Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,  
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies.

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound, Mine ears, attend the cry; Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie, Where you must shortly

lie. :| Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.  
Where you must shortly lie,

2. "Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
In spite of all your towers;  
The tall, the wise, the reverend head  
Must lie as low as ours"
3. Great God, is this our certain doom?  
And are we still secure?  
Still walking downward to the tomb,  
And yet prepare no more!
4. Grant us the power of quickening grace,  
To fit our souls to fly;  
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
We'll rise above the sky

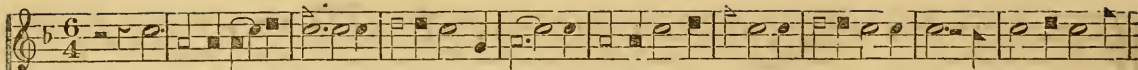
1. To-day, if you will hear his voice, Now is the time to make your choice; } Oh! turn, sinner, turn, may the Lord help you turn—  
 Say, will you to Mount Zi - on go? Say, will you have this Christ, or no? }

Chorus.

Oh! turn, sin - ner, turn, why will you die?

2. Say, will you be for ever blest,  
 And with this glorious Jesus rest?  
 Will you be saved from guilt and pain?  
 Will you with Christ for ever reign?  
 Oh! turn, sinner, &c.
3. Make now your choice, and halt no more;  
 He now is waiting for the poor:  
 Say now, poor souls, what will you do?  
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no?  
 Oh! turn, sinner, &c.
4. Ye dear young men, for ruin bound,  
 Amidst the Gospel's joyful sound,  
 Come, go with us, and seek to prove  
 The joys of Christ's redeeming love.  
 Oh! turn, sinner, &c.
5. Your sports, and all your glittering toys,  
 Compared with our celestial joys,  
 Like momentary dreams appear:—  
 Come, go with us—your souls are dear.  
 Oh! turn, sinner, &c.

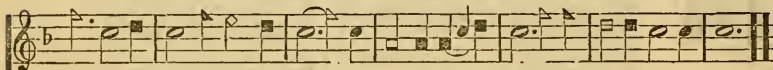
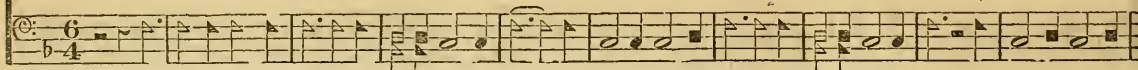
6. Young women, now we look to you,  
 Are you resolved to perish too?  
 To rush in carnal pleasures on,  
 And sink in flaming ruin down?  
 Oh! turn, sinner, &c.
7. Then, dear young friends, a long farewell,  
 We're bound to heav'n, but you to hell.  
 Still God-may hear us, while we pray,  
 And change you ere that burning day.  
 Oh! turn, sinner, &c.
8. Once more I ask you, in his name;  
 (I know his love remains the same)  
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go?  
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no?  
 Oh! turn, sinner, &c.
9. Come, you that love th' incarnate God,  
 And feel redemption in his blood,  
 Let's watch and pray, and onward move,  
 Till we shall meet in realms above.  
 Oh! turn sinner, &c.



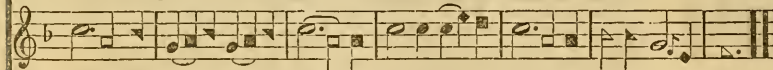
1. Sometimes a light sur - prises The Christian while he sings It is the Lord who rises With healing in his wings: When comforts are de -



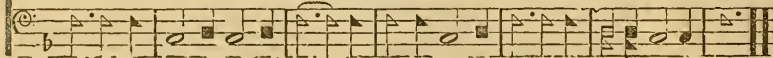
2. In ho - ly contem - plation, We sweetly then pur - sue The theme of God's sal - vation, And find it ever new: Set free from present



clining, He grants the soul a - gain A season of clear shining, To cheer it af - ter rain.



sorrow, We cheerful - ly can say, Let the unknown to-morrow Bring with it what it may.



3. It can bring with it nothing  
 But he will bear us through;  
 Who gives the lilies clothing  
 Will clothe his people too:  
 Beneath the spreading heavens,  
 No creature but is fed,  
 And he who feeds the ravens  
 Will give his children bread.
- Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
 Its wonted fruit should bear,  
 Though all the fields should wither,  
 Nor flocks nor herds be there,  
 Yet God, the same abiding,  
 His praise shall tune my voice:  
 For while in him confiding  
 I cannot but rejoice

Slow.

1. \*High o'er the hills the mountains rise, Their summits tow - er toward the skies; But far a - bove them I must dwell.

2. Oh, God! for - bid that I should fall And lose my ev - er - last - ing all; But may I rise on wings of love,

Or sink be - neath the flames of hell.

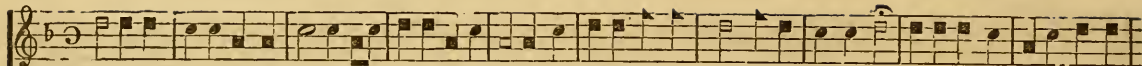
And soar to the blest world a - bove.

3. Although I walk the mountains high,  
Ere long my body low must lie,  
And in some lonesome place must rot,  
And by the living be forgot.
4. There it must lie till that great day,  
When Gabriel's awful trump shall say,  
Arise, the judgment day is come,  
When all must hear their final doom.
5. If not prepared, then I must go  
Down to eternal pain and wo,  
With devils there I must remain,  
And never more return again.

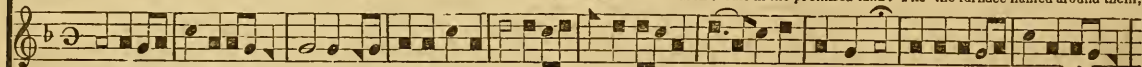
6. But if prepared, oh, blessed thought!  
I'll rise above the mountain's top,  
And there remain for evermore  
On Canaan's peaceful, happy shore.
7. Oh! when I think of that blest world,  
Where all God's people dwell in love,  
I oft-times long with them to be  
And dwell in heaven eternally.
8. Then will I sing God's praises there,  
Who brought me through my troubles here  
I'll sing, and be forever blest,  
Find sweet and everlasting rest.

\* THIS SONG WAS COMPOSED BY THE AUTHOR, IN THE FALL OF 1831, WHILE TRAVELLING OVER THE MOUNTAINS, ON FRENCH BROAD RIVER, IN NORTH CAROLINA AND TENNESSEE.

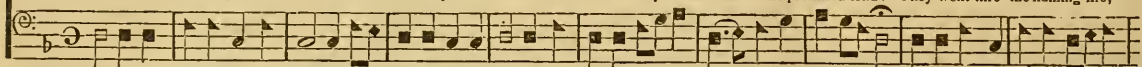




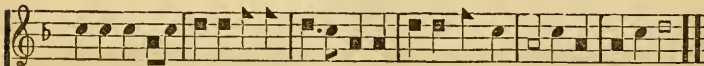
1. Where are the Hebrew children? Where are the Hebrew children? Where are the Hebrew children? Safe in the promised land: Tho' the furnee flamed around them,



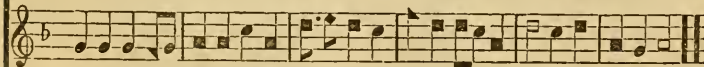
2. Where are the twelve apostles? Where are the twelve apostles? Where are the twelve apostles? Safe in the promised land: They went thro' the flaming fire,



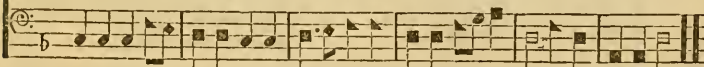
3. Where are the holy martyrs? Where are the holy martyrs? Where are the holy martyrs? Safe in the promised land: Those who wash'd their robes, and made them



God while in their trouble found them; He with love and mercy bound them, Safe in the promised land.



Trusting in the great Messiah, Holy grace did raise them higher, Safe in the promised land.



White and spotless pure, and laid them Where no earthly stain could fade them, Safe in the promised land.

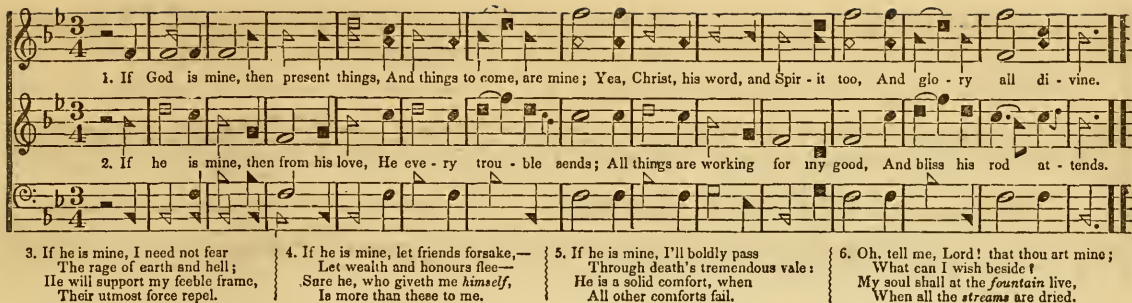
4. Where are the holy Christians? †  
Safe in the promised land:  
There our souls will join the chorus,  
Saints and angels sing before us,  
While all heaven is beaming o'er us,  
Safe in the promised land.

5. By and by we'll go and meet them, †  
Safe in the promised land:  
There we'll sing and shout together,  
There we'll sing and shout hosanna,  
There we'll sing and shout forever,  
Safe in the promised land.

6. Glory to God Almighty, †  
Who called us unto him,  
Who are blind by sinful nature,  
Who have sinned against our Maker,  
Who did send his son to save us,  
Safe in the promised land.

7. Where is our blessed Saviour? †  
Safe in the promised land:  
He was scourged and crucified  
He by Romans was derided,  
Thus the Lord of glory died,  
To raise our souls above.

\* This tune was set to music by DAVID WALKER, in 1841; also the last two verses of the song are his composition



1. If God is mine, then present things, And things to come, are mine; Yea, Christ, his word, and Spir - it too, And glo - ry all di - vine.

2. If he is mine, then from his love, He eve - ry trou - ble sends; All things are working for my good, And bliss his rod at - tends.

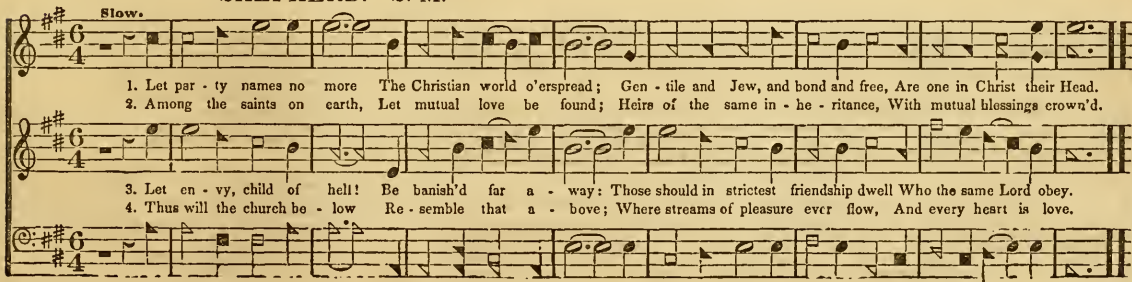
3. If he is mine, I need not fear  
The rage of earth and hell;  
He will support my feeble frame,  
Their utmost force repel.

4. If he is mine, let friends forsake, —  
Let wealth and honours flee —  
Sare he, who giveth me *himself*,  
Is more than these to me.

5. If he is mine, I'll boldly pass  
Through death's tremendous vale:  
He is a solid comfort, when  
All other comforts fail.

6. Oh, tell me, Lord! that thou art mine;  
What can I wish beside?  
My soul shall at the *fountain* live,  
When all the *streams* are dried.

## SHEPHERD. S. M.



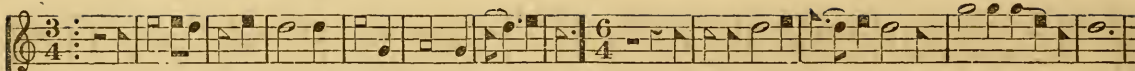
Slow.

1. Let par - ty names no more The Christian world o'erspread; Gen - tile and Jew, and bond and free, Are one in Christ their Head.

2. Among the saints on earth, Let mutual love be found; Heirs of the same in - he - rance, With mutual blessings crown'd.

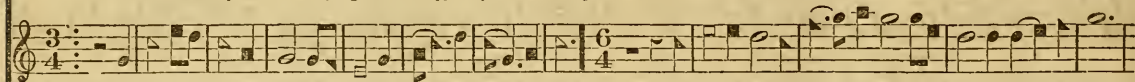
3. Let en - vy, child of hell! Be banish'd far a - way: Those should in strictest friendship dwell Who the same Lord obey.

4. Thus will the church be - low Re - semble that a - bove; Where streams of pleasure ev' flow, And every heart is love.



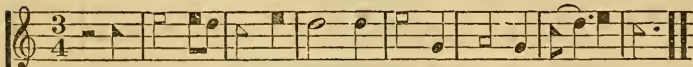
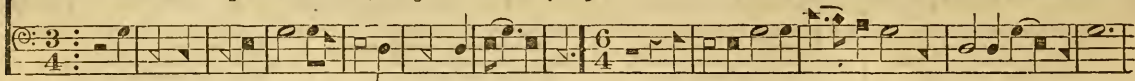
1. In e - vi long I took de - light, Unaw'd by shame or fear, }  
Till a new object struck my sight, And stopp'd my wild career. }

I saw one hanging on a tree In a - go - nies and blood,

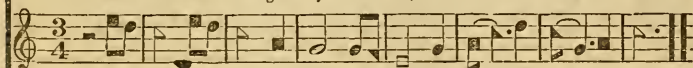


2. Sure never to my latest breath Can I for - get that look; }  
It seem'd to charge me with his death, Though not a word he spoke. }

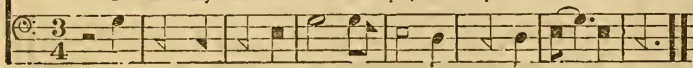
My conscience felt and own'd the guilt, And plunged me in despair;



Who fix'd his lan - guid eyes on me, As near his cross I stood.



I saw my sins his blood had spilt, And help'd to nail him there.



3. Alas! I knew not what I did;  
But now my tears are vain:  
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?  
For I the Lord have slain.  
A second look he gave, which said,  
"I freely all forgive;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
I'll die that thou may'st live."

4. Thus, while his death my sin displays  
In all its blackest hue;  
(Such is the mystery of grace,)  
It seals my pardon too.  
With pleasing grief and mournful joy  
My spirit now is fill'd,  
That I should such a life destroy,  
Yet live by him I kill'd.

Slow.

1. \*Let me go to my home in the far distant west, To the scenes of my childhood, in innocence blest, Where the tall cedars wave, and the bright waters

2. Let me go to the spot where the cataracts play, Where I often have sported in boyhood's bright day, And there greet my fond mother whose heart will o'er-

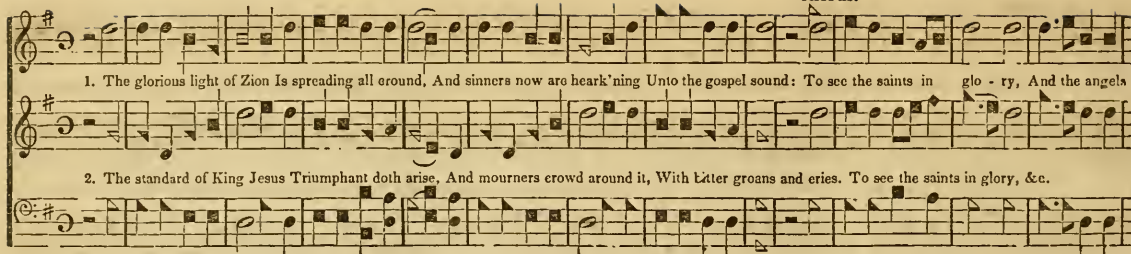
flow, Where my fathers repose, let me go, let me go, . . . Where my fathers repose, oh! there let me go.

flow At the sight of her child, let me go, let me go, . . . At the sight of her child, oh! there let me go.

3. Let me go to my sire, by whose battle-scars'd side  
I have sported so oft in the noon of my pride,  
And exulted to conquer the insistent foe;  
To my father, the chief, let me go, let me go,  
To my father, the chief, oh! there let me go.
4. And, oh! do let me go to my fishing-eyed maid,  
Who hath taught me to love 'neath the green willow's  
shade;  
Whose heart like the fawn leaps, and is pure as the  
snow:  
To the bosom I love, let me go, let me go,  
To the bosom I love, oh! there let me go.
5. And, oh! do let me go to my wild forest home,  
No more from its life-cheering food pleasures to roam  
'Neath the grove of the glen let my ashes lie low,  
To my home in the wood let me go, let me go  
To my home in the wood, oh! there let me go.

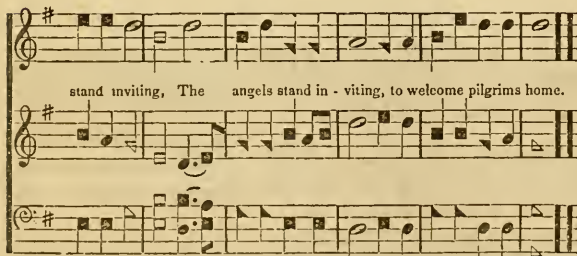
This song, it is said, was composed by the son of a chief of one of the western tribes, who was sent to the City of Washington to make a treaty with the United States, which treaty was delayed for a while by some unavoidable circumstances.

## Chorus.



1. The glorious light of Zion Is spreading all around, And sinners now are heark'ning Unto the gospel sound: To see the saints in glo - ry, And the angels

2. The standard of King Jesus Triumphant doth arise, And mourners crowd around it, With bitter groans and cries. To see the saints in glory, &c.



stand inviting, The angels stand in - viting, to welcome pilgrims home.

3. The suffering, bleeding Saviour,  
Who died on Calvary  
Is now proclaim'd to sinners  
To set the guilty free;  
To see the saints in glory, &c.

4. And while the glorious message  
Was circulating round,  
Some souls, exposed to ruin,  
Redeeming love have found.  
To see the saints in glory, &c.

5. And of that favoured number,  
I hope that I am one;  
And Christ, I trust, will finish  
The work he has begun;  
To see the saints in glory, &c.

6. He'll perfect it in righteousness,  
And I shall ever be  
A monument of mercy,  
To all eternity.  
To see the saints in glory, &c.

7. I am but a young convert,  
Who lately did enlist  
A soldier under Jesus,  
My Prophet, King, and Priest;  
To see the saints in glory, &c.

8. I have received my bounty,  
Likewise my martial dress,  
A ring of love and favour,  
A robe of righteousness.  
To see the saints in glory, &c.

9. Now down into the water  
Will we young converts go;  
There went our Lord and Master  
When he was here below;  
To see the saints in glory, &c.

10. We lay our sinful bodies  
Beneath the yielding wave,  
An emblem of the Saviour,  
When he lay in the grave.  
To see the saints in glory, &c.

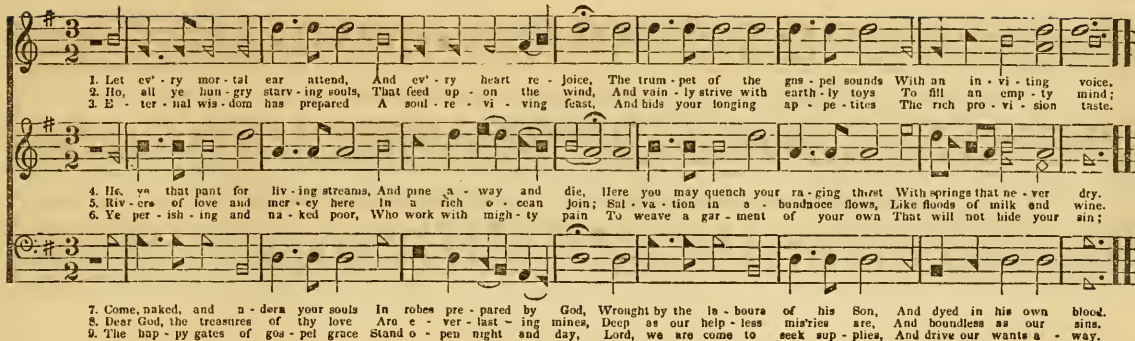
11. Poor sinners, think what Jesus  
Has done for you and me:  
Behold his mangled body  
Hung tortured on the tree!  
To see the saints in glory, &c.

12. His hands, his feet, his bleeding side  
To you he doth display;—  
Oh! tell me, brother sinner,  
How can you stay away?  
To see the saints in glory, &c.

13. Come, all you elder brethren  
Ye soldiers of the cross;  
Who, for the sake of Jesus,  
Have counted all things loss,—  
To see the saints in glory, &c.

14. Come pray for us, young converts,  
That we may travel on,  
And meet you all in glory.  
Where our Redeemer's gone.  
To see the saints in glory, &c.



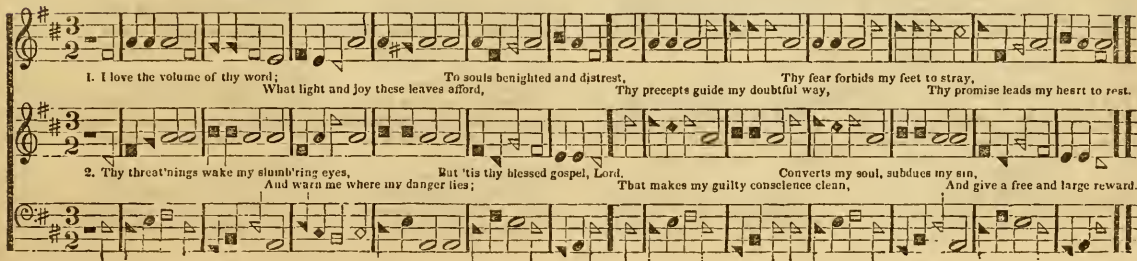


1. Let ev'ry mor-tal ear attend, And ev'ry heart re-joice, The trum-pet of the gos-pel sounds With an in-vi-ting voice.  
 2. Ho, all ye hun-gry starv-ing souls, That feed up-on the wind, And vain-ly strive with earth-ly toys To fill an emp-ty mind;  
 3. E-ter-nal wis-dom has pre-pared A soul-re-vi-ving feast, And bids your longing ap-pe-tites The rich pro-vi-sion taste.

4. Ho, ye that pant for liv-ing streams, And pine a-way and die, Here you may quench your ra-ging thirst With springs that ne-ver dry.  
 5. Riv-ers of love and mer-cy here In a rich o-cean join; Sal-va-tion in a bound-ess flows, Like floods of milk and wine.  
 6. Ye per-ish-ing and na-ked poor, Who work with migh-ty pain To weave a gar-ment of your own That will not hide your sin;

7. Come, naked, and a-dorn your souls In robes pre-pared by God, Wrought by the la-bours of his Son, And dyed in his own blood.  
 8. Dear God, the treasures of thy love Ara e-ver-last-ing mines, Deep as our help-less mis'ries are, And boundless as our sins.  
 9. The hap-py gates of gos-pel grace Stand o-pen night and day, Lord, we are come to seek sup-plies, And drive our wants a-way.

NASHVILLE. L. M. 6 lines.



1. I love the volume of thy word; To souls benighted and distress, Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,  
 What light and joy these leaves afford, Thy precepts guide my doubtful way, Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2. Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes, But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord, Converts my soul, subdues my sin,  
 And warn me where my danger lies; That makes my guilty conscience clean, And give a free and large reward.

1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call, I cannot live if thou remove, For thou art all in all: I cannot live if

2. Thy shining grace can cheer This dungeon where I dwell; 'Tis paradise when thou art here, If thou depart, 'tis hell: 'Tis pa - ra - dise when

For.

thou re - move, For thou art all in all.

thou art here, If thou de - part, 'tis hell.

3. The smilings of thy face,  
How amiable they are!  
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,  
And no where else but there.

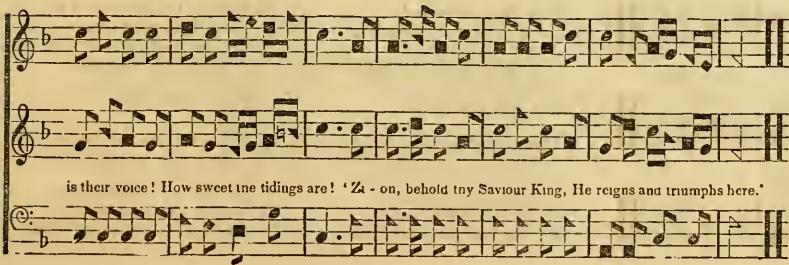
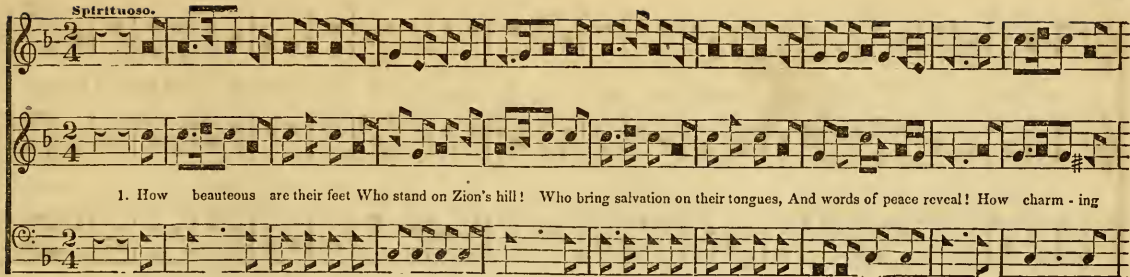
4. To thee, and thee alone,  
The angels owe their bliss;  
They sit around thy gracious throne,  
And dwell where Jesus is.

5. Not all the harps above  
Can make a heavenly place,  
If God his residence remove,  
Or but conceal his face.

6. Nor earth, nor all the sky  
Can one delight afford,  
No, not a drop of real joy,  
Without thy presence, Lord.

7. Thou art the sea of love,  
Where all my pleasures roll,  
The circle where my passions move,  
And centre of my soul.

8. To thee my spirits fly  
With infinite desire,  
And yet how far from thee I lie!  
Dear Jesus raise me higher.

*Spirituoso.*

2. How happy are our ears  
That hear this joyful sound  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found!  
How blessed are our eyes  
That see this heavenly light  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.
3. The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs  
And deserts learn the joy.  
The Lord makes bare his arm  
Through all the earth abroad  
Let every nation now beno  
Their Saviour and their God.

1. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One in three, and three in one, — As by the ce - les - tial host, Let thy will on earth be done; Praise by

2. Vildest of the sinful race, Lo! I an - swer to thy call: Mean - est vessel of thy grace, Grace di - vinely free for all; Lo! I

all to thee be given, Gracious Lord of earth and heaven!

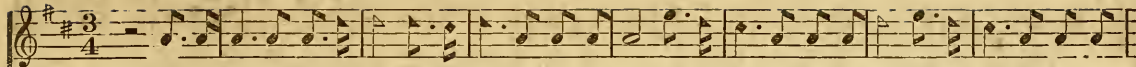
come to do thy will, All thy counsel to ful - fil.

3. If so poor a worm as I  
May to thy great glory live,  
All my actions sanctify,  
All my words and thoughts receive;  
Claim me for thy service, claim  
All I have, and all I am.

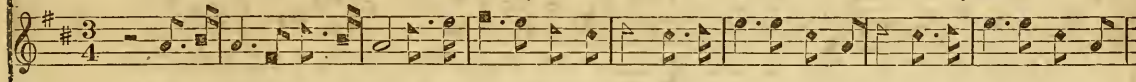
4. Take my soul and body's powers,  
Take my memory, mind, and will:  
All my goods, and all my hours,  
All I know, and all I feel;  
All I think, or speak, or do;  
Take my heart, but make it new!

5. Now, my God, thine own I am,  
Now I give thee back thine own:  
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame  
Consecrate to thee alone:  
Thine I live, thrice happy I!  
Happier still if thine I die.

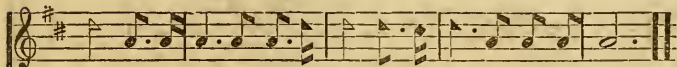
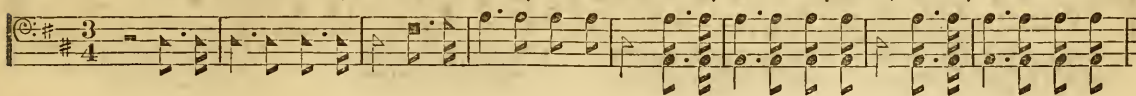
6. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One in three, and three in one  
As by the celestial host,  
Let thy will on earth be done.  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven



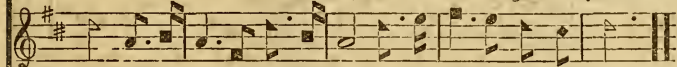
1. Rock of A - ges, shel - ter me! Let me hide myself in thee! Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which



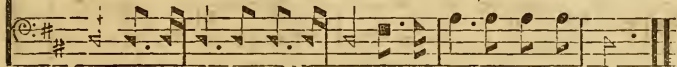
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil thy law's demands: Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for ev - er



flow'd, Be of sin the double cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.



flow All for sin could not a - tone: Thou must save, and thou a - lone.



3. Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to thee for grace;  
Black, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
4. While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eye-strings break in death  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, shelter me:  
Let me hide myself in thee!



1 My God, my por - tinn, and my love, My ev - er - last - ing all, I've none but thee in heaven a - love, Or on this earth - ly ball.  
2 What emp - ty things are all the skies, And this in - fe - rior clod! There's nothing here de - serves my joys, There's nothing like my God.

3 In vain the bright, the burning sun Scatters his - fee - ble light; 'Tis thy sweet beams cre - ate my noon; If thou withdraw 'tis night.  
4 And whilst up - on my restless bed, Amongst the shades I roll, If my Re - deem - er shows his head, 'Tis morning with my soul.

5. To thee I owe my wealth, and friends,  
And health, and ra'e abode;  
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,  
But they are not my God.

6. How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,  
If once compared to thee;  
Or what's my safety, or my health,  
Or all my friends to me?

7. Were I possessor of the earth,  
And call'd the stars my own,  
Without thy graces and thyself  
I were a wretch undone.

8. Let others stretch their arms like seas,  
And grasp in all the shore,  
Grant me the visits of thy face,  
And I desire no more.

## CHINA. C. M.

Swan.

1. Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends? Or shake st death's a - larms? 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.  
2. Are we not tending up - ward too As fast as time can move? Nor would we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.

3. Why should we tremble to con - vey Their bo - dies to the tomb? There the dear flesh of Je - sus lay, And left a long per - fume.  
4 The graves of all his aunts be bless'd, And sof - ten'd ev' - ry bed; Where should the dy - ing members rest, But with their dy - ing head?

5. Thence he a - rose, as - cend - ed high, And show'd our feet the way; Up to the Lord our souls shall fly At the great ris - ing - day  
6. Then let the last loud trumpet sound, And bid our kin dred rise A - wake, ye un - der ground, Ye saints, as - cend the skies.

SLOW AND DISTINCT.

1. How pre - cious, Lord, thy sa - cred word, What light and joy those leaves af - ford, To souls in deep dis - tress;

2. Thy threat'nings wake our slumb'ring eyes, And warn us where our dan - ger lies, But 'tis thy gos - pel, Lord,

Thy pre - cepts guide our doubt - ful way, Thy fear for - bids our feet to stray, Thy pro - mise leads to rest.

That makes the guil - ty con - science clean, Con - verts the soul and con - quers sin, And gives a free re - ward

1. Ye nations of the earth, rejoice      Be - fore the Lord, your sov'reign King;      Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,      With all your tongues his glory sing.

2. The Lord is God; 'tis he a - lone      Doth life, and breath, and being give;      We are his work, and not our own,      The sheep that on his pastures live.

3. Enter his gates with songs of joy,      With praises to his courts re - pair,      And make it your di - vine em - ploy      To pay your thanks and honours there.

4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;      Great is his grace, his mercy sure;      And the whole race of man shall find      His truth from age to age en - dure.

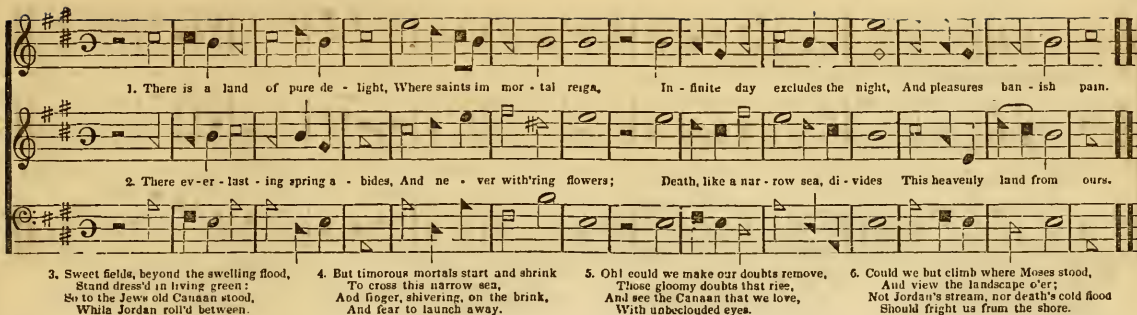
## ZION. 8,7,4.

Thos. Hastings.

1. On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands, } Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy hands, Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy bands.  
Welcome news to Zion bearing, Zi-on long in hostile lands, }

2. Lo! thy sun is ris'n in glory. God himself appears thy friend, } Great deliv'rance Zion's king vouchsafes to send: Great deliv'rance, &c.  
All thy foes shall flee before thee, Here thy boasted triumphs end; }

2. En - mies no more shall trouble, All thy wrongs shall be redress'd, } All thy conflicts end in an eternal rest All thy conflicts &c.  
For thy shame thou shalt have double, In thy Maker's favor blest; }



1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im mor - tal reiga, In - finite day excludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.

2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And ne - ver with'ring flowers; Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heavenly land from ours.

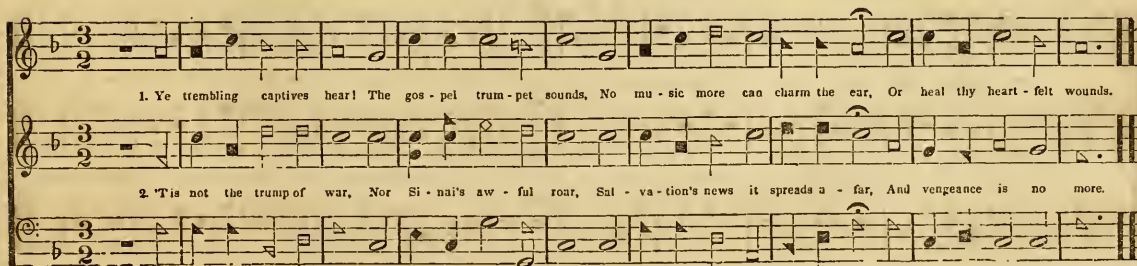
3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dress'd in living green;  
So to the Jew old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.

4. But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And finger, shivering, on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

5. Oh! could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With unobscured eyes.

6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er;  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood  
Should fright us from the shore.

STONINGTON. S. M.



1. Ye trembling captives hear! The gos - pel trum - pet sounds, No mu - sic more can charm the ear, Or heal thy heart - felt wounds.

2. 'Tis not the trump of war, Nor Si - nai's aw - ful roar, Sal - va - tion's news it spreads a - far, And vengeance is no more.

1. Come, sound his name a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho - vah is the sov' - reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

2. He form'd the deeps unknown; He gave the seas their bound; The wat' - ry worlds are all his own, And all the so - lid ground.

3. Come, worship at his throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord;  
We are his works and not our own;  
He form'd us by his word.

4. To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.

5. But if your ears refuse  
The language of his grace,  
And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,  
That unbelieving race;

5. The Lord, in vengeance drest,  
Will lift his hand and swear,  
"You that despise my promised rest  
Shall have no portion there."

## SHERBURNE. L. M.

1. To God our voices let us raise, And loudly chant the joy - ful strain; That rock of strength oh let us praise! Whence free salva - tion we ob - tain.

2. Let all who now his goodness feel, Come near and worship at his throne; Be - fore the Lord, their Maker, kneel, And bow in a - do - ra - tion down.



1. And am I born to die? To lay this ho - dy down? And must my trembling spi - rit fly In - to a world un known?

2. A land of deep - est shade, Unpierced by human thought; The drea - ry re - gions of the dead, Where all things are for - got!

3. Soon as from earth I go, What will be - come of me? E - ter - nal hap - pi - ness or wo Must then my por - tion be:

4. Waked by the trumpet's sound, I from my grave shall rise! And see the Judge with glo - ry crown'd, And see the flaming skies!

5. How shall I leave my tomb?  
With triumph or regret?  
A fearful, or a joyful doom,  
A curse, or blessing meet?

6. Will angel bands convey  
Their brother to the bar?  
Or devils drag my soul away,  
To meet its sentence there?

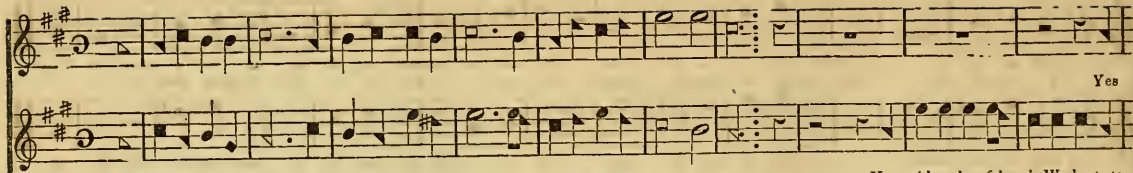
7. Who can resolve the doubt  
That tears my anxious breast?  
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,  
Or number'd with the bless'd?

8. I must from God be driven,  
Or with my Saviour dwell;  
Must come at his command to heaven,  
Or else—depart to hell.

JOY TO THE WORLD, (OR PAXTON). C. M.

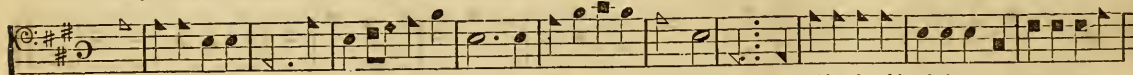
1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come, Let earth re - ceive her king, Let ev'-ry heart pre - pare his room, And heaven and na - ture sing.

2. Joy to the world, the Sa - viour reigns, Let o'en their songs em - ploy, While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the sounding joy.

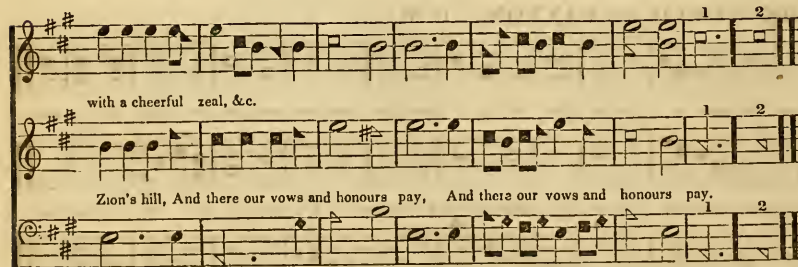


1. How pleased and blest was I, To hear the people cry, "Come, let us seek our God to-day;"

Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to



Yes, with a cheerful zeal, &c.



with a cheerful zeal, &c.

Zion's hill, And there our vows and honours pay, And there our vows and honours pay.

And there our vows, &c.

4. Zion, thrice happy place,  
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,  
And walls of strength embrace thee and  
In thee our tribes appear,  
To pray, and praise, and hear  
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
3. There David's greater Son  
Has fix'd his royal throne:  
He sits for grace and judgment there  
He bids the sinner glad,  
He makes the sinner sad,  
And humble souls rejoice with fear.
4. May peace attend thy gate,  
And joy within thee wait,  
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest;  
The man that seeks thy peace,  
And wishes thine increase,  
A thousand blessings on him rest!
5. My tongue repeats her vows,  
"Peace to this sacred house!"  
For here my friends and kindred dwell  
And since my glorious God  
Makes thee his blest abode,  
My soul shall ever be to thee wed.

How long, dear Je - sus, oh! how long Shall that bright hour de - lay; Fly swiftly round, ye

This system contains three staves of music. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the third staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first two staves and the second line of lyrics corresponding to the third staff.

Fly swift - ly round, ye wheels of time, Fly

Fly swift - ly round, &c. And bring, &c.

wheels of time, And bring the pro - mised day, And bring the pro - - mised day.

swift - ly round, ye wheels of time. And bring, &c

This system contains three staves of music. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the third staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first two staves and the second line of lyrics corresponding to the third staff. The first line of lyrics is repeated at the end of the system.

## WATCHMAN. S. M.

1. Shall wisdom cry a - loud, And not her speech be heard? The voice of God's e - ter - nal Word, De - serves it no re - gard?

2. "I was his chief de - light, His ev - er - last - ing Son, Be - fore the first of all his works, Cre - a - tion was be - gun.

3. "Be - fore the fly - ing clouds, Be - fore the so - lid land, Be - fore the fields, be - fore the floods, I dwelt at his right hand.

4. "When he a - dorn'd the skies, And built them, I was there To or - der when the sun should rise, And mar - shal ev' - ry star.

5. "When he pour'd out the sea,  
And spread the flowing deep,  
I gave the flood a firm decree  
To its own bounds to keep.

6. "Upon the empty air  
The earth was balanced well;  
With joy I saw the mansion where  
The sons of men should dwell.

7. "My busy thoughts at first  
On their salvation ran,  
Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust  
Was fashion'd to a man.

8. "Then come, receive my grace,  
Ye children, and he wise;  
Happy the man that keeps my ways;  
The man that shuns them dies."

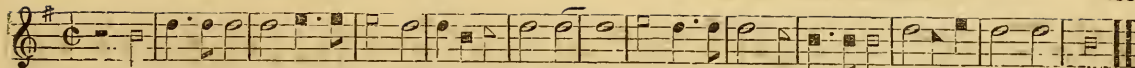
## SPRAGUE. C. M.

*Arranged from J. Smith.*

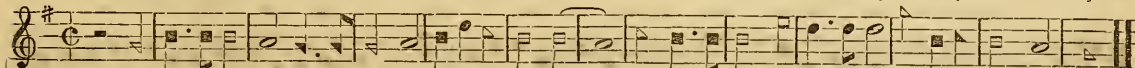
GENTLE.

1. Give me the wings of faith, to rise With - in the veil, and see The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.

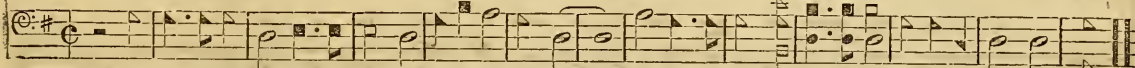
2. Once they were mourning here be - low, And wet their couch with tears; They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins and doubts and fears.



1. And must I be to judgment brought, And answer in that day, For ev'-ry vain and i-dle thought, And ev'ry word I say?



2. Yes, ev'-ry se-cret of my heart Shall shortly be made known, And I re-ceive my just de-sert For all that I have done.

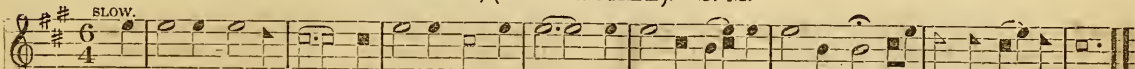


3. How careful then ought I to live!  
With what religious fear,  
Who such a strict account must give  
For my behaviour here!

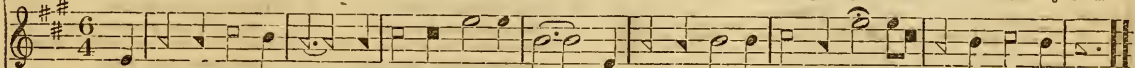
4. Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,  
The watchful power bestow;  
So shall I to my ways take heed,  
To all I speak or do.

5. If now thou standest at the door,  
O let me feel thee near!  
And make my peace with God, before  
I at thy bar appear

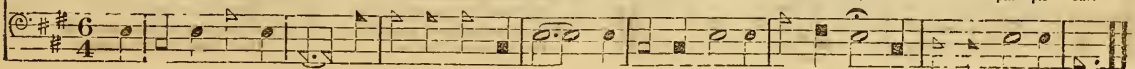
## MORNING WORSHIP, (OR NATCHEZ). S. M.



1. How sweet the melting lay Which breaks up - on the ear, When, at the hour of ris - ing day, Chris - tians u - nite in prayer.  
2. The breezes waft their cries Up to Je - ho - vah's throne; He lis - tens to their heaving sighs, And sends his bless - ing down.



3. So Je - sus rose to pray Be - fore the morning light, Or on the chill - ing mount did stay, And wrestle all the night.  
4. Glo - ry to God on high, Who sends his blessings down, To res - cue souls condemn'd to die, And make his pen - ple one.





*Slow.*

1. My God, my life, my love, To thee. to thee I call. I can - not live if thou re-

2. Thy shi ning grace can cheer This dungeon where I dwell; 'Tis pa - ra dise when thou art

move, For thou art all in all.

here If thou de - part, 'tis hell.

3. The smilings of thy face,  
How amiable they are!  
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,  
And no where else but there.
4. To thee, and thee alone,  
The angels owe their bliss;  
They sit around thy gracious throne,  
And dwell where Jesus is.
5. Not all the harps above  
Can make a heavenly place,  
If God his residence remove,  
Or but conceal his face.

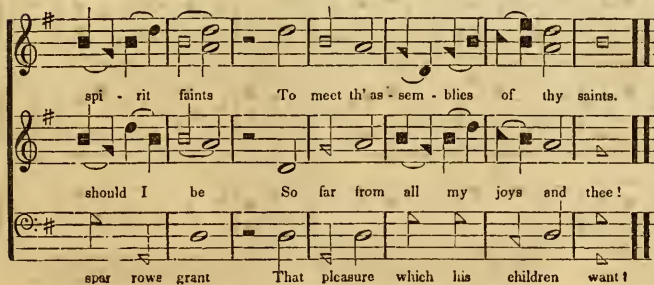
6. Nor earth, nor all the sky  
Can one delight afford,  
No, not a drop of real joy,  
Without thy presence, Lord.
7. Thou art the sea of love,  
Where all my pleasures roll,  
The circle where my passions move  
And centre of my soul.
8. To thee my spirits fly  
With infinite desire,  
And yet how far from thee I lie  
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.



1. How pleasant, how di-vine-ly fair, Oh! Lord of hosts, thy dwell-ings are! With long de-sire my

2. My flesh would rest in thine a-bode, My pant-ing heart cries out for God; My God! my King! why

3. The sparrow chooses where to rest, And for her young pro-vides her nest; But will my God to



spi-rit faints To meet th'as-sem-blies of thy saints.

should I be So far from all my joys and thee!

spar-rows grant That pleasure which his children want

4. Blest are the saints who sit on high,  
Around thy throne of majesty;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.
5. Blest are the souls that find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace;  
There they behold thy gentler rays,  
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
6. Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate;  
God is their strength, and through the road  
They lean upon their helper, God.
7. Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,  
Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there

## HEBRON. L. M.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days, And ev'ry evening shall make known Some fresh me-morial of his grace.  
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home; But he forgives my fol-lies past, He gives me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my bo-dy down to sleep, Peace is the pil-low for my head, While well-appoint-ed an-gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.  
 4. In vain the wits of earth or hell Tell me a thousand frightful things; My God in safe-ty makes me dwell Be-neath the sha-dow of his wings.

5. Thus when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest he-nenth the ground, And wait thy voice to rouse the tomb, With sweet sal-va-tion in the sound.

## ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.

*Chapin.*

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time to ensure the great re-ward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vi-cest sin-ner may re-tyer.

2. Life is the hour that God has giv'n To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven; The day of grace, and mortals may Se-cure the blessings of the day.

3. The living know that they must die,  
 But all the dead forgotten lie,  
 Their memory and their sense is gone,  
 Alike unknown and unknown.

4. Their hatred and their love is lost,  
 Their envy buried in the dust;  
 They have no share in all that's done  
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5. Then what my thoughts design to do,  
 My hands with all your might pursue,  
 Since no device, nor work is found,  
 Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

6. There are no acts of piety past  
 In the cold grave to which we haste,  
 But darkness, death, and long despair  
 Reign in eternal silence there.

1. Come ye who know the Lord in - deed, Who are from sin and bondage freed, Sub - mit to all the ways of

2. Great tri - bu - la - tion you shall meet, But soon shall walk the gold - en street; Though hell may rage and vent her

God And walk the nar - row hap - py road.

spite, Yet Christ will save his heart's de - light

3.  
That awful day will soon appear,  
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear  
Sound through the earth, yea down to hell,  
To call the nations great and small.

4.  
To see the earth in burning flames,  
The trumpet louder here proclaims,  
"The world shall hear and know her doom,  
The separation now is come."

5.  
Behold the righteous marching home,  
And all the angels bid them come;  
While Christ, the Judge, with joy proclaims,  
"Here come my saints, I'll own their names

6.  
"Ye everlasting doors fly wide,  
Make ready to receive my bride;  
Ye trumps of heaven proclaim abroad,  
Here comes the purchase of my blood."

7.  
In grandeur see the royal line  
In glitt'ring robes the sun outshrine;  
See saints and angels join in one  
And march in splendour to the throne

8.  
They stand and wonder, and look on—  
They join in one eternal song,  
Their great Redeemer to admire,  
While raptures set their souls on fire

1. Oh! thou, whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh; Whose hand in - dul - gent wipes the tears From sor - row's weeping eye

2. See, low be - fore thy throne of grace, A wretched wand'r'er mourn; Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast, thou not said—re - turn?

3. And shall my guilty fears prevail  
To drive me from thy feet?  
Oh! let not this dear refuge fail,  
This only safe retreat.

4. Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,  
Without one cheering ray;  
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,  
How desolate my way!

5. Oh! shine on this benighted heart,  
With beams of mercy shine!  
And let thy healing voice impart  
A taste of joys divine.

## MISSIONARY'S ADIEU. C. M.

1 2

My dearest, lovely, native land, Where peace and pleasure grow, } Thy Sabbath's laws, and happy shores, } And looking o'er those richest stores,  
Where joy, with fairest softest hand, Wipes off the tear of woe; } And names I love them well, } How can I say farewell?



# DUKE STREET. L. M.

Hutton.

291

Slow.

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come We walk through deserts dark as night, Till we ar - rive at heaven our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light,  
 2. The want of sight she well sup - plies; She makes the pearly gates ap - pear; Far in - to dis - tant worlds she pries, And brings e - ter - nal glo - ries near.

3. Cheerful we tread the de - sert through, While faith inspires a heavenly ray, Though lions roar and tem - pests blow, And rocks and dan - gers fill the way.  
 4. So Abraham, by di - vine com - mand, Left his own house to walk with God; His faith be - held the pro - mised land, And fired his zeal a - long the road.

# WARWICK. C. M.

J. Stanley.

1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice a - scend - ing high; To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.  
 2. Thou art a God, be - fore whose sight The wicked shall not stand; Sin - ners shall ne'er be thy de - light, Nor dwell at thy right hand.

3. But to thy house will I re - sort, To taste thy mer - cies there; I will fre - quent thine ho - ly court, And wor - ship in thy fear.  
 4. O may thy spi - rit guide my feet in ways of righteous - ness; Make every path of du - ty straight And plain be - fore my face.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and fol - low thee; } Let the world ne - glect and leave me, They have left my  
Naked, poor, despised, for - saken, Thou, from hence, my all ahah be:

Saviour too: Hu - man hopes have oft deceived me, Thou art faithful, thou art true.

2.

Perish earthly fame and treasure,  
Come disaster, scorn and pain,  
In thy service pain is pleasure,  
With thy favour loss is gain:  
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While thy bleeding 'love I see;  
Oh! 'tis not in joy to charm me,  
When that love is hid from me

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow, Descend and clothe the ground, The liquid streams forbear to flow, In icy fetters bound

## THIS WORLD IS NOT MY HOME. C. M.

*As sung by Rev. Mr. Gamewell.*

1. When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies, I'll bid fare-well to ev'ry fear and wipe my weeping eyes.

CHORUS.— This world is not my home, This world is not my home, This world's a wilderness of woe, But heaven is my home.

2. Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.

4. There I shall bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

5. When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise,  
Than when we first begun.

\* The slur is only used in singing the chorus; in singing the verses, sing as if there was no slur.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where'er ye languish : Come to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel ; Here bring your

2.  
Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3.  
Here see the bread of life ; see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above ;  
Come to the feast of love ; come, ever know - ing  
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove

*Slow.*

This life's a dream, an emp - ty show, But the bright world to which I go Hath

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. The tempo marking 'Slow.' is written above the first staff. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

*Pia.* *Fort.*

joys sub - stan - tial and sir - cere; When shall I wake, when shall I wake and find me there.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. The tempo markings 'Pia.' and 'Fort.' are written above the first staff. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.



1. Let eve - ry creature join To praise th' e - ter - nal God; Ye heaven - ly hosts, the song be - gin, Ye

Ye heavenly hosts, the song - - - be - gin, Ye

heavenly hosts, the song be - gin, And sound his name a - broad. And moon with pa - ler

heavenly hosts, the song be - gin, And sound his name a - broad. And moon with pa - ler

hea - venly hosts, &c. Thou sun with gold - en beams. And moon with pa - ler

rays, Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's praise Ye starry lights, &c.

rays, Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's praise.

rays, Ye starry lights, &c.

2. He built those worlds above,  
And fix'd their wond'rous frame;  
By his command they stand or move,  
And ever speak his name.  
Ye vapours, when ye rise,  
Or fall in showers or snow,  
Ye thunders murmur round the skies,  
His power and glory show.

3. Wind, hail, and flashing fire,  
Agree to praise the Lord,  
When ye in dreadful storms conspire  
To execute his word.  
By all his works above  
His honours be exprest;  
But saints that taste his saving love  
Should sing his praises best.

## PAUSE I.

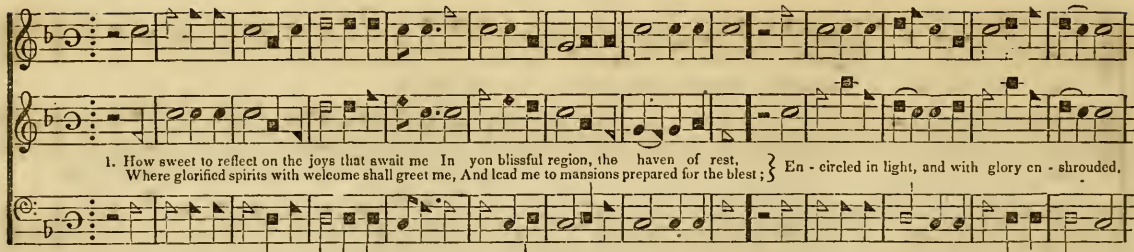
4. Let earth and ocean know  
They owe their Maker praise;  
Praise him, ye watery worlds below,  
And monsters of the seas.

From mountains near the sky  
Let his high praise resound,  
From humble shrubs and cedars high,  
And vales and fields around.

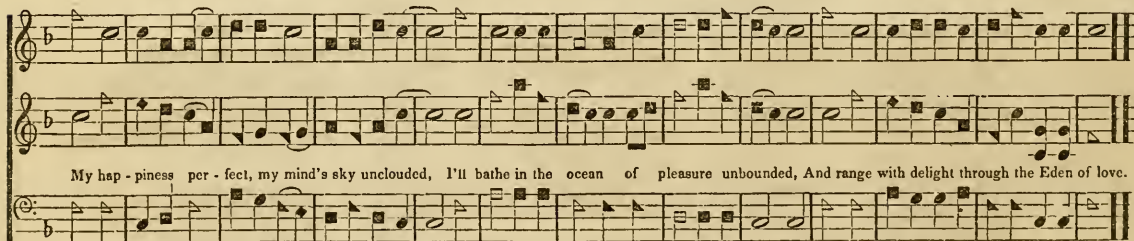
5. Ye lions of the wood,  
And tamer beasts that graze,  
Ye live upon his daily food,  
And he expects your praise.  
Ye birds of lofty wing,  
On high his praises bear;  
Or sit on flowery boughs, and sing  
Your Maker's glory there.
6. Ye creeping ants and worms,  
His various wisdom show,  
And flies, in all your shining swarms,  
Praise him that dress'd you so.  
By all the earth-born race  
His honours be exprest:  
But saints that know his heavenly grace  
Should learn to praise him best.

## PAUSE II.

7. Monarchs of wide command,  
Praise ye th' eternal King;  
Judges, adore that sovereign hand  
Whence all your honours spring.  
Let vigorous youth engage  
To sound his praises high;  
While growing babes, and withering age,  
Their feeble voices try.
8. United zeal be shown  
His wond'rous fame to raise;  
God is the Lord: his name alone  
Deserves our endless praise.  
Let nature join with art,  
And all pronounce him blest;  
But saints that dwell so near his heart  
Should sing his praises best.



1. How sweet to reflect on the joys that await me In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,  
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me, And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest ; } En - circled in light, and with glory en - shrouded.



My hap - piness per - fect, my mind's sky unclouded, I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded, And range with delight through the Eden of love.

2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,  
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,  
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,  
In loud hallelujah their voice will raise ;  
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,  
My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given  
All glory, all honour, all might and dominion,  
Who brought us, through grace to the Eden of love.

3 Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory!  
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,  
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,  
Salvation from sorrow through Jesus's love;  
Though prison'd in earth, yet by anticipation  
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation  
Of joys that await me when freed from probation  
My heart's now in heaven - the Eden of love.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all. Bring

All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; And crown him Lord of all. Bring

forth the royal di - adem, And crown him Lord of all.

forth the royal di - adem, &c.

2.  
Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from his altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him Lord of all.

3.  
Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
A remnant weak and small.  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.

4.  
Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.

5.  
Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,  
Who feel your sin and thrall,  
Now join with all the hosts above,  
And crown him Lord of all.

6.  
Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.

7.  
Oh that, with yonder sacred throne,  
We at his feet may fall!  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

\* This tune was a great favourite with the late Dr. Dwight. It was often sung by the College Choir, while he, "catching, as it were, the inspiration of the heavenly world, would join them and lead them with the most ardent devotion."—*Incidents in the Life of President Dwight*, p. 36

1. Oh! for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

2. Where is the blessed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and his word?

3. What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd  
How sweet their memory still!  
But now I find an aching void  
The world can never fill.

4. Return, oh holy Dove! return,  
Sweet messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.

5. The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.

6. So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

## ROCKINGHAM. C. M.

Chapin.

1. Come, hap - py souls, ap - proach your God With new me - lo - dious songs; Come, tender to Al - migh - ty grace The tri - butes of your tongues.

2. So strange, so boundless was the love That pitied dy - ing men, The Fa - ther sent his e - qual Son To give them life a - gain.

3. Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd  
With a revenging rod;  
No hard commission to perform  
The vengeance of a God

4. But oil was mercy, all was mild,  
And wrath forsook the throne,  
When Christ on the kind errand came,  
And brought salvation down.

5. Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,  
And wipe your sorrows dry;  
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,  
And you shall never die.

6. See, dearest Lord, our willing souls  
Accept thine offer'd grace.  
We bless the great Redeemer's love,  
And give the Father praise



# THE TRUMPETERS. C. M.

MELODY BY REV. MR. MCLOUD.  
PARTS BY WM. WALKER.

301

1. Hark! lis - ten to the trum - pet - ers! They sound for vol - un - teers! } Their horses white, their garments bright With crowns and  
On Zi - on's bright and flow' - ry mount be - hold the of - fi - cers—

2. It sets my heart all in a flame; A sol - dier I will be. } They want no cowards in their band, (They will their  
I will en - list, gird on my arms, And fight for lib - er - ty.

Now they stand, En - list - ing sol - diers for their King, To march for Canaan's land.

colours fly.) But call for valiant - hearted men, Who're not a - fraid to die.

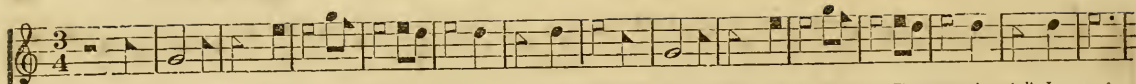
3. The armies now are in parade,  
How martial they appear!  
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,  
They look like men of war:

They follow their great General,  
The great Eternal Lamb  
His garments stain'd with his own blood,  
King Jesus is his name.

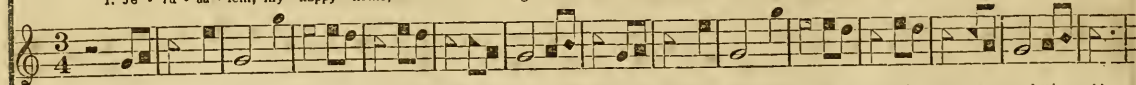
4. The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,  
And drive the hosts of hell;  
How dreadful is our God in arms!  
The great Immanuel—  
Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ  
Th' eternal Son of God,  
And march with us to Canaan's land,  
Beyond the swelling flood.

5. There is a green and flow'ry field,  
Where fruits immortal grow;  
There, clothed in white, the angels bright  
Our great Redeemer know,  
We'll shout and sing for evermore  
In that eternal world;  
But Satan and his armies too,  
Shall down to hell be hurl'd

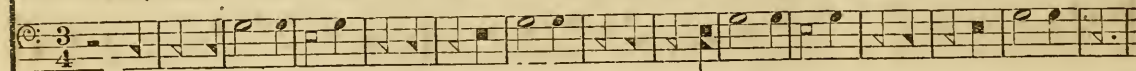
6. Hold up your heads, ye soldiers bold,  
Redemption's drawing nigh  
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound  
'Twill shake both earth and sky;  
In fiery chariots then we'll fly  
And leave the world on fire—  
And meet around the starry throne  
To tune th' immortal verse—



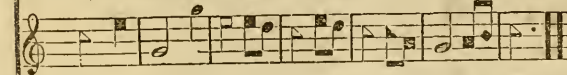
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my happy home, Oh! how I long for thee! When will my sorrows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see?



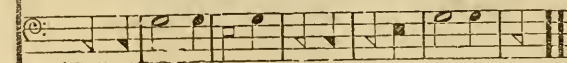
2. Thy walls are all of precious stone, Most glorious to behold! Thy gates are richly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.



Home, sweet home, my long sought home, My home in heaven above.



Home, sweet home, my long sought home, My home in heaven above.



3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens,  
My study long have been;  
Such sparkling light, by human sight,  
Has never yet been seen.  
Home, sweet home, &c.

4. If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,  
Why should I stay from thence:  
What folly 'tis that I should dread  
To die and go from hence!

5. Reach down, reach down thine arm of  
grace,  
And cause me to ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And sabbaths never end.

6. Jesus, my love, to glory's gone;  
Him will I go and see;  
And all my brethren here below  
Will soon come after me.

7. My friends, I bid you all adieu!  
I leave you in God's care;  
And if I never more see you,  
Go on,—I'll meet you there.  
Home, sweet home, &c.

8. There we shall meet and no more part,  
And heaven shall ring with praise;  
While Jesus' love, in every heart,  
Shall tune the song *free grace*.

9. And if our fellowship below  
In Jesus be so sweet,  
What heights of rapture shall we know  
When round the throne we meet!

10. Millions of years around may run—  
Our songs shall still go on,  
To praise the Father and the Son.  
And Spirit.—*Three in One*.  
Home, sweet home. &c.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and wretch - - ed, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore; } He is a - ble, He is a -  
Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love, and pow'r; }

2. Ho! ye thirst - y, come and wel - come, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy; } With - out mo - nay, With - out mo -  
True be - lief and true re - pent - ance, Ev' - ry grace that brings us nigh, }

3. Let not cou - science make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream; } This he gives you, This he gives  
All the fit - ness he re - quir - eth, Is to feel your need of him; }

ble, He is will - ing, Doubt no more. He is a - ble, He is a - - ble, He is will - ing, Doubt no more

ney, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy. With - out mo - nay, With - out mo - nay, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy.

- you; 'Tis the Spi - rit's ris - ing beam. This he gives you, This he gives you, 'Tis the Spi - rit's ris - ing beam.
4. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruin'd by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all;  
Not the righteous—  
Sinners Jesus came to call.
5. View him prostrate in the garden;  
On the ground your Saviour lies!  
On the bloody tree behold him;  
Hear him cry, before he dies,  
"It is finished!"  
Sinners, will not this suffice!
6. Lo! th' Incarnate God, ascending,  
Pleads the merit of his blood;  
Venture on him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude:  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.
7. Saints and angels, join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb:  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with his name.  
Hallelujah!  
Sinners here may sing the same.

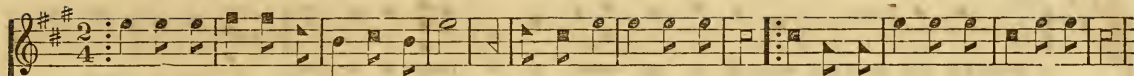
1. What's this that in my soul is ris-ing? Is it grace? Is it grace? } This work that's in my soul be-gun, It makes me strive all  
Which makes me keep for mer-cy cry-ing, Is it grace? Is it grace? }

2. Great God of love, I can but won-der, Mer-cy's free! Mer-cy's free! } Though mercy's free, our God is just, And if a soul should  
Though I've no price at all to ten-der, Mer-cy's free! Mer-cy's free! }

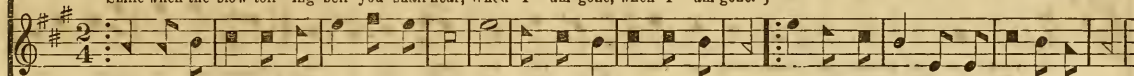
sin to shun, It plants my soul be-neath the sun, Mer-cy's free! Mer-cy's free!

ere be lost, This will tor-ment the sin-ner most, Mer-cy's free! Mer-cy's free!

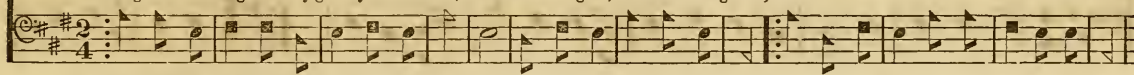
8. Swell, O swell the heavenly chorus,  
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!  
The devil's kingdom falls before us,  
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!  
Sinners, repent, inquire the road  
That leads to glory and to God,  
Come, wash in Christ's atoning blood,  
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
4. This truth through all our life shall cheer us,  
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!  
And through the vale of death shall bear us,  
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!  
And when to Jordan's banks we come,  
And cross the raging billow's foam,  
We'll sing, when safely landed home,  
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!



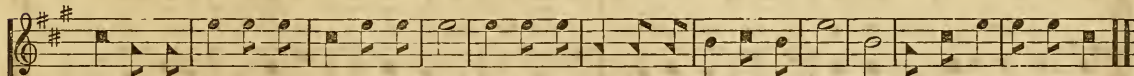
1. Shed not a tear o'er your friend's ear-ly bier, When I am gone, when I am gone: } Weep not for me as you stand round my grave,  
Smile when the slow-toll-ing bell you shall hear, When I am gone, when I am gone.



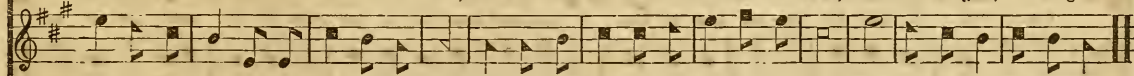
2. Shed not a tear as you all kneel in prayer, When I am gone, when I am gone: } Sing to the Lamb who on earth once was slain,  
Sing a sweet song when my grave you shall see, When I am gone, when I am gone.



3. Plant you a rose that shall bloom o'er my grave, When I am gone, when I am gone: } Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care,  
Sing a sweet song, such as an-gels may have, When I am gone, when I am gone.



Think who has died his be-lov-ed to save, Think of the crown all the ran-som'd shall wear, When I am gone, I am gone.



Sing to the Lamb who in hea-ven doth reign, Sing till the earth shall be fill'd with his name, When I am gone, I am gone.



Pray ye the Lord that my joys you shall share, Look up on high and be-lieve that I'm there, When I am gone, I am gone.



Slow.

1. What's this that steals, that steals up - on my frame! Is it death? is it death? } If this be death, I  
That soon will quench, will quench this mor - tal flame. Is it death? is it death? }

2. Weep not, my friends, my friends weep not for me, All is well! All is well! } There's not a cloud that  
My sins for - giv'n, for - giv'n, and I am free, All is well! All is well! }

soon shall be From ev' - ry pain and sor - row free, I shall the King of glo - ry see. All is well! All is well!

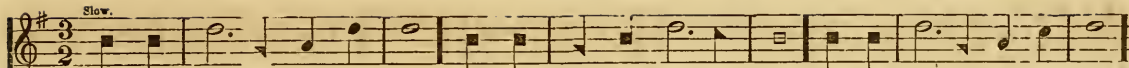
doth a - rise, To hide my Je - sus from my eyes, I soon shall mount the up - per skies. All is well! All is well!

3. Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints on high,  
All is well, All is well!  
I too will strike my harp with equal joy,  
All is well, All is well!  
Bright angels are from glory come,  
They're round my bed, they're in my room,  
They wait to wait my spirit home.  
All is well, All is well!

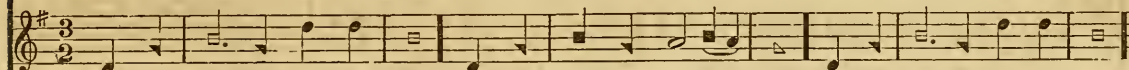
4. Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master's voice,  
Calls away, Calls away!  
I soon shall see—enjoy my happy choice,  
Why delay, Why delay!  
Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu,  
I can no longer stay with you,  
My glittering crown appears in view.  
All is well, All is well!

5. Hail! hail! all hail! all hail! ye blood-wash'd throng,  
Saved by grace, Saved by grace—  
I come to join, to join your rapturous song,  
Saved by grace, Saved by grace  
All, all is peace and joy divine,  
And heaven and glory now are mine,  
Loud hallelujahs to the laud!  
All is well, All is well!

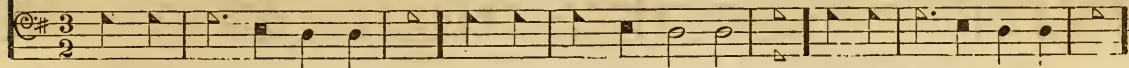

*Slow.*



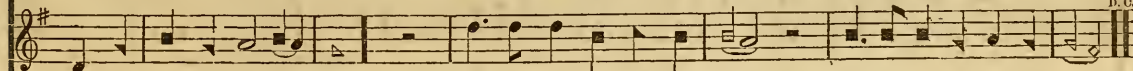
1. Hast - en, Lord, the glo - rious time, When, be - neath Mes - si - ah's sway, Ev' - ry na - tion, ev' - ry clime  
D. C. Sa - tan and his host, o'er - thrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.



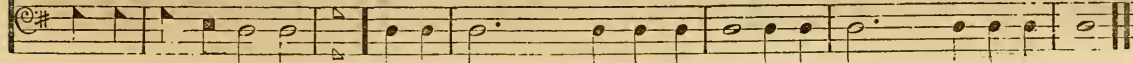
2. Then shall wars and tu - mul'ts cease, Then 'be ban - ish'd grief and pain; Right - eous - ness and joy and peace  
D. C. All his might - y acts re - cord, All his wond - rous love pro - claim.

Shall the gos - pel call o - bey. Might-iest kings his pow'r shall own, Hea-then tribes his name a - dore; *D. C.*



Un - dis - turbed shall ev - er reign. Bless we, then, our gra - cious Lord, Ev - er praise his glo - rious name, *D. C.*



*Ad-van-y.*

1. When con-verts first be-gin to sing, Won-der, won-der, won-der, } Their theme is all re-deem-ing love—  
 Their hap-py souls are on the wing, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! }

2. They won-der why old saints don't sing, Won-der, won-der, won-der; } They view them-selves up-on the shore—  
 And make God's earth-ly tem-ples ring, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! }

3. The Bi-ble now ap-pears so plain, Won-der, won-der, won-der, } The air is all per-fumed with love,  
 They won-der they should read in vain, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! }

Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Fain would they be with Christ a-bove, Sing glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! And think the bat-tle all is o'er, Sing, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! And earth ap-pears like heav'n a-bove, Sing, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

1. How sweet to re - flect on these joys that a - wait me, In you bliss-ful re-gion, the ha-ven of rest, } Eu - cir-cled in light, and with glo - ry en-  
Where glo - ri - fied spi - rits with welcome shall greet me, And lead me to man-sions prepared for the blest! }

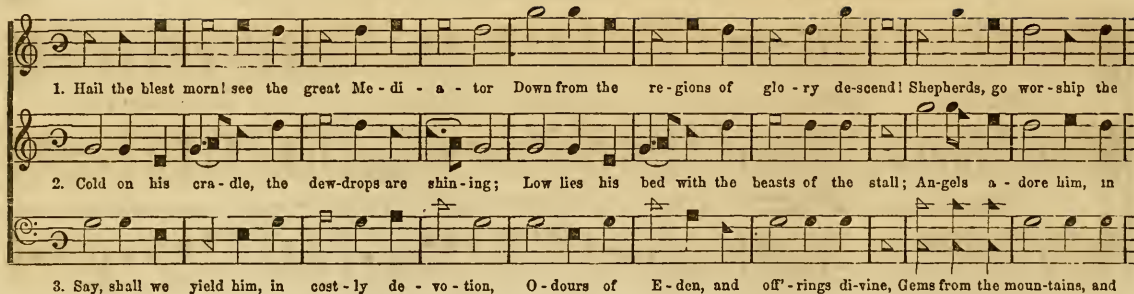
2. While an - gel - ic le-gions, with harps tuned ce - les - tial, Har - mo - ni-ously join in the con-cert of praise, } Then song's to the Lamb shall re - ech - o through  
The saints, as the flock from the re-gions ter - res - trial, In loud hal - le - lu-jahs their voices will raise: }

a. Then hail, bless-ed state! Hail, ye song-sters of glo - ry! Ye har-pers of bliss, soon I'll meet you a - bore, } Though prison'd in earth, yet by an - ti - ci-  
And join your full choir 'in re - hears-ing the sto - ry, "Sal - va-tion from sorrow, through Je - sus's love:" }

ehround - ed, My hap-pi-ness perfect, my mind's sky un-cloud - ed, I'll bathe in the o - cean of pleasure un-boud - ed, And range with de-light thro' the E - den of Love.

bea - ven, My soul will re-pond, To Im-manuel be giv - en All glo-ry, all honour, all might and do - min - ion, Who brought us thro' grace to the E - den of Love.

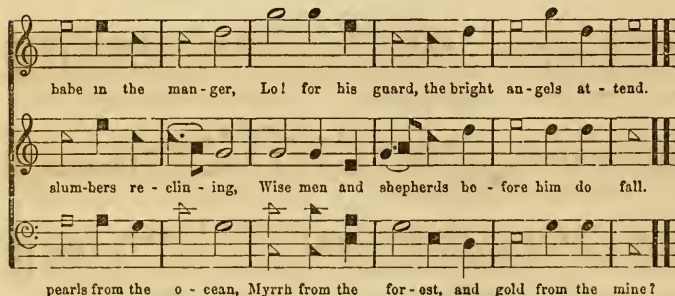
pa - tion. Al - ready my soul feels a sweet preli - ba - tion Of joys that a-wait me, when freed from proba - tion: My heart's now in heaven, the E den of Love.



1. Hail the blest morn! see the great Me - di - a - tor Down from the re - gions of glo - ry de - scend! Shepherds, go wor - ship the

2. Cold on his cra - dle, the dew - drops are shin - ing; Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore him, in

3. Say, shall we yield him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dours of E - den, and off - rings di - vine, Gems from the moun - tains, and



habe in the man - ger, Lo! for his guard, the bright an - gels at - tend.

slum - bers re - clin - ing, Wise men and shepherds be - fore him do fall.

pearls from the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine?

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gold we his favour secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
5. Low at his feet we in humble prostration,  
Lose all our sorrow and trouble and strife;  
There we receive his divine consolation,  
Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.
6. He is our friend in the midst of temptation,  
Faithful supporter, whose love cannot fail;  
Rock of our refuge, and hope of salvation,  
Light to direct us through death's gloomy vale
7. Star of the morning, thy brightness, declining,  
Shortly must fade when the sun doth arise:  
Beaming refulgent, his glory eternal  
Shines on the children of love in the skies



1. Pre-cious Bi-ble, what a trea-sure, Does the word of God af-ford! } Let the world ac-count me poor, Hav-ing this, I want no more.  
All I want for life or pleasure, Food or med'cine, shield or sword. }

2. Food to which the world's a stran-ger, Here my hun-gry soul en-joys; } On a dy-ing Christ I feed, He is meat and drink in-dced.  
Of ex-cess there is no dan-ger, Though it fills, it nev-er cloyes. }

## AMITY. 7s. (Double.) (Or 6 lines, by omitting the repeat.)

Peo-ple of the liv-ing God, I have sought the world a-round, } Now to you my spir-it turns, Turns a fu-gi-tive un-blest;  
Paths of sin and sor-row trod, Peace and com-fort nowhere found; }

D. C. Brethren, where your al-tar burns, Oh! re-ceive me in-to rest.

1. How con-descending and how kind Was God's eter-nal Son! Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind, And pi - ty brought him down.

2. When justice, by our sins provoked, Drew forth its dreadful sword, He gave his soul up to the stroke, With - out a murm'ring word.

## SWEET HEAVEN. L. M.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up-on: } CHORUS.—O heav'n, sweet heav'n, I long for thee! O when shall I get there?  
His track I see, and I'll pur-sue The nar-row way till him I view.

2. The way the ho-ly prophets went, The road that leads from ban-ish-ment, } O heav'n, sweet heav'n, I long for thee! O when shall I get there?  
The king's highway of ho-li-ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

Chorus. Chorus.

1. Farewell! vain world, I'm going home. Where there's no more stormy clouds arising; } To the land, to the land, to the land I am bound, Where there's no more stormy clouds arising.  
My Saviour smiles, and bids me come Where there's no more stormy clouds arising.

2. Sweet angels beckon me away, Where there's no more stormy clouds arising; } To the land, to the land, to the land I am bound, Where there's no more stormy clouds arising.  
To sing God's praise in endless day, Where there's no more stormy clouds arising.

LONG TIME AGO. 8s & 4s.

Slow.

1. Je - sus died on Cal-vary's mountain, Long time a - go, And sal - va-tion's roll - ing foun-tain, Now free - ly flows!

2. Once his voice in tones of pi - ty, Melt-ed in wo, And he wept o'er Ju - dah's cit - y, Long time a - go.

3. On his head the dews of midnight,  
Fell, long ago,  
New a crown of dazzling sunlight  
Sits on his brow.

4. Jesus died—yet lives forever,  
No more to die—  
Bleeding Jesus, blessed Saviour,  
Now reigns on high!

5. Now in heaven he's interceding  
For dying men,  
Soon he'll finish all his pleading,  
And come again.

6. Budding fig-trees tell that summer  
Dawns o'er the land,  
Signs portend that Jesus' coming,  
Is near at hand.

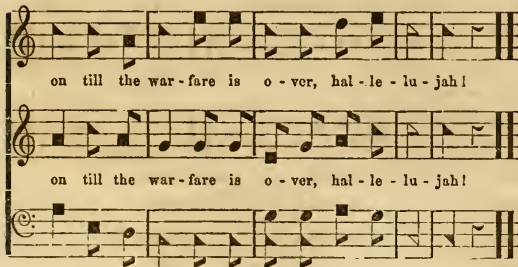
7. Children, let your lights be burning,  
In hope of heaven,  
Waiting for our Lord's returning  
At dawn or even.

8. When he comes a voice from heaven  
Shall pierce the tomb.  
"Come, ye blessed of my Father,  
Children, come now."



1. I've list-ed in the ho-ly war, Till the war-fare is o-ver, hal-le-lu-jah! } Cry-ing a-men, shout  
 Con-tent to suf-fer sol-dier's fare, Till the war-fare is o-ver, hal-le-lu-jah! }

2. The ban-ner o'er my head is love, Till the war-fare is o-ver, hal-le-lu-jah! } Cry-ing a-men, shout  
 I draw my ra-tions from a-beve, Till the war-fare is o-ver, hal-le-lu-jah! }



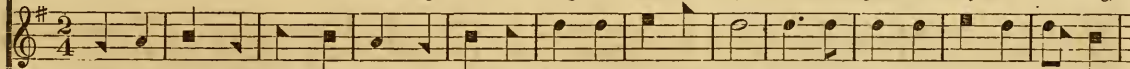
on till the war-fare is o-ver, hal-le-lu-jah!

on till the war-fare is o-ver, hal-le-lu-jah!

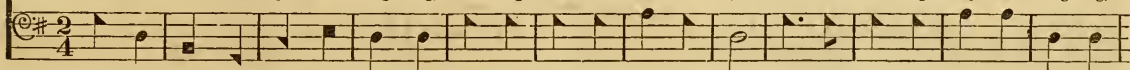
3. I've fought through many a battle sore,  
 Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!  
 And I must fight through many more,  
 Till the warfare is over, &c.
4. I take my breast-plate, sword, and shield,  
 Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!  
 And boldly march into the field,  
 Till the warfare is over, &c.
5. The world, the flesh, and Satan too,  
 Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!  
 Unite and strive what they can do;  
 Till the warfare is over, &c.
6. On thee, O Lord, I humbly cell,  
 Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!  
 Uphold me or my soul must fall,  
 Till the warfare is over, &c.
7. I've listed, and I mean to fight  
 Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!  
 Till all my foes are put to flight;  
 Till the warfare is over, &c.
8. And when the victory I have won,  
 Till the warfare is over, hallelujah.  
 I'll give the praise to God alone,  
 Till the warfare is over, &c.
9. Come, fellow-Christians, join with me,  
 Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!  
 Come, face the foe, and never flee,  
 Till the warfare is over, &c.
10. The heavenly battle is begun,  
 Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!  
 Come, take the field, and win the crown  
 Till the warfare is over, &c.
11. With listing orders I have come;  
 Till the warfare is over, hallelujah  
 Come rich, come poor, come old or young,  
 Till the warfare is over, &c.
12. Here's grace's bounty, Christ has given,  
 Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!  
 And glorious crowns laid up in heav'n:  
 Till the warfare is over, &c.
13. Our Gen'ral he is gone before,  
 Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!  
 And you may draw on grace's store,  
 Till the warfare is over, &c.
14. But, if you will not list and fight,  
 Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!  
 You'll sink into eternal night;  
 Till the warfare is over, &c.



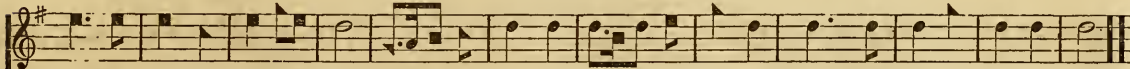
1. Chris-tian, see the o-rient morn-ing Breaks a-long the hea-then sky; Lo! th'ex-pect-ed day is dawn-ing,



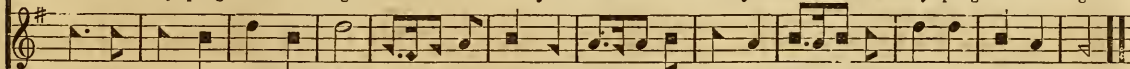
2. Heath-ens at the sight are sing-ing, Morn-ing wakes their tune-ful lays; Pre-cious off'-rings they are bring-ing,



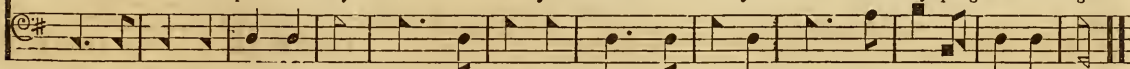
3. Zi-on's sun, sal-va-tion beam-ing, Gild-ing now the ra-diant hills, Rise and shine till bright-er gleam-ing,



Glo-rious day-spring from on high. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hail the day-spring from on high!



First fruits of more per-fect days. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hail the day-spring from on high!



All the world thy glo-ry fills. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hail the day-spring from on high!

4. Then the valleys and the mountains,  
Breaking forth, in joy shall sing;  
Then the living crystal fountain  
From the thirsty ground shall spring.  
Hallelujah :|| Hail, &c.

5. While the wilderness rejoices,  
Roses shall the desert cheer;  
Then the dumb shall tune their voices,  
Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear.  
Hallelujah :|| Hail, &c.

6. Lord of every tribe and nation,  
Spread thy truth from pole to pole;  
Spread the light of thy salvation  
Till it shines on every soul.  
Hallelujah :|| Hail, &c.



*Allegretto Risoluto*

Jey to the world, &c. Let, &c.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev'-ry heart pre-pare him room,

*Ending for 3d Stanza.*

And heav'n and na-ture sing . . . . . And heav'n and na-ture sing. Far as the curse is found.

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture sing. Far as the curse is found.

And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, &c. Far, &c.

2. Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains  
Repeat the sounding joy.

3. No more let sin and sorrow grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make his blessings flow  
{ Far as the curse is found  
    *Second Ending.*

4. He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hast-ed thro' the for-mer year, Man-y souls their race have run, Nev-er more to meet us here:

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom two staves are in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a single melodic line across the staves, with lyrics printed below the second staff.

Fix'd in an e-ter-nal state, They have done with all be-low; We a lit-tle long-er wait, But how lit-tle none can know.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves in the same key signature and time signature as the first system. The melody continues across the staves, with lyrics printed below the second staff.

1. On Jer-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye On the oth-er side of Jer-dan, hal-le-lu-jah! }  
 To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie, On the oth-er side of Jer-dan, hal-le-lu-jah! }

2. Oh! the trans-port-ing, rapt'rous scene, That ri-ses to my sight! On the oth-er side of Jer-dan, hal-le-lu-jah! }  
 Sweet fields, ar-rsy'd in liv-ing green, And ri-verse of de-light, On the oth-er side of Jer-dan, hal-le-lu-jah! }

3. O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day, On the oth-er side of Jer-dan, hal-le-lu-jah! }  
 There God the Son fer-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way, On the oth-er side of Jer-dan, hal-le-lu-jah! }

## Chorus.

On the oth-er side of Jer-dan, hal-le-lu-jah, On the oth-er side of Jer-dan, hal-le-lu-jah!

4. No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath  
 Can reach that healthful shore;  
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death  
 Are felt and fear'd no more.

5. When shall I reach that happy place,  
 And be forever blest?  
 When shall I see my Father's face,  
 And in his bosom rest?

6. Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul  
 Would here no longer stay:  
 Though Jordan's waves should round me roll  
 I'd fearless launch away.

1. There is a world we have not seen, That time shall nev - er dare de - stroy, } There is a re - gion love - lier  
Where mor - tal foot - step hath not been, Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy: }

2. There is a world, and oh! how blest, Fair - er than proph - ets ev - er told, } It is all ho - ly and se -  
And nev - er did an an - gel guest One half its bless - ed - ness un - fold: }

far Than an - gels tell or po - ets sing, Bright - er than sum - mer's beau - ties are, And soft - er than the tints of spring.

rene, The land of glo - ry and re - pose; And there, to dim the ra - diant scene, The tear of sor - row nev - er flows.

3. It is not fann'd by summer gale;  
'Tis not refresh'd by vernal show'rs;  
It never needs the moonbeam pale,  
For there are known no evening hours:  
No, for this world is ever bright  
With a pure radiance all its own;  
The stream of uncreated light  
Flows round it from th' eternal throne.

4. There forms that mortals may not see,  
Too glorious for the eye to trace,  
And clad in peerless majesty,  
Move with unutterable grace:  
In vain the philosophic eye  
May seek to view the fair abode,  
Or fix it in the curtain'd sky:  
It is the dwelling - place of God.

1. Be-hold! be-hold the Lamb of God! On the cross, on the cross!  
He sheds for you his precious blood, On the cross, on the cross! } Oh! hear his all-im-port-ant cry, "E-li, la-ma sa-bach-tha-ni;"

D. C. Draw near and see your Saviour die, On the cross, on the cross!

2.

Behold his arms extended wide, On the cross, &c.  
Behold his bleeding hands and side, On the, &c.  
The sun withholds his rays of light,  
The heavens are clothed in shades of night,  
While Jesus doth with devils fight, On the, &c.

3.

Come, sinners, see him lifted up, On the, &c.  
For you he drinks the bitter cup, On the, &c.  
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,  
While Jesus doth atonement make,  
While Jesus suffers for our sake, On the, &c.

4.

And now the mighty deed is done, On the, &c.  
The battle's fought, the victory's won, On the, &c.  
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,  
" 'Tis finished," now the Conqueror cries,  
Then bows his sacred head and dies, On the, &c.

5.

Where'er I go I'll tell the story, Of the, &c.  
Of nothing else my soul shall glory, Save the, &c.  
Yea, this my constant theme shall be,  
Through time and in eternity  
That Jesus tasted death for me. On the, &c.

6.

Let every mourner rise and cling, To the, &c.  
Let every Christian come and sing, Round the, &c.  
There let the preacher take his stand,  
And, with the Bible in his hand,  
Declare the triumphs through the land, Of the, &c.



1. Ye ob - jects of sense, And en - joy - ments of time, Which oft have de - light - ed my heart,

2. Thou Lord of the day, and thou Queen of the night, To me ye no long - er are known,

I soon shall ex - change you for views more sub - lime, For joys that shall ne - ver de - part.

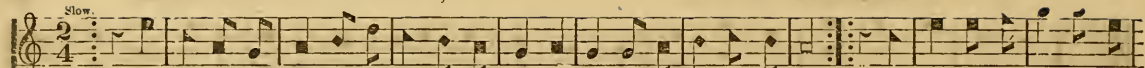
I soon shall be - hold with in - creas - ing de - light, A sun that shall nev - er go down.

3. Ye wonderful orbs that astonish my eyes  
Your glories recede from my sight,  
I soon shall contemplate more beautiful skies,  
And stars more resplendently bright.

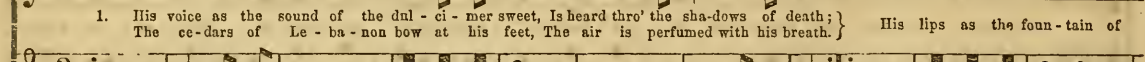
4. Ye mountains and valleys, groves, rivers and plains,  
Thou earth and thou ocean, adieu!  
More permanent regions where righteousness reigns,  
Present their bright hills to my view.

5. My loved habitation and gardens adieu,  
No longer my footsteps ye greet,  
A mansion celestial stands full in my view,  
And paradise welcomes my feet.

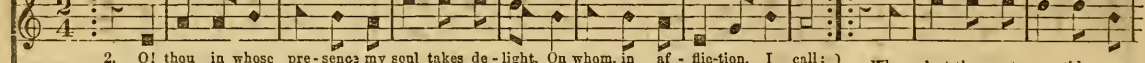
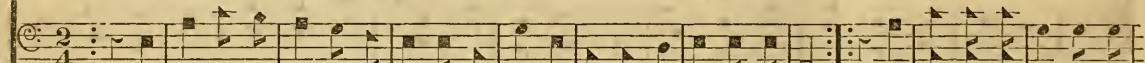
Slow.



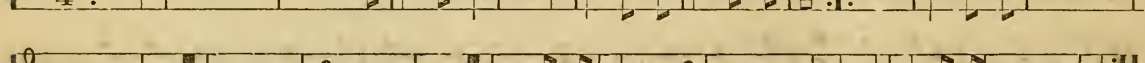
1. His voice as the sound of the dul - ci - mer sweet, Is heard thro' the sha-dows of death; } His lips as the foun-tain of  
The ce-dars of Le - ba - non bow at his feet, The air is perfumed with his breath. }



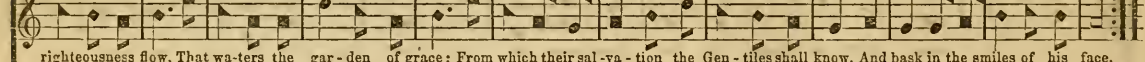
2. O! thou in whose pre-sence my soul takes de-light, On whom, in af - flic-tion, I call; } Where dost thou at noon-tide re-  
My com-fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all— }

righteousness flow, That wa-ters the gar-den of grace; From which their sal-va-tion the Gen-tiles shall know, And bask in the smiles of his face.



sort with thy sheep, To feed on the pas-tures of love? Say why in the val-ley of death should I weep, Or a-lone in th' wilder-ness rove?



2. O! why should I wander an alien from thee,  
And cry in the desert for bread?  
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed.  
Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen  
The Star that on Israel shone?  
Say it in your tents my beloved has been,  
And where with his flock, he is gone?

3. "What is thy Beloved, thou dignified fair?  
What excellent beauties has he!  
His charms and perfections be pleased to declare,  
That we may embrace him with thee."  
This is my Beloved, his form is divine;  
His vestments shed odour around:  
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,  
When autumn with plenty is crown'd

4. The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow  
In the vales, on the banks of the streams,  
On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence blow,  
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.  
His voice as the sound of the dulcimer, sweet,  
Is heard through the shadows of death;  
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,  
The air is perfumed with his breath.

1. We have our tri - als here be - low; O, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! We have cur tri - als here be - low;

2. A few more beat - ing winds and rains, O, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! A few more beat - ing winds and rains,

3. A few more ris - ing and set - ting suns, O, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! A few more ris - ing and set - ting suns,

O, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! There's a bet - ter day a com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah! There's a bet - ter day a com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah!

O, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! And the win - ter will be o - ver, hal - le - lu - jah! And the win - ter will be o - ver, hal - le - lu - jah!

O, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! And we'll all cross o - ver Jor - dan, hal - le - lu - jah! And we'll all cross o - ver Jor - dan, hal - le - lu - jah!

4. I feel no ways like getting tired. O. glory, hallelujah!  
I am making for the harbour—Hallelujah!

6. I have some friends before me gone. O. glory, hallelujah!  
By and by I'll go and meet them—Hallelujah!

8. O! how it lifts my soul to think, O. glory, hallelujah!  
Of soon meeting in the kingdom—Hallelujah!

5. I hope to get there by and by, O. glory, hallelujah!  
For my home is over Jordan—Hallelujah!

7. I'll meet them round our Father's throne, O. glory, hallelujah!  
And we'll live with God forever—Hallelujah!

9. Our God will wipe all tears away, O. glory, hallelujah.  
When we all arrive at Canaan—Hallelujah

Chorus.

A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? } Re-mem-ber, Lord, thy dy-ing groans, And then re - mem-ber me.  
 Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I! }

## INTERCESSION. S. M.

T. C. Moffett.

1. The Lord is ris'n in-deed, And are the ti-dings true? Yes, we be-held the Saviour bleed, And saw him liv-ing too.

2. The Lord is risen indeed,  
 Then hell has lost his prey,  
 With him is risen the ransom seed,  
 To reign in endless day.

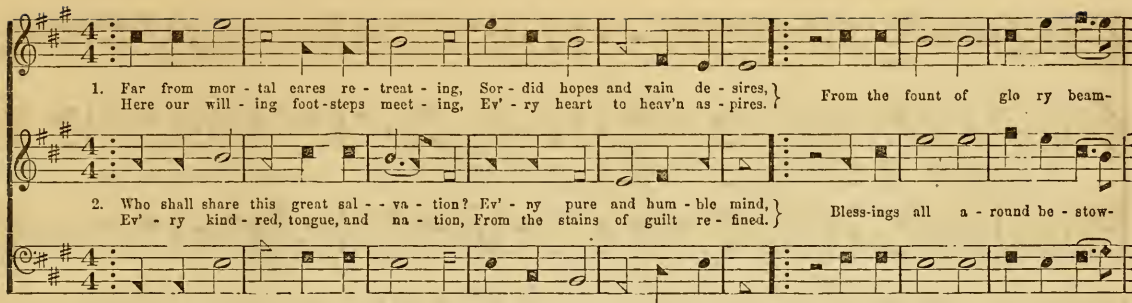
3. The Lord is risen indeed,  
 Attending angels hear;  
 Up to the courts of heaven with speed,  
 The joyful tidings bear

4. Then make your golden lyres,  
 And strike each cheerful chord;  
 Join all ye bright, celestial choirs,  
 To sing our risen Lord.

# FOUNT OF GLORY. 8s & 7s.

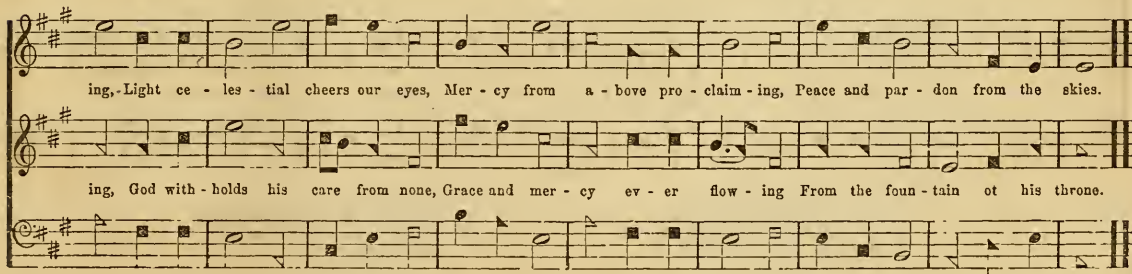
*R. W. Thompson.*

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1. Far from mor - tal cares re - treat - ing, Sor - did hopes and vain de - sires, } From the fount of glo ry beam-  
Here our will - ing foot-steps meet - ing, Ev' - ry heart to heav'n as - pires. }

2. Who shall share this great sal - va - tion? Ev' - ny pure and hum - ble mind, } Bless-ings all a - round be - stow-  
Ev' - ry kind - red, tongue, and na - tion, From the stains of guilt re - fined. }



ing, - Light ce - les - tial cheers our eyes, Mer - cy from a - bove pro - claim - ing, Peace and par - don from the skies.

ing, God with - holds his care from none, Grace and mer - cy ev - er flow - ing From the foun - tain of his throne.



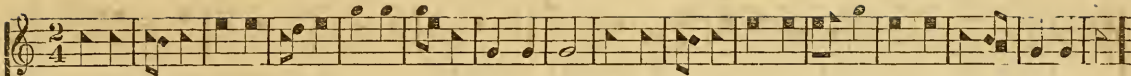
Chorus

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on; } Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!  
His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The nar - row way, till him I view. }

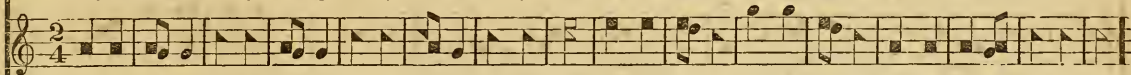
Hal - le - lu - jah! I love the Lord: This note a - bove all oth - ers raise, My Je - sus has done all things well.

2. This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not;  
My grief and burden long has been,  
Because I was not saved from sin.  
Hallelujah, &c.

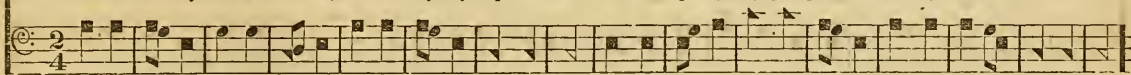
3. The more I strove against its power,  
Felt its weight and guilt the more,  
Till late I heard the Saviour say,  
Come hither, soul, I am the way.  
Hallelujah, &c.



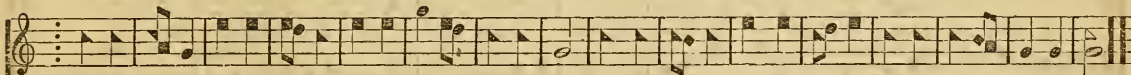
1. Come, thou fount of ev'-ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mer-cy, ne-ver ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise;



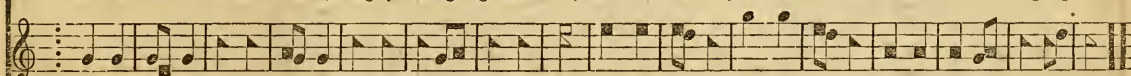
2. Here I raise my Eb-en-e-zer, Hith-er by thy help I'm come: And I hope, by thy good plea-sure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home



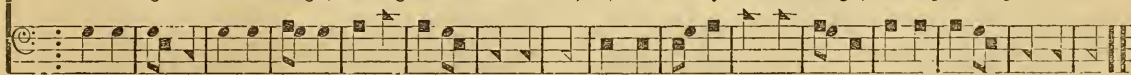
3. O! to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrain'd to be! Let that grace, Lord, like a fet-ter Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!



Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues a-bove; Praise the mount—O, fix me on it! Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.



Je-sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God; He, to save my soul from dan-ger, In-ter-posed his pre-cious blood.



Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love—Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it, Seal it from thy courts a-bove.

*Chorus*—Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! We are on our journey home; Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus smiles and bids us come

1. Yes, my na - tive land, I love thee, All thy scenes I love them well; } Can, I leave you, Can I leave you, Far  
Friends, con - nex - ions, hap - py coun - try; Can I bid you all fare-well; }

2. Home! thy joys are pass - ing love - ly! Joys no stran - ger heart can tell! } Can I leave thee, Can I leave thee, Far  
Hap - py home! 'tis sure I love thee! Can I, can I say fare-well? }

in heath - en lands to dwell; Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in heath - en lands to dwell.

in heath - en lands to dwell; Can I leave thee, Can I leave thee, Far in heath - en lands to dwell.

3. Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,  
Holy days and Sabbath bell,  
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!  
Can I say a last farewell?  
Can I leave you—  
Far in heathen lands to dwell! :||

4. Yes, I hasten from you gladly,  
From the scenes I loved so well!  
Far away, ye billows, bear me;  
Lovely, native land, farewell!  
Pleased I leave thee—  
Far in heathen lands to dwell. :||

5. In the deserts let me labour,  
On the mountains let me tell  
How He died—the blessed Saviour—  
To redeem a world from hell!  
Let me hasten—  
Far in heathen lands to dwell. :||

6. Bear me on, thou restless ocean;  
Let the winds my canvas swell—  
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,  
While I go far hence to dwell.  
Glad I leave thee,  
Native land—Farewell—Farewell! :||

# THOU ART PASSING AWAY. 11s.

Arranged by Rev. GEORGE COLES,  
From Russell's "Mind of the Winter Night."

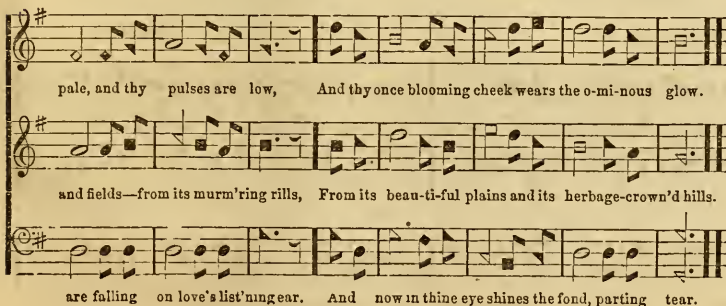
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1. Thou art pass-ing a - way, thou art pass-ing a - way, Thy life has been brief as a mid-summer day; Thy forehead is

2. Thou art pass-ing a - way from the beau-ti-ful earth, Thy much lov'd a - bode, and the laud of thy birth; From its for-ests

3. Thou art pass-ing a - way from thy kindred and friends, And the last chain that bound thee, the spoiler now rends; And thy last tones



pale, and thy pulses are low, And thy once blooming cheek wears the o-mi-nous glow.

and fields—from its murm'ring rills, From its beau-ti-ful plains and its herbage-crown'd hills.

are falling on love's list'n'ng ear. And now in thine eye shines the fond, parting tear.

4. Thou art passing away, as the first summer rose,  
That awaits not the time when the Winter wind blows,  
But hasteth away on the Autumn's quick gale,  
And scatters its odors o'er mountain and dale.
5. The light of thy beauty has faded and gone,  
For the withering chills have already come on;  
Thy charms have departed—thy glory is fled;  
And thou soon wilt be laid in the house of the dead.
6. Thou shalt soon be consigned to the cold, dreary tomb,  
The lot of all living—mortality's doom:  
Thou shalt there sweetly rest in the calmest repose,  
Undisturbed by life's cares, and unpierced by its woes.
7. "Who, who would live always away from his God?  
Away from yon heaven, the blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,  
And the neontide of glory eternally reigns?"

1. Fa-ther, who in the o - live shade, When the dark hour came on, Didst with a breath of heav'n - ly aid, Strengthen thy son;

2. Oh, by the anguish of that night,  
Send us down blest relief,  
Or to the chastened let thy might  
Hallow this grief.

3. And thou that, when the starry sky,  
Saw the dread strife begun,  
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,  
Thy will be done.

4. By thy meek spirit, then of all,  
That e'er have mourned the chief,  
Blest Saviour, if the stroke must fall,  
Hallow this grief.

## AMHERST. H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

Billings.

1. Lord of the worlds a-bove, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly tem - ples aro; To thine abode My heart as-pires, With warm de-sires, To see my God

2. The sparrow for her young, With pleasure seeks her nest; And wand'ring swallows long To find their wont-ed rest; My spi-rit faints With e-qual zeal, To rise and dwell Among thy saints.

3. Oh happy souls, that pray Where God appoints to hear! Oh happy meo, that pay Their con-stant service there! They praise thee still; And happy they, That love the way To Zion's hill



Slow.

1. Come, ye dis - con-so-late, where'er ye lan-guish: Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

2. Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless, and pure,  
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
 Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.

3. Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing  
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;  
 Come to the feast love; come, ever knowing  
 Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

## TENDER CARE, or SODA. C. M.

P. M. Atchley.

Smooth and cheerful.

1. When all thy mercies, O, my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys, } Un-num-ber'd com-forts to my soul, Thy ten-der care be-stow'd.  
 Trans-port-ed with the view I'm lost, In won-der, love, and praise. }

D.C. Be-fore my in-fant heart con-ceived From whom those com-forts flow'd.

*With Firmness.*

1. Why should I be af-fright-ed At pes-ti-lence and war, The fierc-er be the tem-pest, The soon-er it is

2. With Je-sus in the ves-sel, The bil-lows rise in vain, They on-ly will con-vey me To yon E-ly-siau

3. This world is full of dan-gers, And foes that press me hard; But Je-sus he has pro-mised That he will be my

o'er, The soon-er it is o'er, The soon-er it is o'er, The fierc-er be the tem-pest, The soon-er it is o'er.

plains, To yon E-ly-sian plains, To yon E-ly-sian plains, They on-ly will con-vey me To yon E-ly-sian plains.

guard. That he will be my guard, That he will be my guard, But Je-sus he has pro-mised That he will be my guard

4. Here I shall not be tempted  
Above what I can bear,  
When fightings are exerted,  
His kingdom for to share.

5. From him I have my orders,  
And while I do obey,  
I find his holy spirit  
Illuminates my way.

6. The way is so delightful,  
I wish to travel on.  
Till I arrive at heaven.  
T' receive a starry crown.

# RAPTURE. 6, 6, 9

M. L. Swan.

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Cheerful, sweet

\* Come a-way to the skies, My be-loved a-rise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born; On this festi-val day, Come ex-ult-ing a-way, And with singing to Zion re-turn.

\* For the balance of this song, see page 83.

# NEW YEAR. S. M.

P. M. Atchley.

New Treble by WILLIAM WALKER, A. S. II.

E-ter-ni-ty draws nigh, Life's pe-ri-od rolls on, An-oth-er leaf from time's thin scroll, Is swift-ly rush-ing by.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL. 11s.

1. Fare - well, my dear breth - ren, the time is at hand That we must be part - ed from this so - cial band;

2. Fare - well, faith - ful sol - diers, you'll soon be dis - charged, The war will be end - ed, your boun - ty en - larged,

3. Fare - well, young - er breth - ren, just list - ed for war, Sore tri - als a - wait you, but Je - sus is near;

Our sev' - ral en - gage - ments now call us a - way, Our part - ing is need - ful, and we must o - bey.

With shout - ing and sing - ing, though Jor - dan may roar, You'll en - ter fair Ca - naan, and rest on the shore.

Al - though you must tra - vel the dark wil - der - ness, Your Cap - tain's be - - fore you, he'll lead you to peace.

4. Farewell, trembling mourners, with sad broken hearts,  
O hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part!  
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,  
His arms are extended, your souls to receive.
5. Farewell, careless sinners, for you I must mourn,  
To think of your danger, if still unconcern'd;  
I read of the judgment, where all must appear,  
How will you stand trembling with tormenting fear!
6. Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell all around,  
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound  
To meet you in glory I give you my hand.  
Our Saviour to praise in a pure social band

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